APRIL 25c

Coronet

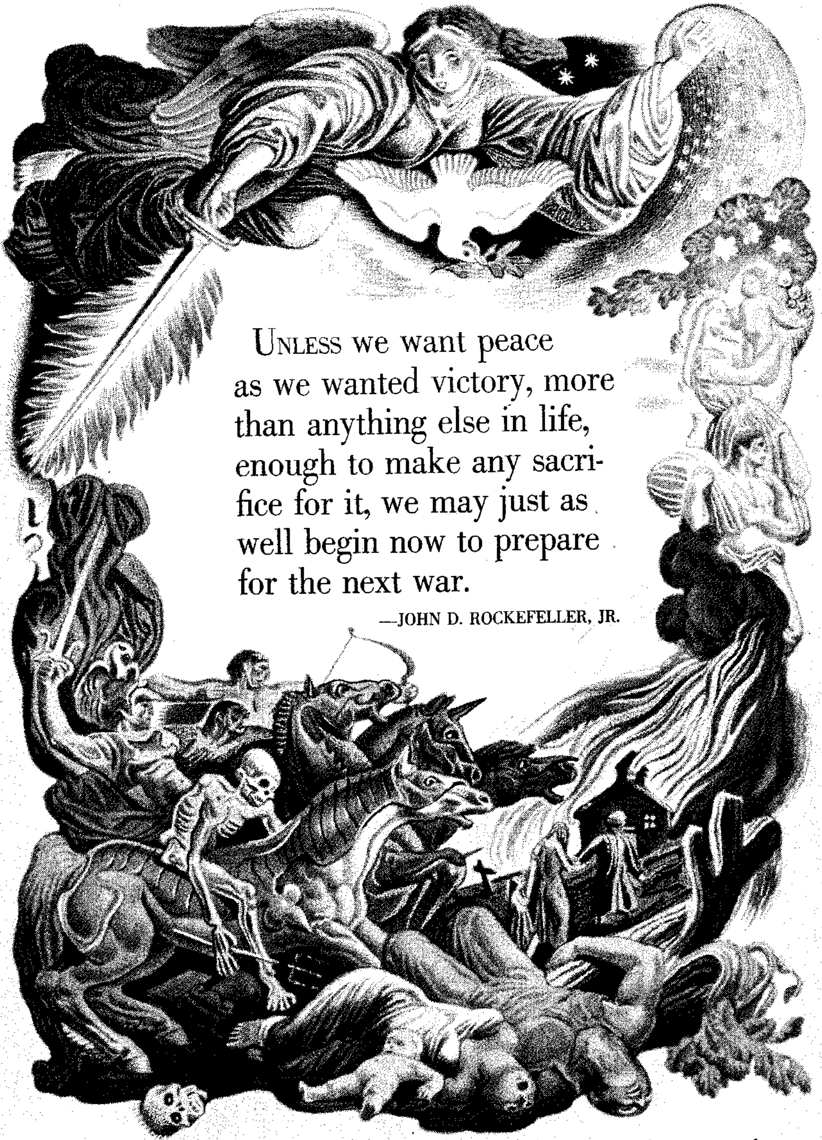
IN THIS ISSUE

DRAMA IN THE COURTROOM

A Candid and Penetrating
15-Page Picture Story

ALSO

A Great Living American
NORMAN ROCKWELL



> Unless we want peace as we wanted victory, more than anything else in life, enough to make any sacrifice for it, we may just as well begin now to prepare for the next war.
>
> —JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

In this striking illumination by Andre Durenceau, Peace points her flaming sword at the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—War, Famine, Pestilence and Anarchy. At the right stand Beauty and Plenty, first casualties of war. Durenceau, who here makes his first appearance in Coronet, is a noted designer and muralist.

Vol. 21, No. 6 April, 1947

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

DIET and DIE

by

CARLTON FREDERICKS

MOST AMERICANS LOVE to diet. Men and women, old and young, plump and fat, rich and poor, sooner or later are tempted to try some "miracle diet" that promises to shed weight easily, quickly and painlessly. Yet in their eagerness to outwit the laws of nature and medicine, they forget that improper dieting can lead to grim and inexorable death.

But wait a minute, you protest. Isn't that statement about death extreme? Intelligent people don't go in for lethal diets and deadly food fads. They cut out fats and starches, to be sure; perhaps they try mineral-oil salad dressings or some of the other widely publicized tricks. But can such dietary short-cuts lead directly to the grave?

Well, it is true that death certificates never read "Reducing Diet." Yet science has taught us that a human body lacking in a full ration of proteins and vitamins stands little chance in a fight against disease. So no matter how the certificates may read, if death comes on the heels of a reducing diet, who is the real culprit? The disease germ itself, or the inadequate diet that weakened the body?

First, let's glance at some case histories in Hollywood, where the camera makes everyone look ten pounds heavier. Thanks to this phenomenon of the lens, the calory is the god of movie stars. And because the waistline is the lifeline of film society, the calory has driven some studio notables to gastronomic suicide.

Remember Laird Cregar, brilliant but bulky screen villain? Villains don't make romantic stars, so he decided to reduce. In a few months he starved away 100 pounds. As delighted as his tailor, he looked forward to more glamorous roles.

The end of the story was no beat of publicity drums for the "new" Cregar, but a muffled roll for his death. Actually it occurred on the

Vol. 21, No. 6; Whole No. 126. Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U.S.A.

operating table, yet everyone knows that operations are more often successful if the patient is strong and in good condition. Was this precipitous loss of weight and the untimely loss of life merely a strange coincidence?

And how about bent-nosed, beloved Louis Wolheim? Months and pounds passed away as he dieted. Then the wire services flashed the stark words: "Louis Wolheim, ex-professor of mathematics, star of *What Price Glory?* died suddenly tonight." Wolheim's death certificate didn't read "starvation." But did he decide to juggle calories with waistline and forget to hold on to health? . . .

Now for the case of a third Hollywood star. By the grace of her physician's intervention she is still on the screen, so let's call her plain Mary. She was another who found herself losing in the endless fight against the fattening camera, so she condemned herself to breakfasts of black coffee and butterless toast, luncheons of skimpy salads and almost vitamin-free Melba toast, dinners of one lamb chop, vegetable and coffee. Yet even this diet, pittance for a hard-working body, failed to bring her weight down.

Whereupon Mary shifted from skimpiness to starvation. This did the trick—yet scarcely had she remodeled her wardrobe when she was rushed to a sanitarium.

The studio said: "Mary has been overworking. She must guard against a nervous breakdown."

The truth was, Mary's reducing diet lacked everything the human body needs to sustain life. *Everything:* proteins, calories, fats, vitamins, minerals and bulk.

Unfortunately, you don't have to be a movie star to find the die in diet. Furthermore, for the unknown ordinary thousands who learn too late, there are countless others who escape the grave, only to fall victim to influenza, pneumonia, insanity, prolonged invalidism, and pregnancy complications.

If you embark on a dolt's diet—which they all are unless tailored by an expert to your own specifications—any of these disasters can occur. According to Mayo Clinic, a group of volunteer subjects traveled to the edge of insanity on what seemed to be a nourishing diet. It was adequate indeed, as to calories, but far below the danger point in a vitamin essential to the nervous system. After a few months every "guinea pig" reported insomnia, forgetfulness, confusion, apathy and "an inescapable sense" that some misfortune awaited him.

Further proof that proper nutrition involves far more than a minimum number of calories is offered by the case of Miss S. R. Proud of her figure, this young Manhattan woman fought the battle of the bulge successfully until she underwent an operation. Then inactivity and a forced diet caused her to gain 20 pounds. Her doctor wisely refused to help, saying: "Plenty of time for that when you're completely well again."

So S. R. walked out on him and into the hands of a "specialist"—a "naturopath," to be precise. This gentleman was happy to take her currency in return for placing her on a two-month diet of nothing but mashed potatoes and fruit juices. As the pounds slipped away, S. R. was happy too. Delighted, in fact—

until they began slipping too fast.

Fright then set in, changing to terror when her face erupted with boils, her ankles swelled, her nails grew dry and brittle and her hair fell out by the handful. Sensibly she dropped the diet. But it was too late; the symptoms continued. So back to her doctor she went—pale, sallow, anemic.

He found her deficient in everything essential to minimum nutrition. Like many people, she didn't realize that nutritional deficiencies can become irreversible. In other words, human cells too long deprived of essential substances reach a point where they cannot assimilate these substances, no matter how the concentrations are administered.

S. R. happened to be lucky. A high protein diet, ample in calories, rich in vitamins and minerals, brought her slowly back to normal. And today she has a stock reply to everyone who mentions the subject of reducing:

"Narrow coffins cost as much as wide ones."

BECAUSE WE ARE civilized people, we like our meat "fractionated"—that is, the muscle meats separated from the organ meats, just as we prefer grains stripped of the vitamin-rich bran and germ. While we attempt partially to replace natural vitamins lost in baker's bread with synthetic ones, we do not replace the food values lost in eating muscle meats without the organs.

The Eskimos forestall this danger intuitively. They gobble their animals from nose to tail, including bone marrow, with the result that pernicious anemia and prematurely gray hair are rare in the Arctic. When white explorers contract scurvy up there, the Eskimos cure them with animals' adrenal glands containing high concentrations of vitamin C.

Suppose your "common-sense" low-starch muscle-meat diet happens to lack pantothenic acid, the vitamin which affects the endocrine gland. Dogs deficient in it look well and even eat well, right up to the moment when, without warning, they drop dead.

We have much to learn about the effect of pantothenic acid on human beings, yet we know that a lack of it produces an unhealthy mouth and tongue. It also slows down peristalsis of the colon, a phenomenon which contributes to the $100,000,000-a-year laxative business—and to nothing else.

Yes—the fact that people don't die from their diets is a testimonial not to the diet but to the adaptability of the human body. For example, the wiseacres who substitute mineral oil for salad dressings are making, in one step, more mistakes

At 36, Carlton Fredericks is a foremost authority on diet and nutrition. Now executive director of the Institute of Nutrition Research and a consultant for many food and pharmaceutical companies, he worked for eight years with Dr. Casimir Funk, pioneer in vitamin research. Fredericks' wartime radio classes on nutrition were commended by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Women's National Radio Council, and the textbooks he wrote for the classes were translated into Braille by both the Library of Congress and the American Red Cross. He is now writing a new book on nutrition, *Growing Younger with the Years.*

than their instinct for error should permit.

Mineral oil hinders the body in absorbing the fat-soluble vitamins A, D, E and K. Vitamin A prevents colds and skin trouble; D helps the skin to assimilate oxygen; E wards off miscarriage and other pregnancy complications; K is the blood-clotting vitamin that slows down or averts hemorrhages. Mineral oil also interferes with the absorption of C, the anti-tooth-decay vitamin. I have actually seen scurvy in children fed plenty of orange juice—and too much mineral oil. The oil washes the vitamin out of the body.

But there's still more to the grim story. Mineral oil forms a coating in the digestive tract which sneers at the vitally important Vitamin B complex—the B complex that serves many functions, such as helping digestion. Americans who contracted heart weakness as prisoners of war and were released before the muscle failure had become irreversible, responded successfully to B-complex therapy.

Some scientists suspect that the human embryo itself is affected by B-complex deficiency. We know it causes harelips, cleft palates and bone derangements in animals. It has not yet been proved that human harelips are similarly caused, but the implication is enough to warn against toying with vitamin B-complex.

IF I HAVE PERSUADED you that there is a die in diet, so much the better. Yet reducing *can* be safe and successful. All you need do is follow a few simple rules.

First, if you are too fat you must discover the cause. It may be plain overeating, a glandular defect, or even nerves.

Actually, neurotic frustration is a common cause, as in the case of T. W., a 35-year-old Brooklyn housewife. Five feet six inches tall, she weighed 245 pounds—all of it acquired on a diet of penny candy, coffee, meat, cigarettes, laxatives and indigestion remedies. She complained that the skimpy meals merely added more weight. Her dietitian soon discovered she had never been popular with men, and that food proved a happy substitute. Even her small amount was always there, always pleasing and soothing.

The dietitian persuaded her to toss the candy overboard, while the skimpy meals were replaced by three balanced ones, low only in calories. She felt she was eating more, but she lost 115 pounds in 18 months.

When she reached her proper weight she became pregnant for the first time in seven years of married life. Her grateful glands had finally responded, a frequent result once fatness has been overcome by a balanced diet.

Glandular obesity is as rare as a hen's tooth. Only one case of overweight in a thousand, say the specialists, can be traced to the glands. Yet glands serve as scapegoats for droves of fat females.

Of course thyroid and pituitary obesity do exist. But the rare case of thyroid overweight is not necessarily corrected by administering extract, for the gland may have become underactive for quite another reason: a deficiency of vitamin B1 or thiamine.

Hydrated individuals, people whose tissues store abnormal quantities of water, sometimes lose weight under a diet of restricted salt and fluids. And occasionally effective treatment is given for pituitary disturbance. But whether obesity is normal or otherwise, diet is the first step that must be taken. Everything else is secondary.

Once you have discovered why you are fat, it is time to start shedding the pounds. And a good way to begin is to get rid of all your food superstitions.

No phase of nutrition has provoked more folklore than reducing. Often you hear people say: "Don't eat that. It's fattening." Just ignore them. No food is fattening in itself, any more than an extra shovel of coal is necessarily too much for the furnace.

Like coal, food makes energy. Like the furnace, your body needs food to burn into energy. Without knowing how much fuel has already been fed to the furnace, how do you know which shovelful is too much? The same thing is true of food. The kind and quantity must be determined in exact relation to the body's needs.

A particularly vicious superstition is the one which says, "Don't take vitamins when reducing. They make you gain." Only calories make you gain. Vitamins have no calories. They do, however, perform the vital job of protecting you against the deficiencies of a reducing diet. That is why nutritionists supplement diets with vitamin prescriptions.

In addition to getting rid of superstitions and guarding against nutritional deficiencies, avoid drugs. The magic road to sylphdom was never traveled with a suitcase of pills and potions. At best they are useless. At worst they pack a terrible wallop of misery. Let those who tried excess doses of various phenol products show you the cataracts on their eyes.

Psyllium-seed laxatives, touted because they form bulk and thus create an illusion of fullness in the stomach, are of no value unless taken under careful medical guidance. Most other "reducing aids" are merely powerful laxatives—and nothing more. Concocted of salts, leaves or herbs, they rush foods through the system so fast that the calories vanish along with the food. So do the vitamins, minerals and proteins. If this is your choice of how to lose weight, why bother to eat at all?

BUT YOU STILL THINK there is a magic road to reducing? Exercise, for example, or massage or nine-day diets? Exercise will not do it. Look at the charts to see how many miles of walking is necessary to dispose of the calories in one lamb chop and an apple.

Massage is a wonderful reducer—for the massager. Try to pound the fat out of a piece of meat. Even a sledge hammer won't do it, and surely you are not going to put that kind of weapon in the hefty arms of your masseur.

As to most of the nine-day wonder diets, the wonder is that you survive. Many nutrition specialists warn against them because their caloric restrictions are too severe or because they lack vitamins. Yet this imbalance is a minor drawback compared to the one they share with all mass-production diets. Whether a reducing regimen includes starvation, drugs, psychoanalysis, deficiencies and nine- or even 90-day schedules, it is never suitable for all cases of obesity. Every diet must be individually planned.

A physician may order a 1,200-calory diet to take 40 pounds off a 160-pounder, and he may prescribe the same number of calories from a totally different diet to remove the same weight from a 200-pounder. This is because the two people have different requirements, and indulge in different activities. These and other variables must be carefully considered when one is prescribing a diet tailored precisely to each individual's needs.

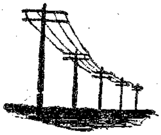
C. K. found this out to her eventual joy. At 16, she carried 178 pounds on a five-foot chassis. Yet she, a growing girl, lived on a cruel diet of 800 calories a day, supplemented by baneful drugs and thyroid tablets. And to make matters worse, she kept gaining!

Vitamin B complex, multiple vitamin and mineral capsules were substituted for the drugs she had been taking, and a 1,200-calory diet was ordered, well balanced but not too high in proteins. For the first ten days she was restricted in salt and fluid intake. The youngster proceeded to lose 12 pounds in 40 days. Today she weighs 110 pounds. Her complexion, hair and nails are proof enough of her excellent health.

Whoever you are and whatever your individual requirements, remember that a reducing diet should not be fantastic, distorted, unbalanced, or deficient in anything essential to health. It should be supplemented with the calory-free elements it may lack. Except that it is low in calories, it should be a miniature of an unrestricted diet.

The acid test of a perfect reducing diet is this: *Can you expand the size of the portions and live happily ever after?* If not, think of those deceptive death certificates and, with the help of a competent doctor, work out a diet which will meet every nutritional test.

Good Risk



After Mark Twain had lost more than one good-sized fortune in bad investments, a tall, kindly looking man asked him to invest a small sum in a strange contraption the stranger had invented.

"I've already lost my fortunes," the humorist said politely. "And I have blisters all over me from the burns."

"You don't have to invest a fortune," said the stranger. "For $500 I'll give you as large a share as you want." But Mark Twain still refused. The tall, eager-looking man turned and started away.

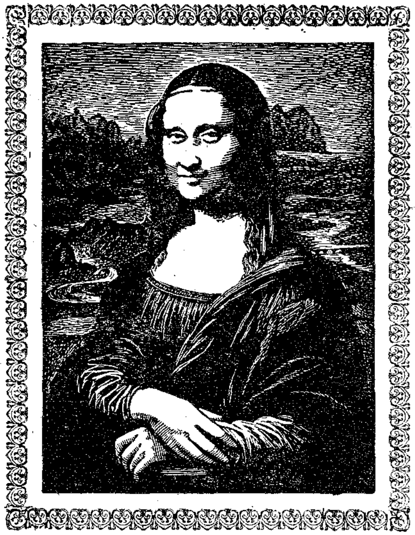
"What did you say your name was?" Twain called after him.

"Bell," said the man without looking back. "Alexander Graham Bell."

—Kermit Rayborn

The Case of the Stolen Masterpiece

by DEAN JENNINGS



Strange and fantastic was the chain of events surrounding a crime that shook the world—the theft of the Mona Lisa

ONE JUNE EVENING many summers ago, a beautiful girl walked into a cheap Paris café. To the watching proprietor, there was something hauntingly familiar about her dark eyes and her aloof, cryptic smile.

Minutes later, as he was still trying to place her, there was a scuffle on the crowded dance floor. The mysterious girl had been stabbed, her assailant had fled, a young man was trying to bandage her wound.

"Monsieur," the alarmed proprietor said, "who is this girl?"

"I don't know," the young man replied, lifting her in his arms and starting toward the door. "I never saw her before. But I have a name for her. I'll call her Mona Lisa."

Neither the girl nor her unknown rescuer was ever seen in the district again. But this curious incident led to one of the most extraordinary crimes of the century, a fabulous piece of thievery that stirred the imagination of the world and is still a partial puzzle today.

The story begins in the Louvre, that vast stone fortress that became a palace for the Kings of France and later a museum for the world's art treasures. On the morning of August 22, 1911, Sergeant of the Guards Poupardin began a last-minute check-up in the galleries. The museum had been closed the day before, but now the guides were assembling and in a moment the historic salons would be crowded with tourists. When Poupardin turned into the Gallery of Apollo, he stopped, looked again, then froze with shock.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed, staring at a blank space on the wall. "It is impossible!"

Shrilly he blew his whistle. Moments later a dozen awed officials, swarming into the small salon, faced the grim fact that someone had stolen the most famous painting in the world—Leonardo Da Vinci's immortal Mona Lisa.

The stunned curators immediately closed the Louvre, summoned the 130 guards on duty and began a frantic search. Presently, on a dusty shelf beneath a rarely used stairway known only to officials, the searchers found Mona Lisa's ornate frame and glass, but the masterpiece itself was gone.

The news caused a furore in sentimental Paris. The Eiffel Tower could crash. The great Opera House could burn. Notre-Dame could be flooded by the Seine. But the Mona Lisa! It was a national treasure beyond replacement.

In the cafés the people talked of Da Vinci, who spent four years painting a lovely lady whose love he could not have. In the newspaper extras, they read again of Mona Lisa's mysterious smile, and how women for centuries had tried vainly to imitate it.

They talked of the 4,000 golden florins Da Vinci was supposed to have been paid for the picture and how, after four centuries, it was now valued at 5,000,000 francs. But mostly Parisians talked of Mona Lisa as a woman—aloof and beautiful, the pride of France—stolen from the very salon where Napoleon had married Marie Louise.

The police, galvanized by public protest, lost no time that memorable day. The investigators included the great Alphonse Bertillon, who had already achieved fame for his system of identifying criminals; Lepine, the jaunty little Paris chief of police; Hamaud, frosty chief of the Sureté, and young Jean Nicausse, the country's ace detective.

Bertillon first examined the abandoned frame, glass and shadow box. The entire assembly, with the painting, weighed almost 100 pounds, and he proved by tests that it would take a strong man at least five minutes to remove it from four massive hooks and carry it out. The painting itself was not on canvas but on a four-and-a-half square foot piece of Italian walnut, and thus could not have been rolled up. Therefore, Bertillon said bluntly, the theft was an inside job.

"But how?" museum officials protested. "The Louvre was closed. There was only one door open, and no one could have passed the guard."

"Quite so," Bertillon said tartly. "But the thief got out another way. Come, I will show you."

Detectives trooped down the hidden staircase and came to a door leading into the courtyard.

"Look!" Bertillon said. "The doorknob is gone. The thief got out this way."

His guess proved accurate, for the missing knob was found outside, beneath a grating. Thereafter the investigation was ruthless and swift, and the revelation that the priceless painting had been unguarded even for five minutes launched a shakeup in which several officials and a dozen guards lost their jobs.

Meanwhile, Bertillon found four fingerprints on the recovered glass. One was quite clear, a left thumb print, and it inspired the greatest mass fingerprinting in French history. Detectives rounded up hundreds of artists who had worked in the Louvre, art teachers, picture framers, catalogue writers, new and old guards. Spotters picked up suspects in railroad stations, on the roads, at the docks.

But the culprit was not found, and so Bertillon confidently turned to his vast file of 750,000 known criminals. Ironically, the famed Bertillon system broke down in this crucial test because his files contained only *right* thumb prints. The Mona Lisa fiasco was the final blow for the already obsolete Bertillon system, and Paris newspapers heaped abuse on the police.

WEEKS PASSED, WITH the mystery continuing to baffle the world. Once there was a wild report that the picture had been found on a Vincennes dump, scarred with acid. Still later, private detectives reported the painting had been secretly purchased by a Chicago millionaire. The Mona Lisa was traced to St. Petersburg, Buenos Aires, London. But when these tips fizzled, authorities even resorted to clairvoyants in their desperate hunt.

In time, of course, the world found new worries. The *Titanic* sank, there was bloodshed in the Balkans, war was brewing in Europe. The vanished masterpiece was given up as lost forever.

Then, in November, 1913, an art dealer in Florence named Alfredo Geri prepared to auction a collection of famous paintings. Geri had advertised for pictures to sell, and one day received a letter that made his eyes pop:

> The Mona Lisa is in my possession. Yes, I took her from the Louvre, for I felt sure she must return to Italy since the painter was an Italian. It is my sincere desire to return the masterpiece to the land from whence it came. I would not ask a price, but I am poor. I await your reply.
>
> VINCENZO LEONARD
> 14 Rue de l'Hospital St. Louis
> Paris, France

At first Geri was annoyed at what he considered a practical joke. But when a second letter came with additional details, he confided in his friend, Giovanni Poggi, curator of the famed Uffizi Gallery. The two engaged in a long correspondence with the mysterious thief, and at last persuaded him to come to Florence.

On the evening of December 10, a shabby young man stepped furtively into Geri's shop. "I am Leonard," he said.

"Ah—you have the painting?"

"Yes—and my price is 500,000 francs."

Geri stalled for time, but the following morning he and Poggi went to the stranger's hotel room. There Leonard opened a false bottom in a battered trunk and lifted out a package wrapped in red velvet.

"There she is," he said, with tear-filled eyes. "We have been happy together, even for two long years of hell when I dared not leave my room because someone might take her. Think of it! A fortune in my trunk, and I was starving!"

In a moment the two art experts found themselves staring solemnly at the incomparable, the genuine

Mona Lisa. Poggi had brought photographic enlargements of every section of the original, and they checked, by crack and line and brush stroke. The panel bore the official Louvre number, and the original seal for its transfer from the Palace of Versailles to the Louvre years before.

THE CLIMAX TO THIS extraordinary case was as bizarre and dramatic as the original theft. The listless thief, relieved of his staggering mental burden, made no protest when Poggi took the painting away, nor when he was arrested. He said his real name was Vincenzo Perugia and that he was formerly employed by the Gobier Company, picture framers under contract to the Louvre.

There was deep chagrin at Paris police headquarters when the news arrived, for Perugia had not only lived within the shadow of the Louvre for those two years but had worked there many times. In fact, it was he who had cut the glass for the Mona Lisa's frame, and his workman's record card was still in the Louvre files.

The case contributed further to Bertillon's embarrassment when the Sureté discovered that Perugia had once been jailed for assault, and that his photo and fingerprints were somehow overlooked in the files.

Perugia was hustled back to Paris while the priceless painting was taken over by the Italian Government. In all the history of art, no other canvas had ever aroused so much emotion, and now once again the sphinx-like beauty was the talk of the world. The day Mona Lisa was carried in state to the Uffizi Gallery, where she had first reigned centuries before, thousands of people lined the streets of Florence, bowing as she passed by.

In Paris, Director of Museums Marcel publicly voiced a suspicion that Italy intended to keep the picture. But the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs quickly reassured the French Ambassador, and promised to give her up.

When this decision was announced in Florence, the populace reacted with surprising violence. Within an hour mobs formed in the streets, and alarmed officials hastily surrounded the Uffizi Gallery with armed guards. But the aroused Florentines would not be denied a last glance at Mona Lisa, and 30,000 men and women stormed the museum in four hours. They smashed doors and windows and injured a dozen guards, but the lady in the case was unharmed.

The riot hastened Mona Lisa's departure, and on December 21, in the presence of Rome's leading diplomats, she was officially turned over to France by the Italian Director of Fine Arts.

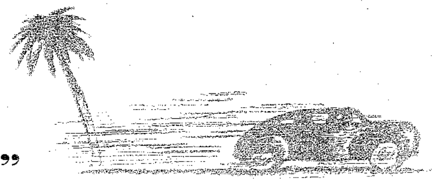
But there was still Vincenzo Perugia, the forgotten man. And his story, as Detective Nicausse pieced it together, was perhaps the most remarkable of all.

First, Nicausse found the inevitable woman-in-the-case. The key clue turned up in a ribboned packet of 93 love letters and photos hidden in Perugia's room. The girl's name was Mathilde, and Perugia had met her the night she was stabbed in the café. She was not only young and beautiful but she was—in his eyes—the image of his favorite painting, a living Mona Lisa.

He called her by that name, and she signed it to some of her letters. In fact, as Nicausse observed, her resemblance to Mona Lisa was uncanny. But the idyll was shattered when the girl suddenly died, and Perugia was left with nothing but a cemetery receipt for her grave.

And so Perugia would go to the Louvre; hour upon hour, weeping his loneliness before Da Vinci's masterpiece. He found work there, because it gave him more time with her, and soon a desperate thought was born in his mind. At last he took her down gently, wrapped his blouse around her, went softly and quietly down the dark stairs.

Perugia's story, however, was a sentimental one of young love and heartbreak that could only happen in Paris, and good Parisians suffered with this humble, unhappy rogue. Nevertheless, they brought him to trial, gave him a sentence of one year and 15 days, and then, upon his release from jail, never heard of him again.



"Watch It, Charley"

THE INTERSECTION of Hoover Street and 42nd Place in Los Angeles is dangerous at night. There is a jog; there are no lights near the corner; both streets are bordered with trees.

As usual, on this particular night I brought my car to a complete stop on 42nd Place, and leaned out over the wheel to look in both directions. The night was rainy and windy. No car or pedestrian was in sight. I released the brake and started to put the clutch in low.

A man's voice close behind me said very clearly: "Watch it, Charley!"

Automatically, I released the clutch and pushed the brake. At that instant a dark sedan, without lights, swished past my radiator at about 75 miles an hour. A police car with siren and all lights on whirled out of 43rd Street and came roaring down Hoover in pursuit. If I had moved forward one yard in that second before the warning voice stopped me, I would surely have been killed.

I turned on the dome light and looked into the back seat. It was empty, of course, and both doors were locked. I got out and circled the car, using my flashlight. No person was anywhere near the car or the intersection.

I began to sweat, and chills ran up my spine. I stumbled back into the car and sat there for ten minutes, unable to start it and cross the street toward home.

It was not the narrow escape which unnerved me. I hardly gave that a second thought. My first name is Charles. I am 50 years old, but no one except my father has ever called me "Charley." And he died when I was 15.

—CHARLES J. SULLIVAN

BIG-MONEY CONTESTS ARE BACK

by LARRY D'ALOISE

It's farewell to the lean war years as millions of hopeful contestants again compete for a wide variety of easy riches

"JUST SIT DOWN and write in 25 words or less why you like Pretty Maid Skin Cream. You can probably think up dozens of reasons why Pretty Maid is *your* favorite skin treatment . . . because it gives you that lovelier, lovable look . . . because it brings out the hidden beauty of your complexion, the *real* you. . . . Just think, simple reasons like these may win you a brand-new super-de luxe Roadripper Eight—the car of the year with the genuine 14 karat sterling silver fenders."

So the clarion call to contests trumpets through the land again. Once more the lure of easy riches beckons. After the lean war years, during which scarcities of merchandise slowed the flow of contest gold to a trickle, millions of Americans again will be competing for the greatest collection of prizes ever dangled before a contest-happy public.

How many kinds of contests are there? What sorts of prizes are given away? Why does American business offer such fabulous rewards? Who judges your entries and how? What precautions assure your entry a greater chance of winning?

There are six major types of contests—the *short statement* contest, the *letter* competition, the contest for *slogans*, for *naming* something such as the sponsor's product, for supplying the missing last lines to *jingles or limericks*, and for solving *picture puzzles*.

In addition to these six popular types, there are contests in which competitors submit photographs, suggest song titles, write dialogue for movies, compose advertisements and do a great number of other things.

Prizes in the main types of contests often approach the fabulous. In one recent short-statement contest, winners shared 653 awards offered by a flour company—including three cars, 25 radio-phonographs, 25 electric refrigerators, 25 washing machines, 100 electric mixers, 200 toasters and 200 irons.

A letter contest conducted by a food company gave three automobiles as top prizes, with 1,130 other generous awards. A shoe company offered a first prize of a round-trip luxury flight to Europe for a winning slogan. A soap concern gave away $1,000 and 25 prizes of $100 a week for six weeks for the best last lines to a limerick. The winner of the entire contest received the choice of $30 a week for life or $25,000 in good American currency.

Among the more unusual prizes distributed by eager sponsors have been a race horse, a ten-year supply of nylon stockings (12 pairs a year), trips to Western dude ranches, homes, mink coats, and a big-name orchestra to play a one-night stand wherever the winner decreed.

But the top oddity was offered in a radio show. To a young couple wedded before the microphone went a Flying Fortress. Then another Fortress was offered to the person who sent in the best letter telling the couple what to do with their newly-acquired air giant. What would *you* do if you won a few tons of plane?

WHY DO BUSINESS MEN give away such fabulous prizes? Contests serve many purposes. A contest can increase sales or overcome seasonal lags. It persuades customers to try a manufacturer's product or to witness store demonstrations. It helps a company introduce a new product or new uses for an old product. It provides a fresh theme for company advertising. It may stimulate salesmen and dealers, often inducing the latter to stock the manufacturer's complete line.

Then too, a contest can improve the company's public relations. Some widely advertised contests have pulled more than 1,000,000 entries, while a few have even doubled this figure.

Such volume of entries, however, is one reason why many people declare that you have little chance of winning. It is true, of course, that competition is formidable, not only because of number of entries but because a certain percentage of those entries are submitted by professional "contest hobbyists." As an example of their concentration on winning, one such contestant submitted *800 entries* in one week of a limerick contest! (P.S. He didn't win anything.)

Since many contests require that labels or box tops be submitted, you may wonder how the professionals afford the traffic. The answer is simple. They buy *only* the labels or box tops from a few alert people throughout the country who quickly recognized the possibilities and forthwith displayed typical American initiative. How do *they* get labels in quantity lots? Friends, relatives and organizations save them and sell to the enterpriser, who resells at a profit.

Some "contest hobbyists" attempt to increase their chances by submitting additional entries under the names of friends or relatives, but the proxy method has drawbacks. Sometimes, if a large prize is won, the proxy and the person who wrote the entry wrangle over the cutting of the pie. Then lawyers enter the picture.

Another avenue the pros have paved toward greater winnings is a contest "association." This unique group holds an annual convention at which contestants elect officers and swap experiences. Those who specialize in certain types of contests give frank and helpful talks on their methods.

A contest hobbyist, then, is simply a person who is energetic enough to enter many contests and *keep* entering them. But the existence of professionals should not discourage you from competing. Actually, the number of entries submitted by hobbyists is only a small percentage of the total.

NOW, HOW ABOUT the organizing of a contest and the judges' treatment of your entry? To assure your entry an impartial, unbiased reading, many sponsors employ professional contest organizations. These concerns usually take care of all the mail, do all the preliminary and final judging.

The largest—handling about 75 per cent of the nation's major contests—is The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, with offices in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. Not only does Donnelley perform the actual judging but it also advises the client on important contest preliminaries, such as fitting the list of prizes to the sponsor's budget. A good list is built upon expert knowledge of contestant psychology.

A few large prizes, for instance, and a generous number of smaller awards appeal strongly to contestants because they feel they have more chances to win. Contestants also prefer cash to merchandise, but when merchandise is offered a prize like a mink coat proves far more attractive than a car, even a high-priced one.

Donnelley attributes this to the "glamour" of a mink coat in the average woman's mind. Yet one woman who actually won a coat didn't want it because she felt it would make her conspicuous among her less-fine-furred neighbors. Since the contest sponsor had not offered a cash equivalent to the coat, the matter remained mutually disconcerting for quite a time.

Then someone got a bright idea. Why couldn't the lady take herself and a few female relatives to the furrier, where each could select a moderately priced coat? A number of "average" coats would add up to the price of a mink. The lady could — and did — and everyone concerned was happy.

Once the prizes are set and the rules written, the contest gets under way. Now, to show the care with which your entry is judged, here is a picture of Donnelley at work on a big national contest.

Mail from all over the country is first dumped into large bins and then opened by machinery. Next, entries are inspected to see if the qualifiers (labels or some other evidence of purchase) are in order. Then the entries are bunched into packets of 50 and checked by other clerks to see whether they meet all the competition rules.

Primary judges, usually college graduates, then go to work on the judging. They appraise entries for certain qualities, such as sincerity, originality, clarity and correctness. If your entry gets by them, it goes to a group of experienced *junior* judges, who give it a more severe scrutiny. If it survives this stage, it passes on to the *senior* judges, who may find 1,000 entries before them.

The seniors screen the entries, jot down point-by-point ratings, then pass the best ones—perhaps 100—to the *executive* judges. Often these remaining entries are typed on cards with names and addresses eliminated and code numbers substituted. From these plain cards, the winners are finally selected.

This description of judging procedure indicates some of the qualities that put a contest entry among the winners. Here are a few further hints:

Judges like entries that mention specific sales points of a sponsor's product. But your entries must be believable and should not make extravagant claims.

Entries should have a ring of sincerity and should be original without being superficially clever. Sponsors, who like to give prizes to the average person, do not believe that the average person writes in a clever style.

Make sure, when a qualifier is required, that you send the correct one. Tuck it into the envelope, or attach it to the entry with a paper clip. Facsimiles of original qualifiers are perfectly acceptable, if so specified in the rules, but they must be reasonably exact, in the approximate color and design of the original.

Watch the closing dates. In some contests your entry must be in the judging office—not merely in the mails—by the deadline. Use sufficient postage, and be sure you have the mailing address right.

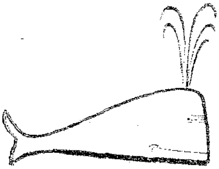
Don't decorate your entries unless the rules so require, for many judges consider fancy entries a form of "bribe." And don't send personal pleas with your entry. One mother who entered a recent contest wrote that she needed the money to send her son through college. "Sob stories" do no good. Your entry stands on its merits alone.

One final caution. Often, when a big contest is announced, you may receive letters from "contest services" offering to write entries for a dollar or so apiece. Or offering the solution to a complete set of picture puzzles for "only $10." Don't be a sucker. Entries or solutions from such services are no guarantee that you will win.

So there, for your edification, is today's contest picture. The big competitions are back and America is now more than ever the "land of the free." You've got just as much chance of winning as the next fellow.

But if you do land a big prize either in cash or merchandise, don't forget to report it on your income-tax form. Uncle Sam likes to know about these things.

And now—happy hunting!



You Can't Blame Him

A FAMOUS DELICATESSEN in New York City has a sign prominently displayed on the wall. It reads, "We make every kind of sandwich in the world. Just ask for it." Late one night a prankster demanded a whale sandwich. The waiter stalled and said, "I'll have to speak to the boss." He came back after a hurried consultation and reported, "The boss says he's damned if he'll cut up a whale just for one sandwich."

—FROM BENNETT CERF'S *Anything for a Laugh*,
PUBLISHED BY *Grosset and Dunlap*.

SOMETHING NEW IN MOVIE THEATERS

by **MORT WEISINGER**

A far-sighted showman is providing the film fan with new comfort and beauty in his chain of community-type playhouses

WHEN A RECENT survey was made asking several thousand film fans what's wrong with American movie houses, so fiery were the complaints that many a pollster wished for asbestos on which to record them. The patrons sounded off about narrow aisles, hard seats, unsanitary rest rooms, poor acoustics, bad ventilation and a score of other peeves familiar to some 97,000,000 weekly moviegoers.

Yet in Saratoga and Hudson, New York, and in three New Jersey towns—Toms River, Trenton and Morristown—screen audiences filed not a single squawk. Unanimously they agreed that their theaters were perfect. The pollsters were baffled.

Chief reason for this phenomenon is tall, robust, earthy Walter Reade, Sr., a farsighted showman who has dedicated his career to erasing the black marks scored against the typical American playhouse. Reade is president of the American Community Theater Corporation, an enterprise which has quietly helped to revolutionize the architectural wrecks that mostly pass for theaters in our country.

"It's shocking but true that almost half of the 18,000 movie houses in America are obsolete," says Reade. "Films are being shown in anything with four walls, from a converted firehouse to a remodeled grocery store. Audiences deserve better show places."

In New York and New Jersey, Reade has been demonstrating that he is a critic with vision, taste and know-how. To provide spectators with comfort, convenience and cleanliness, he has built five community-style theaters which compare with the average movie house as a modern luxury liner stacks up against the Pilgrims' *Mayflower*. His theaters feature ultra-modern heating, perfect acoustics, scientific ventilation and other technical benefits. They also exhibit concepts of design that make theaters dignified community centers instead of garish show places.

A treat both to the eye and the body, these edifices are located in the towns where the pollsters drew blanks. The average Reade theater is a movie fan's dream. First, in the interest of good taste, Reade has eliminated gaudy electric signs and neon displays. Also, down went the lobby's technicolored lithographs, designed to attract customers with cheap and sexy art. Citizens find their "Now Playing" information in attractive black-and-white announcements, countersunk into the theater's facade.

Outside, Reade theaters resemble, on a small scale, the pleasant lines of Mount Vernon. Inside, the space between rows is generous, eliminating the hazards of stepped-on toes and ripped stockings. Seats are also wider than in old style houses, resulting in luxurious roominess for the spectator.

On the theory that your eyes are valuable, Reade has designed each of his film houses as an optical paradise. Seats are so arranged that the audience can see from any part of the house without eyestrain. "In many obsolete theaters, pillars support the balcony," Reade points out. "Unlucky patrons are forced to peer around a cement block. Do that throughout a three-hour show and you'll become a sure prospect for the optometrist!"

Reade customers never have to worry about another evil of archaic theaters—"lost dialogue." Sound loves to play hide and seek in "dead pockets," always found in the renovated firehouses and grocery stores now known as theaters. Reade's architect, William I. Hohauser, sweated months to crack this problem. The answer was "acoustic plaster," a comparatively new discovery which impales sound and doesn't let it get away.

Further to please the public, all Reade theaters are comfortably warm in winter and scientifically cold in summer, which means fewer sore throats and colds, according to medical authorities. Some day Reade hopes to equip his theaters with germicidal lamps to kill infectious bacteria.

Reade has also attacked dust and dirt. He says: "We don't have ornamental plaster on the walls, or fancy moulding, or protruding light brackets, or radiators. This means that when we clean our theaters, they're speckless!"

Reade blames decrepit and obsolete movie houses upon his colleagues, the exhibitors. "Many of them are untrained for the job," he says. "They confuse showiness with showmanship. Their work consists largely of going to the local express office, picking up new cans of film and depositing them in the projection booth."

READE'S CAREER in theater design started long ago. Born and schooled in Alabama, he turned as a youth to promoting enterprises, including a roller-skating rink. When the movies got to be more than a glimmer in Thomas Edison's eye in the early 1900s, Reade decided to move in. Sensing the industry's possibilities, he built up a circuit which now comprises 36 theaters, grossing $15,000,000 a year and extending through New York and New Jersey. Outside of his five community-style theaters, the rest are standard houses, constructed before he was bitten by the progressive notion of design.

Now 62, Reade doesn't work as hard as he used to. In his adopted home town of Asbury Park, he works in spurts, then eases off with a Southern vacation. During the war the scarcity of building materials stymied his plans for expansion, but with supplies becoming available he expects to build a vast network of community-style theaters.

When Reade first dreamed up his revolutionary theater idea, local citizens protested. "We don't want any more theaters around our way," they cried. "We won't be able to sleep. Horns would honk all night. Real estate values will go down. . . ."

To which Reade replied with equal fervor: "I'm tired of being treated as a mountebank. I'm a theater operator and I came here with hard-earned dollars to build a theater that will help, not hinder, the entire community."

Then he'd explain the progressive notions behind his plan. After a while Reade would win out because of the virtue of his arguments and his passionate conviction.

Movie producers have also come around to approving Reade's crusade to replace refurnished stables and firehouses with modern theaters. "Seventy per cent of a film's revenue comes from its first run in the big-city houses," says Reade. "The remainder comes from neighborhood movies and small towns. That means if there is a slack in the first-run houses, the small theaters have to pick it up."

And statistics reveal that the community-style theater rakes in more revenue than the antiquated type. An old-type theater in Morristown, for example, did a $3,000 weekly gross. Now the community theater takes in $5,000 a week.

Are the patrons appreciative of this new and delightfully de luxe treatment? Reade is positive they are. His proof is simple but eloquent. So far, not a single customer has parked a wad of gum under the roomy and luxurious seats.

They Mean Business

A California service corporation has this notation on its letterheads: "As it causes a waste of 9,478 years of time to write 'My dear sir,' 'Yours truly,' etc., on 14,598,181,902 pieces of first-class mail handled yearly, let's stop it, just between you and me. Telegrams omit such. It is meaningless."

The late Andrew Carnegie had an odd test for selecting office boys. He'd give them some parcels to unwrap and then watch to see if they'd carefully untie the knots and save the string, or snip the string and throw it away. And guess who'd get the job. The boy who snipped the string! "The days of string saving are over," Carnegie would dryly remark.

—Neal O'Hara in *Thoughts While Shaving*, published by Waverly House, Boston.

You Can't Beat the Tax Collector!

by PAUL D. GREEN

If you cheated Uncle Sam, beware! His skilled agents are cracking down on big and little chiselers from coast to coast

IF YOU CHISELED when you paid your income tax on March 15th, don't calculate on getting away with it. For Uncle Sam is staging the most intensive crackdown against evaders in the history of the Treasury Department. Eight thousand new agents, trained in all angles of fraud detection, are now at work from coast to coast, closing in on tax cheaters both large and small.

You, the ordinary taxpayer, have been put on an uncomfortable spot by the chiseling of big-time operators—gangsters, gamblers, black marketeers and such. In handing out justice to racketeers, the revenue agents have also nailed hundreds of obscure citizens in every walk of life who seem to have as little respect for our income-tax laws as recognized criminals.

When the big operators cheat, they employ ingenuity, even if only by using a double set of books or doubtful legal maneuvers. But their inherent stupidity eventually traps them. Evidence shows, however, that the small-time chiselers are even more witless in their attempts to defraud the government. Hundreds of lesser evaders have come to grief through such simple errors as parking an expensive car outside a Florida gambling club, or by one depositor's being delayed at a bank window while another fumbles with a $3,000 deposit.

The car's license number was jotted down by an alert tax sleuth, who secured the owner's name and address from the New York traffic bureau. Then the agent requested the Manhattan internal revenue office to check the man's last tax return. Although the suspect had reported a $12,000 income, he was staying at a $40-a-day hotel and losing hundreds of dollars nightly in dice games. These clues blazed a glaring trail to his true income from black-market textiles.

The fumbler at the bank window was reported by the annoyed man behind him, an old acquaintance who was curious to know how he came by such funds. Investigation revealed that the depositor was a large-scale dealer in black-market liquor, who had invested a lot of illicit cash in big endowment policies.

Every revenue office is required to check selected groups of returns to determine if they are in order.

The agents can follow any system of selection they want—choosing representative returns under each letter of the alphabet, or checking all returns from a particular neighborhood, or scanning those filed by members of the same profession. Naturally, they are suspicious of those which have mathematical irregularities or which reflect unusual fluctuations in income, deductions or dependents.

One casual check-up on a man claiming a $21 refund resulted in a heavy assessment against him and several members of his family. As dependents, he had listed his wife, sister, brother-in-law and mother—all of whom were either working or had private incomes. Yet on the face of it, his original return gave no hint of tax evasion.

The extent of evasions or "errors" in low and middle income groups is shown in a recent report from Joseph D. Nunan, Jr., Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Out of 1,446,900 taxpayers visited by agents in nine months, additional taxes were secured from almost half. For the first time in Treasury history, more than a billion dollars was collected in one fiscal year from such evasions and errors. Yet this huge haul cost the Government only $1 per $34 collected!

As an example of how casual visits by agents produce chain reactions, a New York City storekeeper was asked how he arrived at certain business deductions. After cancelling some of the questionable items, the storekeeper became angry. "Why don't you check up on Doctor Blank on Fifth Avenue?" he asked. "He soaked me $500 for an operation—and I heard him brag that the government wasn't going to get much of *his* money."

The agent did investigate and found that the doctor's flourishing practice had produced only a pittance tax payment on March 15th. By checking his appointment diary, his purchases of medicines and his prescription orders, the agent discovered that the venerable medico had reported less than one-fourth his true income. As a result of cases like this, many doctors and dentists are now being checked by Treasury agents.

To get back to the petulant storekeeper, the agent found that he, like many small proprietors, made change out of a cigar box. But a clearer picture of his true income was obtained by contacting wholesalers who supplied cigars, candy, magazines and newspapers. After allowing for conventional markups, the agent arrived at a new sales figure which tripled both the proprietor's tax and his headache. Now, hundreds of other storekeepers are under Uncle Sam's scrutiny.

Millions of citizens are forced to pay their just taxes through the wage-withholding plan. Thousands of others, however, are getting away with murder because they don't fall within such brackets. Directly or indirectly, the honest taxpayer has to make good every chiseler's dollar by paying additional taxes.

If you know of a case of flagrant tax violation, you are welcome to report it to your local collector of internal revenue, who will guarantee your anonymity in the subsequent investigation. The Treasury Department, however, is not depending on such tips to reveal widespread frauds. The new campaign is aimed at uncovering thousands of small fry.

Investigators are now busy auditing the records of businesses and individuals in all income brackets. Ironically, the great corporations offer lean pickings. The big harvest comes from the countless small, non-bookkeeping enterprises, such as taverns, delicatessens, corner groceries, tailor shops and specialty stores.

Even hat-check concessionaires and night-club employees are suspect. Besides auditing books and bank accounts, agents are watching busy restaurants, clocking the number of persons calling for hats and coats. They multiply the number by 25 cents, the average tip, add a figure representing cigarette sales, then estimate how much of this free-flowing silver is pocketed by attendants. The computations come in handy on March 15th.

As a natural follow-up, tax sleuths are eying head waiters, waiters, bus boys, bartenders and doormen. There has been much conjecture in the press about the big homes and private businesses owned by $500-a-week head waiters. As for ordinary waiters, some of them are reported making $125 or more a week.

Service employees outside the restaurant business have also been drawn into the Treasury's net—barbers, manicurists, bellhops, bowling-alley pinboys, caddies and cab drivers. A group of the last-mentioned were recently foolish enough to demand higher basic salaries because, they complained, their tips had nose-dived from their wartime take of $60 to $75 a week to a paltry $40. The T-men are now interested in learning just how many cabbies reported such incomes.

SOME LEADS TO TAX frauds come quite by accident. One group of agents who patronized a popular "fried chicken" restaurant often had to wait in line for a table. Eventually they became curious about the cafe's free-and-easy methods of operation: business was booming yet apparently there were no bosses. Investigation showed that no income taxes had ever been paid, although auditors estimated that the business had grossed $200,000 in three years.

Half a dozen people seemed vaguely concerned with the profits, but there were no papers of incorporation, no stock certificates, no agreement of any kind. They had no payroll, paid all bills in cash, kept no records, signed no checks. The elusive partners drew on the till at will, and answered all questions with a blank stare. The bedeviled tax agents finally had to slap a lien on the property and tie up all assets to get at the truth.

Another freak disclosure came when a hospital nurse found thousands of dollars strewn on a patient's bed. She called the police, assuming that the patient was counting loot from a robbery. Instead, he turned out to be a particularly brazen black marketeer. A chain of "bagmen" had forwarded excess cash, representing overceiling collections on liquor sold to Midwestern hotel and restaurant operators. What started out as a suspected robbery wound up as a big income-tax indictment, plus the smashing of an illicit liquor ring.

Newspaper stories have led many a tax agent to sizeable recoveries. One account told of an American soldier who had cleaned up by smuggling gold over The Hump to the Chinese black market in currency. When he was caught and shipped home, a tax collector greeted him at the pier with a stiff bill from the Treasury.

All news stories of sweepstakes winnings, 500 to 1 daily doubles, large inheritances, cash hoards found under mattresses, and press agents bragging about night club grosses are duly noted by tax agents. If the next tax returns from the parties concerned fail to reflect unusual sources of revenue, an auditor will soon be knocking at their door.

There are so many ways for unusual income to be traced by revenue agents that it is foolhardy to count on immunity. Investigators, auditors and deputy collectors, who are members of your own community, can't help spotting signs of sudden prosperity among former modest-income individuals. And their duty is to act on what they see.

Recently in a Southern city, the agent who questioned an auto dealer enmeshed in black-market operations and tax evasions was a fellow lodge-member of the accused.

"Why did you do it, Sam?" he asked sympathetically. "You always had a pretty good business."

"I got into the black market up to my chin," Sam replied, "and was making more money than ever before. I couldn't resist keeping it."

That is the unfortunate philosophy of too many tax evaders. They don't foresee the consequences if they get caught—heavy fines and penalties which ruin their businesses and their reputations. And worse, prison terms which disgrace their families. Yet as long as they continue to defraud Uncle Sam, they will be brought to justice by the indefatigable agents of the Treasury Department.

* * *

Boys Will Be . . .

On a bitterly cold day in Chicago, Harold, 10, slipped and fell on an icy sidewalk while walking to school with his brother, Jerry, 8. Police, who found Harold unconscious, later asked Jerry why he had not notified anyone of the accident. "We were late for school," he replied. "Besides, I thought he was dead anyway."

Exploring in a Chicago department store, nine-year-old Donald pushed the button which stopped the escalators, then disappeared during the engineer's attempts to discover the cause. Five minutes after they had called a halt to their investigation, Donald did it again.

Six-month-old Melvin of Newton, Mass., swallowed a bell, clamped the investigating doctor's fingers with his new teeth and wouldn't let go until given a whiff of ether. —Clyde W. Johnson

Our human comedy

Life without laughter would be dismal, indeed; so to brighten your horizon we have assembled here some lighter bits from the drama of everyday existence

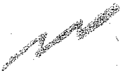
A HUSBAND AND WIFE quarreled at breakfast, and the husband, blazing with anger, pounded the table and shouted: "This time things have gone too far. I'm leaving for good!"

"I mean it, I'm never coming back again," he continued dramatically. "Maybe I'll go into the wild jungles, or maybe to the stormy Arctic regions. I might even get into a rocket plane aimed at the moon."

He opened the front door, stepped out, then stepped right back into the house.

"It's a good thing for you," he muttered, "that it's raining!"

—HAROLD HELFER



DR. KARL COMPTON of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology tells the story of a sister who lives in India. She was having some wiring done by a native electrician, who came to her again and again for instructions.

Finally, in exasperation, she said: "You know what I want. Why don't you just use your common sense and go ahead?"

He made a grave, courtly bow and replied, "Madame, common sense is a rare gift of God. I have only a technical education."

—*Auburn Plainsman*

A LITTLE GIRL WENT to the zoo with her father one day. As they stood before the gorilla's cage, the father explained how strong and savage gorillas are, and how they often attack and kill people.

The little girl looked timidly at the powerful animal in his cage. Then she said, very seriously: "Daddy, if the gorilla got out and killed you, what number bus do I take to go home?"—From *The Animal Joker* by EVAN ESAR, HARVEST HOUSE

BACK IN HIS newspaper days, Robert Benchley on one occasion found himself at a loss for inspiration while trying to write his column. He couldn't even think of a good first line.

Finally, after an hour of staring blankly at his typewriter, he suddenly remembered an "infallible" method of writing he had once heard of somewhere. The idea, he recalled, was to start out by typing the word "The," and from then on the column was supposed practically to write itself.

Benchley inserted a clean sheet

of paper and typed the word "The" on it. Then he went out for a drink. He returned shortly—but he still had found no inspiration. So he went out for a few more drinks. Two hours later he came back, sat down at the typewriter, looked at the paper, grinned happily and typed this sentence: "The hell with it." —JAY CARMODY in *The Washington Evening Star*

HUMORIST BUGS BAER, while watching a vaudeville show, noticed that most of the jokes used by the comedians were his own quips. Taking out a pad and pencil, he started to write them down. While he was scribbling away, an usher passed and saw him busily writing.

"Say, mister," the usher exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied Bugs with a smile, "just collecting my thoughts." —W. E. GOLDEN

I WAS SITTING at one of the front tables at Lindy's with Lindy, Danny Kaye, and Bing Crosby one night, when a typical "ickie"—one of those guys who look as if they came out once a year—walked over to our table and approached "The Groaner."

"Remember me?" he asked. It's a question that has haunted entertainers everywhere since the beginning of time.

"You look familiar," was Bing's answer. It's the same dodge all actors use in such cases.

"Don't you remember when you worked for my organization, the Knights of Pythias, about 18 years ago," the stranger continued, "and after the show we all went out and had something to eat together? Remember you told us that some day you were going to be an important star on the radio, the stage, and the screen?"

"Yes, I do recall," said Crosby, trying to be polite.

"So tell me, Bing," pressed the persistent stranger, "what ever happened?" —*From Gags to Riches*, by JOEY ADAMS

A PANHANDLER IN AN exceedingly unhappy state approached a potential donor and asked for a penny.

"I haven't eaten in three days," he moaned.

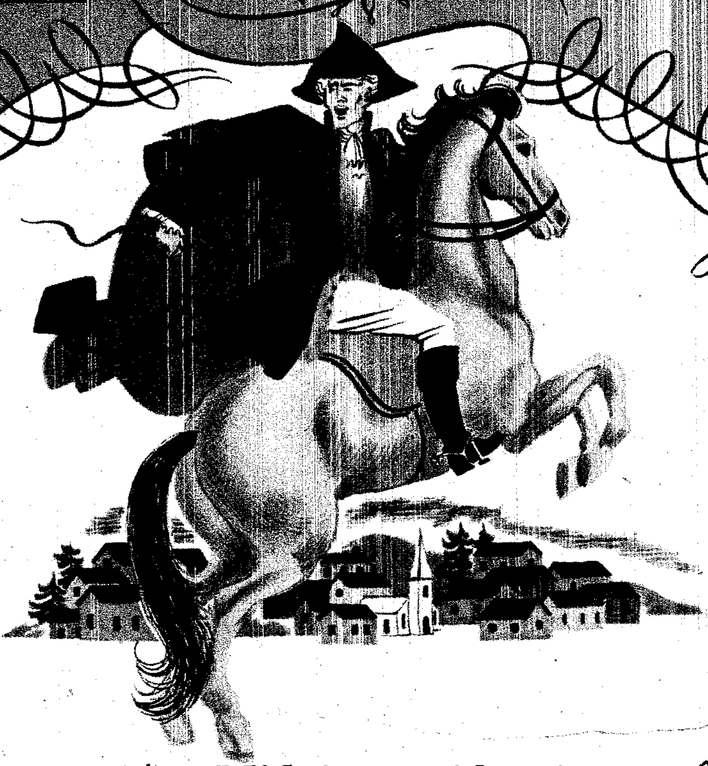
"If that's the case," said the other, "why do you ask for only a penny?"

"Look, mister," retorted the beggar impatiently, "I just want to weigh myself and see how many pounds I've lost." —TOM WEATHERLY

AN EXTERMINATING COMPANY in New York received a call from a woman with a strange request. She asked if they would sell her 10,000 cockroaches, 5,000 bedbugs and 1,000 ants.

"But what in the world do you want with them?" asked the clerk.

"Well," replied the woman, "I'm moving tomorrow, and the landlord insists that I leave the place just as I found it." —W. E. GOLDEN

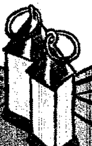


The Midnight Ride of
Paul Revere

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Without the unselfish patriotism of men like Paul Revere, the liberty we know today might never have been possible. Thus it is with pride and gratitude that Coronet here commemorates the 172nd anniversary of one of America's most urgent calls to arms.

ILLUSTRATED BY SHEILAH BECKETT



Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

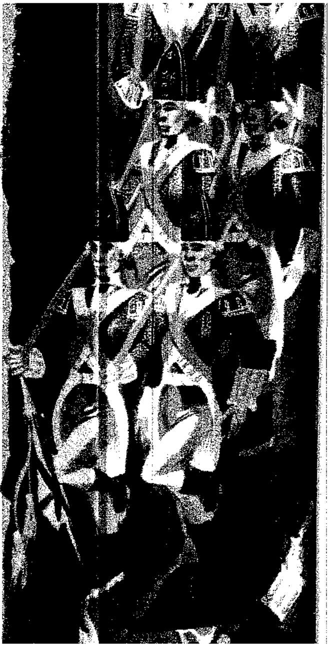
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

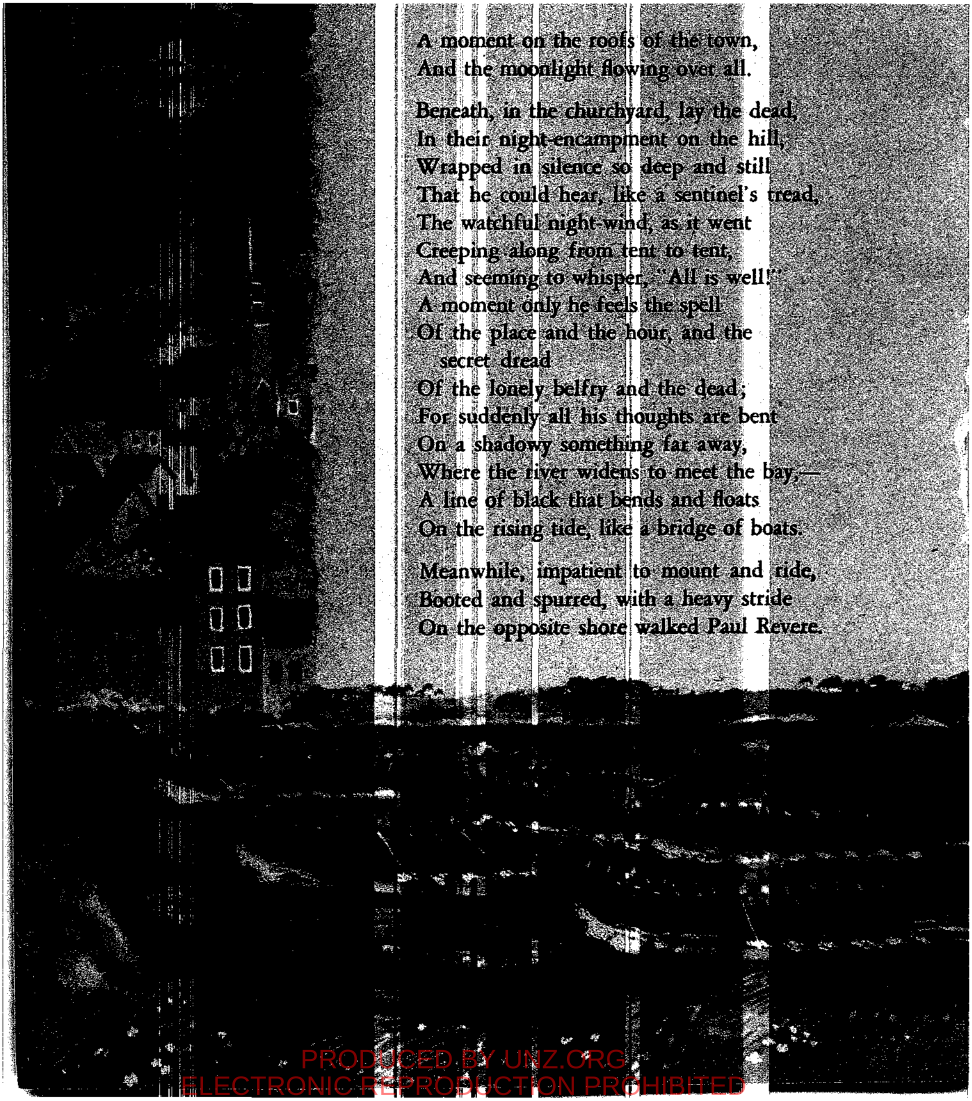
Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar

Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down





A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the
  secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.

atted his horse's side,
d at the landscape far and near,
etuous, stamped the earth,
d and tightened his saddle-girth;
he watched with eager search
-tower of the Old North Church,
above the graves on the hill,
d spectral and sombre and still.
he looks, on the belfry's height
, and then a gleam of light!
to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
s and gazes, till full on his sight
amp in the belfry burns!
f hoofs in a village street,
the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
th, from the pebbles, in passing,

by a steed flying fearless and fleet;

Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

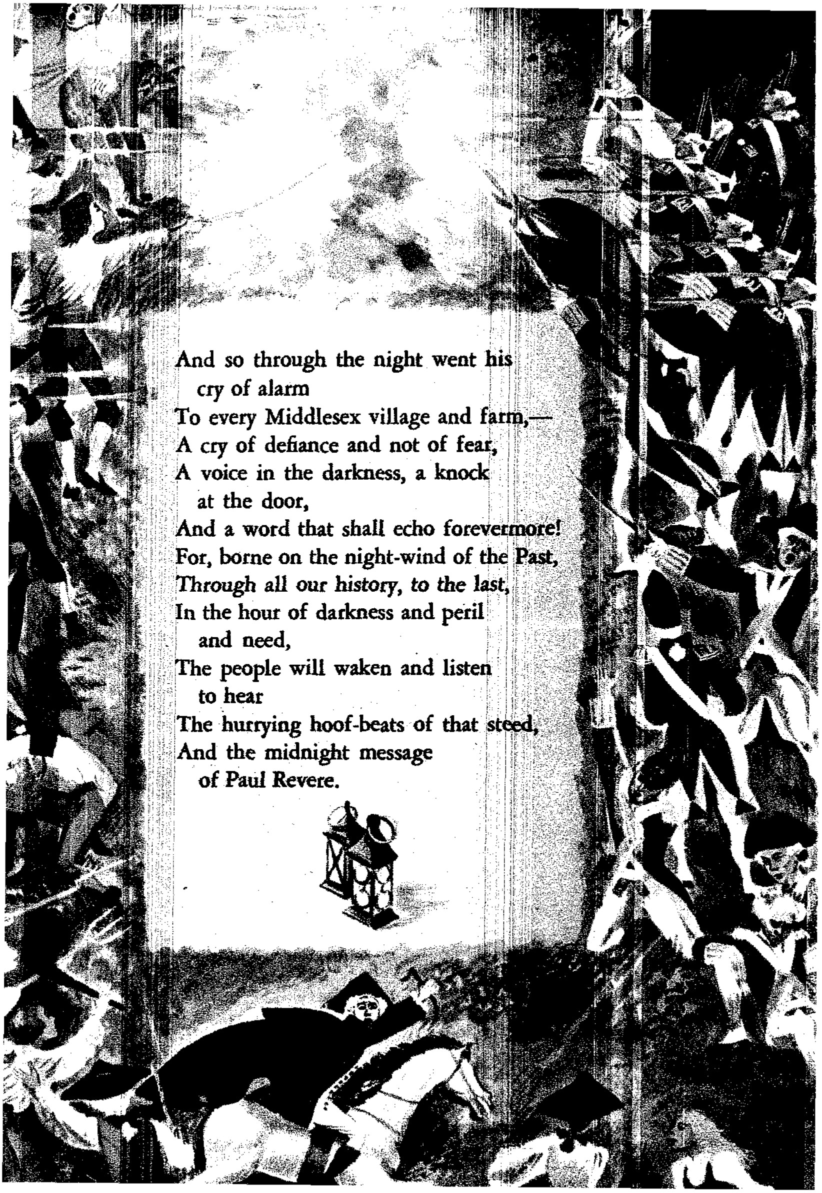
It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed.
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral stare,
As if they already stood aghast

At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;



And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Life Begins at 75

by **IRWIN ROSS**

The race isn't always to the young and the swift; plenty of older folk are proving age is largely a matter of spirit

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was 86 when he published his latest book, *Everybody's Political What's What*—one of his most provocative volumes in years. Bernard Baruch, at 76, displayed the energy of a man 20 years younger while serving as America's representative on the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission.

C. Aubrey Smith, now 83, is Hollywood's leading portrayer of the crotchety old watchdog of the British Empire. And the fabulous Lady Mendl, also of Hollywood, continues to carry on a social life as active as a debutante's as she swings into the end of her eighth decade.

Thus the race these days is no longer to the young and swift. The oldsters are in there too, kicking up a terrific rumpus. The sprightly septuagenarians, the patriarchs with the heart and vigor of youth, are so commonplace that age never seemed less a matter of chronology, more a matter of spirit.

Take politics: Representative Sol Bloom, 77-year-old member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee; Representative Adolph Sabath, at 80 dean of the House; Walter S. Goodland, 84-year-old Governor of Wisconsin; Jan Christiaan Smuts, 76-year-old Premier of South Africa; and a host of others.

In sports, there is Connie Mack, 84, still manager of the Philadelphia Athletics; in the theater, Dame May Whitty, 81, and Mistinguette, famed French music-hall artist of two wars, who is variously reported to be in her late 60s or early 70s.

In architecture we have Frank Lloyd Wright, 77; in music, Toscanini, 80; in philosophy, John Dewey, 87, and George Santayana, 84—both theorizing more voluminously than ever. In literature we had, until last year, H. G. Wells, who died at 79, leaving a record of more than a dozen books produced after his 70th birthday.

The staying power of the aged is

amazing. At 77, Mahatma Gandhi is still chief of the independence movement in India, after several decades of intermittent jail terms and hunger strikes.

Gandhi's story is paralleled by the hardy saga of Leon Blum, 74-year-old former Premier of France. After the French debacle in 1940, Blum was arrested by the Vichy Government. But in jail he read voraciously, helped boost morale of fellow political prisoners. Also he wrote a book—published in this country as *For All Mankind*—a passionate defense of democracy addressed to the disillusioned youth of France. After his release from prison he again became Premier for a time, leading his country while it repaired the damage it had suffered at the hands of the Nazis.

Blum had four years of fascism. Benedetto Croce, at 81 one of the world's greatest philosophers, spent 22 years under Mussolini. His world fame was so great that the Duce feared to silence him.

After the invasion of Italy in 1943, English soldiers landed behind enemy lines, located Croce and carried him off to the fabled Isle of Capri—and freedom. Croce was 77 then, a doughty, courageous old man. After the liberation of Italy, he became a member of the provisional government. With three other famous men of Italian politics—Vittorio Orlando, 86, Francesco Nitti, 78 and Ivanoe Bonomi, a youngster of 74—Croce founded the Democratic Union Party, and is still going strong.

In politics, in the arts and sciences, in business—in virtually every field of endeavor—you find youthful oldsters whose vigor confounds the unbelieving. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., who died at 98, is still remembered not only as the world's richest man but as one who was president of Standard Oil of New Jersey until 72. Then he pursued a spirited life, including golf, up to almost the very end.

Henry Ford, now 83, has been even more active as a businessman. In 1919, when he was 56, he turned over the presidency of the Ford Motor Company to his son Edsel, but retained active direction for the next 24 years.

In 1943, Edsel Ford died and Henry, then almost 80, resumed control of his industrial empire. He remained on the job for two harried war years—a spare, kinetic man, working a full eight-hour day, cruising around his far-flung factories in a car equipped with two-way radio. Finally, in 1945, Ford relinquished the presidency to his grandson, Henry II. But he still keeps a hand in the business.

The dean of American businessmen is Henry C. Lytton, who at 100 continues to run his Chicago department store. Lytton founded the firm in 1887, made a fortune and retired in 1929, at 83. Four years later he was back at work. His son George had died and he had to pull the store out of the Depression doldrums. He succeeded, and has been on the job ever since.

In the rarefied atmosphere of diplomacy, Baruch is generally considered the nation's outstanding "elder statesman." During the war, someone asked how he managed to keep going, at times, from 8:30 A.M. till midnight. Baruch replied: "As long as there's a German or Jap left, and some pretty woman for me to look at, I can stand the pace."

Among the literati, the oldest producer is unquestionably Shaw, the fabulous Irishman of prodigious energy. At 90, he still spends five or six hours a day, six days a week, at his desk. And he keeps coming up with ideas for new projects.

Equally active, in Rome's more bizarre atmosphere, is the philosopher George Santayana, who at 84 is still producing endless reams of manuscript. In the last three years he has published the first two volumes of his memoirs, and a volume on the New Testament. In addition, he has completed the third section of his autobiography and a sizable part of a long political treatise.

When we come to aged socialites, Lady Mendl, the former Elsie de Wolfe, takes the prize. Now almost an octogenarian, Lady Mendl has compressed several lifetimes into one. She has successively been famed as an actress, as America's first woman interior decorator, as one of the "world's best-dressed women" and as Hollywood's social arbiter. From any angle, Lady Mendl's pace is terrific. She is reported to exercise every morning on a special mattress, turn cartwheels, stand on her head for five minutes to increase circulation. She began to swim at 60, and a few years later, when caught in a boat fire off the Riviera, got to shore under her own power.

Vigor and activity know no age limits: our famed 70- and 80-year-olds prove the point time and again. But many another younger person displays a prowess equally awe-inspiring. The actress Lynn Fontanne, for example, hardly ranks as a real oldster, but her youthful exploits far belie her age. Although nearing 60, she is still highly successful in portraying amorous ladies a couple of decades younger.

Youth, apparently, knows no deadline. Life begins at any age from 40 to 90. The exploits of a Lynn Fontanne or a Henry Lytton can be repeated, with endless individual variations, by any one of us. Which is something to give you heart as your next birthday approaches.

'Mike' Manners

Bud Abbott and Lou Costello sometimes keep their hats on throughout their radio rehearsals. Lou likes to sit on a high stool. During the summer he is constantly sending out for pitchers of chocolate soda. Between rehearsal and broadcast, whenever time permits, both Bud and Lou try to sneak away to the Hitching Post, a near-by motion picture house specializing in Westerns, to catch the latest horse opera.

Frank Sinatra rehearses in loud sports clothes sometimes with turned-up trousers, and he has a pencil always perched over his left ear.

Jimmy Durante rehearses with his trousers rolled up to his knees; he wears no tie, but invariably has his fedora perched on one side of his head. He makes even more noise during rehearsals than at the actual broadcast, and keeps his fellow workers constantly amused.

—Grace Fischler

The War Widow:

America's Forgotten Woman

by **HENRY LEE**

Here is the bitter, shocking truth about our government's shameful neglect of the wives and children of Gold Star heroes

THIS IS A REPORT to America's war dead about the widows and children they left behind them. It is not a pleasant report—but it is a true one. It should shock us both in heart and mind, and make us pause to re-examine, in the light of simple human compassion, the promises we so glibly gave to the men who marched off to die on global battlefronts.

We have consigned 200,000 forgotten women and children to the half-life of a government dole and the uncertain charity of family and in-laws. We have done little to relieve the tragedy of their past, the misery of their present, the grimness of their future.

A generous post-war Congress, while raising its own pay last year by some $96 a week, increased the widows' pensions—by $10 a month. They get about half of what the government considers a fair, minimum wage for the working people of this country. Their children—heroes' children—get about half of what the government considers the basic cost of rearing a child under decent circumstances. And to inflict the final cruel touch, they are not included in GI loans, benefits or priorities.

The living conditions of war widows are pathetic. I found them in furnished rooms in YW's, in the homes of in-laws, or doubling up with any girl who had a spare bed. Many of them live like floaters, without a home, without furniture, without any possession more substantial than a compact and the snapshot of a man in uniform. They are, to all practical purposes, displaced persons.

Without any directed program, we give our war widows off-the-arm, contradictory advice. Should they seek out social activities, trying to forget? Should they remarry? But Mrs. Grundy demands respect for the dead. If, after two years of mourning, a girl has a date, it's quite likely to stir a neighborhood scandal.

I talked to one girl, a 21-year-old blonde with blue eyes. She has to live with a mother-in-law who half-died when her son did, and expects her daughter-in-law to do the same.

"I loved Bill," the girl said simply. "I guess I always will. I *know* he'd say, 'Go ahead, have fun. Marry some good guy if you want to—just keep a little place in your heart for me.'

"I met a 'good guy' who wants to marry me. But my mother-in-law says I ought to be ashamed of myself. So I just can't go on living with her. But on $60 a month, it's almost impossible to live any place else until I get married. I sneak out of the house when I want to see my fiancé. Then I have to lie to my mother-in-law. It makes me feel mean and small. But what else can I do?"

For the older women with children, just *existing* day-by-day is the major problem. In many cases the situation is bleak. Take the 28-year-old mother who lives alone in New Jersey with a mentally retarded son. Or the woman in Massachusetts whose five-year-old boy has a heart ailment, whose three-year-old suffers from bronchial asthma.

Yet even more appalling is the public's ignorance and indifference. I've talked to government officials, welfare workers and plain, everyday Americans who were so proudly patriotic during the war. "Nobody starves in this country," they say complacently.

Maybe not. But almost no organization comes forward, voluntarily, to help these women. Few individuals know—or care—what's happening to them. Congress, breathtakingly liberal with billions of our money, turns a deaf ear to their modest requests.

The situation comes as a stinging shock to returned GIs. One veteran I know looked up a buddy's pretty young widow. He found her living, frightened and confused, in a furnished room, trying to subsist on her $60-a-month pension till she found a job. But she had never worked before, and personnel managers were sympathetic but firm. No experience, no job. Shocked, the ex-serviceman made a point of going to the next meeting of his veterans' organization—and walked right into a heated discussion about bonuses.

"Bonuses hell!" he stormed. "Is this what we fought for? Everything for the boys—and nothing for the women and children?"

Promptly his organization set up a widows-aid committee. But veterans are in no position to handle the complex job of rehabilitation by themselves. Job-training is one of the musts in helping our widows to get on their feet again. Thousands of them are either too young to have had business experience, or have been housewives for years. Recently an airline in the East offered a half dozen jobs as phone operators to a widows-aid committee. But the committee was unable to find a single widow who could operate a switchboard.

When the women try awkwardly to help each other, they run into heartbreaking public ignorance. For example, I have a conscientious friend who feels a personal obligation to war widows, although she lost her own husband in the Pacific. She has a job, but in her spare time has organized a widows' aid group in her town, spending $200 of her own money to launch the project. Recently, while arranging a benefit for the widows, she approached a clergyman.

"What's in it for you?" he asked frostily.

When she explained, his eyes opened in amazement. "Why, my dear," he said, "I thought the government was providing liberally for you people!"

Even some welfare organizations show surprising ignorance. About 30 widows in one town arranged to meet monthly in a small, unused room in the central welfare building, which has recreation rooms, a swimming pool and a dance hall. At their second meeting the welfare secretary addressed them. "As you know," she said brightly, "we care for many *needy* and *deserving* people. So, hereafter we will have to charge you for coming here—$2 yearly for each member."

The widows couldn't afford $60 for the use of chairs and a speaker's table. So now they are meeting in one another's homes scattered all over town.

Widows like these are going through a profound revolution that touches every phase of their lives—social, economic, psychological. Even the younger, giddier women have been shocked into maturity. One, a gentle girl in her 20s, told me she was through with asking for assistance.

"I don't like to seem ungrateful," she said apologetically, "because several times when the children were sick the nursing service was wonderful. But they can't seem to understand that all we have left is our pride. They budget us, ticket us, pry into our lives. Then they lecture us. You'd think we were shiftless people who'd gotten on relief through some fault of our own."

ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT, the widows find they are being pushed backward while veteran legislation is pushed ahead. During the war they received $30 a month for the first child, plus free medical and dental care. Now they get $18 monthly for the same child, who eats more and scuffs more pairs of shoes. And they get *no* medical or dental care.

Of the two billions disbursed annually by the Veterans Administration, only a small part goes to the 110,000 widows and 90,000 children of dead servicemen. The widows get $60 a month, or $720 a year. Yet liberal-minded Congressmen deplore a 40-cent-an-hour minimum industrial wage—which is nearly $70 a month—as an impossibly low living standard!

The widow with more than one child is further penalized. For all children after the first, the government allotment is pared down to

U. S. Warns Against Grave Robbers

CROOKS HAVE TAKEN advantage of war widows' misery. In the most despicable racket of all, glib-talking chiselers have promised to "sell" them information about their husbands' deaths and to "guarantee" individual care for the graves overseas.

When a commercial group wanted to photograph the graves and sell pictures to survivors, the Office of the Quartermaster General had to intervene.

"These people," says W. M. Hines, Sr., special assistant in that office, "could put up a mound in their back yard, erect a cross, take a picture, and that would be that!"

Similarly, he emphasizes, only the government can give information on deaths or the circumstances of burial—and it is given free through T. B. Larkin, chief of American Graves Registration Service, Office of the Quartermaster General, Washington, D.C.

$187.20 a year! Today, probably no widow is in rags, no child actually starving. But is that all a grateful country can guarantee them?

Many widows—but by no means all—receive income from the husband's service insurance. If he carried an average policy of $10,000, that adds $55.10 to the monthly budget, providing the widow is under 30. But the catch is that after 20 years—as the war widows reach middle age—the insurance lapses and the women go back to $60 a month.

Some widows also receive aid from Social Security, but thousands do not, for their husbands went into service before completing the necessary employment period. "Our men apparently died to provide for everyone else's children but their own," say the widows.

I've talked to these women, visited them in their homes. Each case is different, but each has a common gray thread. One small, dark, motherly person, a simple housewife by instinct, was head of her family by necessity. Her bewildering, grinding problem is best told in these figures:

Income—$201.50 monthly, comprising $109.20 pension for herself and three children, aged 9, 8, and 5; $49.30 service insurance; $43 Social Security.

Expenses—$170.54 monthly: rent, $20; gas-electricity, $6; coal, $10.66; wet wash, $7; insurance, $6; milk, $13; food, $100; telephone (a necessity because of the children), $2.88; payment on debt, $5.

Balance—$30.96, to cover medical expenses, clothes, recreation, school funds, incidentals.

This war widow has no plans for her children's future beyond eighth-grade schooling, and when she feels ill, it frightens her. If she should die, the children—as *orphans*—would receive a total of only $57.60 monthly.

These are the mothers. But what of the lucky childless ones—if you can call a childless widow lucky? In New York, a widow of 22 decided to plunge into study to forget her sorrow. But the colleges, preoccupied with the government-financed boom in education, made it plain that they had neither time nor funds for her. Undeterred, she learned that a small Texas college would take her in. With lower living costs, she could get by on her pension and savings.

"The going is certainly tough," she says. Then she adds: "But when I compare myself with widows who have children, I realize how fortunate I am."

Here, you think, is a typical college girl, luckier than most widows. Then she adds wistfully: "Just the same, I'd give anything to have my husband's child." These are the people, frustrated of deep desires, whom we so quickly forget.

Even if a woman has proved her "business sense," the government won't lift a finger to help her. I know one who earns money by using her car as a neighborhood taxi, by baking bread and cakes, by making aprons for sale. Her chief worry is funds for clothing and educating her teen-age daughter. Will she be able to send the girl to college? She could manage it easily, if the government would endorse a business loan for her, as it does for vets.

And so the stories go. In each case the widow needs so little. A few dollars more, a business loan, tuition funds, medical care. But they may as well ask for the moon.

Desperate, a few widows went to Washington last year to plead their case. The pilgrimage was pathetic. While slick, professional lobbyists got millions for special interests, the women stumbled through an unfamiliar legislative maze, getting brush-offs. After all, there are only 110,000 of them—and votes weigh more than blood.

A few Congressmen, genuinely touched by their pleas, introduced bills—to extend the G.I. Bill to cover war widows, to insure educational opportunities for children. The bills were printed—and then died in committee.

When Congress did increase allotments by 20 per cent, it was in no special recognition of the women's plight. The increase applied to all dependents of World War I and II veterans, and was a somewhat tardy answer to the skyrocketing cost of living.

Announcing the boost, the journal of the Gold Star Wives of World War II said: "Almost a pint of milk a day added to the menu of war orphans. That's all for now, kiddies."

Despite the programs now under way in some states, calling for bonus payments and educational grants, the Gold Star Wives firmly believe that God helps those who help themselves. National headquarters in New York and local chapters in every state give the women a rallying point and help them stand on their own feet.

Through an "Aunt Susie" program, the organization encourages childless women in a community to care for the families of widows while the mothers seek part-time work. It also sets up job bureaus, offers legal aid and house-hunting assistance, and even stages monthly birthday parties for children.

Gold Star Wives started with a membership of four, but in the last year it has grown swiftly, with city and county chapters springing up all over the country. Dues are a maximum of $2 yearly, while sale of $1.50 widows' pins—a Gold Star with a purple bar emblematic of the Purple Heart which their husbands earned the hardest way—is another modest source of revenue.

Directing the Gold Star Wives is Mrs. Marie Jordan of New York, a small, pretty, hard-working widow who has a three-year-old son. Mrs. Jordan helps to set up new chapters, explains the cause to the public, appears before Legislatures to urge a "square deal."

The widows give enthusiastic support to the organization—"200 per cent cooperation" in the opinion of Mrs. Myrtle Verzi, energetic president of the Bergen County Chapter in New Jersey. Her unit contains 40 women, ranging in age from 22 to 50. A few are fairly well off. The rest need help. More than half have children, while only a third are working. Theirs is typical of a situation that exists everywhere.

What must be done to correct the tragic plight of America's war widows and their children?

First, and immediately, Congress should increase their allotments to assure a normal, decent living, not a relief subsistence.

Second, since widows are heads of families, they deserve the same priorities in education, housing, job-finding and business opportunities which the veterans enjoy.

Third, instead of making it possible for them merely to live, we should help them to start *living*. If government, welfare organizations and private business cooperated, every widow who wants to work could be quickly trained for a job.

Finally, children's education must be assured. Every public *and* private college should have a yearly quota of scholarships. There are more than 1,000 such schools. If each accepted 90 of the children, they could quickly absorb all 90,000 in the country.

Despite experience, America's war widows persist in their faith in the future. "We know that *they* died so that we and our children might live in a better world," they say. They are working towards that goal as best they can. But obviously they need our help—and they need it quickly.

Classy Classified

MODEL TENANT AVAILABLE FOR IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY: No drinking, smoking or swearing. I just sit huddled in a corner 24 hours a day without moving a muscle! (Just pass a little food in occasionally through a slit in the door. That's all I ask!) To see this phenomenon, merely rent me an unfurnished one or two bedroom apartment preferably in Beverly Hills. Call Mort (bless him) Greene, HO 1697 between 9 and 5. No C.O.D.'s please. —*Hollywood Reporter*

PROVERBS Are Where You Find Them

In her work for the American Dialect Society, Dr. Margaret Bryant "takes the cake"

by **ROGER YOUNG**

THE LADY VISITOR to Brooklyn College who had just been told she spoke in proverbs was astounded. "I don't think I've ever used a proverb," she protested.

"In the last 30 minutes you've used at least six," smiled Dr. Margaret Bryant. And she should know, for Dr. Bryant, who teaches English at Brooklyn College, collects proverbs as some people collect autographs.

The sober adages of New England ("Good fences make good neighbors"), the free and easy optimisms of the South ("We ain't what we want to be and we ain't what we're gonna be, but we ain't what we was"), the somber Spanish philosophy of Southern California ("He who loves you dearly makes you cry"), all find their way into Dr. Bryant's collection, where they are indexed and filed with thousands of other examples. As the American Dialect Society's research chairman on proverbial sayings, Dr. Bryant has co-workers in every state tracking down proverbs for her.

Proverb collecting is only one of the activities of this Society, which in 1889 began "a study of the English language in North America together with other languages influencing or influenced by it." Under the general direction of its secretary-treasurer, Dr. George P. Wilson of the Women's College of the University of North Carolina, it seeks out regional localisms, place-names, non-English dialects and new words. Periodical bulletins keep the world informed of the Society's progress, and every Christmas-time some 400 members gather at a banquet to exchange the latest tips on the American language and slang.

On Dr. Bryant's committee are 48 state chairmen, most of them university professors who enlist the aid of their students and other young folk in collecting proverbial phrases. As a result of this younger-generation cooperation, much current jive-talk is finding its way into the Society's files. "Get hep," "Solid Jackson" and "in the groove" are gravely studied along with the more sedate phrases of Alabama senators and West Virginia circuit-riders. From student-veterans, GI phrases are being added too, so that 21st-century readers of the projected *Dictionary of American and Canadian Proverbs* will know that "Things are tough all over" and "Oh, my aching back" were bywords of World War II.

Some proverbs unearthed by the Society smack of regional origin, such as the Coloradans' "Embarrass a man and you've got him corralled." Most give clear insight into local characteristics: it is quite natural that from upstate New York, land of immaculate villages and tidy farms, should come the warning that "Where cobwebs grow beaux never go." Others have become so commonly used that they're spoken all over the country without much idea of what they originally meant.

The bankrupt who complains that he was sold out "lock, stock and barrel" probably has no idea that he's talking like a buckskinned pioneer. And the Midwesterner who sent the Society the phrase "to have a white elephant on one's hands" really believed it was a native expression. If he were told that it stemmed from the annoying habit of Siamese kings of giving disliked courtiers sacred white elephants that would literally eat the recipients out of house and home, then he might say "Well, that takes the cake." And if he were informed that "to take the cake" dates to an old Greek custom of awarding a cake to the man who stayed awake until dawn in a drinking bout, there's no telling what he might say.

To become a popular proverb, a saying must be witty, terse, and contain at least a semblance of universal truth. It doesn't always have to be a complete, pointed sentence; phrases and similes are recognized as proverbial sayings. Among those collected by the Society are many of the sentence proverbs, like the Tennesseeans' "A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his throat"; rhymed proverbs like the familiar "Birds of a feather flock together"; proverbs without nouns ("Easy come, easy go"); or nouns without verbs ("A fool's paradise"). Even figures of speech, like the New Mexicans' "Demure as a dew-damped daisy," come under the heading of native proverbs. Then, of course, there are the modern proverbs coined every day from Hollywood to Main Street, such as the wisecrack: "A ring on the finger is worth two on the phone."

After contemplating thousands of pithy, easily remembered statements, Dr. Bryant finds that they reflect, on the whole, a variety of attitudes. "Generally speaking," she says, "they indicate that a man enjoys talking about both vices and virtues of his neighbor."

For every expression of respect for gray hairs, for example, you'll find a dozen such observations as "There's no fool like an old fool" or "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." Children get off no better: they should be "seen but not heard" and "Little pitchers have big ears."

"As the twig is bent the bough will grow" doesn't hold out great hope that the bough will not be crooked; and the pious sentiment that "Honesty is the best policy" perhaps does not extol honesty for its own sake so much as to suggest it as a profitable expedient.

Even taken as nuggets of wisdom,

proverbs are not invariably good advice. "Two can live as cheaply as one" might conceivably have been true in other days but it would be a pretty unsound premise on which to build a marriage today. "Burn not thy fingers to snuff another man's candle" is a mean sentiment, and "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" reflects the kind of philosophy the world is trying to forget.

PRACTICALLY EVERY occupation has produced its quota of proverbs. From the sailor came "any port in a storm"; from the soldier, "to stick to your guns." Blacksmithing gave "strike while the iron is hot"; prizefighting, "to hit below the belt." People who disapprove highly of gambling still borrow professional phrases like "to back the wrong horse" or "to have an ace in the hole." The first fighter who crowed over his slighter opponent, "Don't send a boy to do a man's job," coined a new proverb.

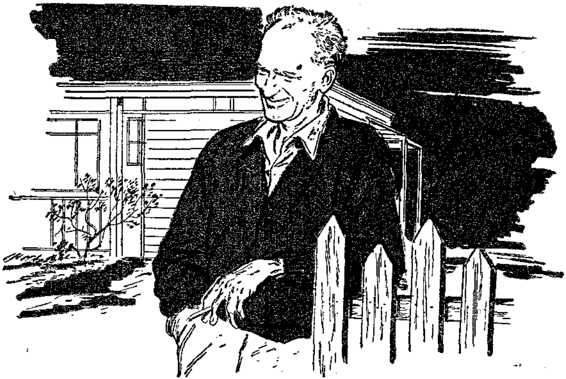
Given a new twist, a topical pun and a proverb become an epigram or a wisecrack. "He who laughs last laughs best" became "He who laughs last is the dullest." This was then shortened into a bit of health advice, "He who laughs, lasts." Oscar Wilde took the courtly definition of a gentleman as "one who never intentionally offends anyone" and twisted it into his wittier but supercilious epigram that a gentleman is one who never *un*intentionally offends anyone.

Except for a stirring picture of a faithful dog or a crowing baby, nothing seems to sell a product so easily as a catchy proverb. "Say It with Flowers," "Eventually, Why Not Now?" and "Save the Surface and You Save All" become as firmly fixed in the public consciousness as the wisest words of Solomon.

Every age makes its own proverbs, some superseding those of yesterday. Nobody knows yet what the proverbs of tomorrow are to be: already radar, for example, has made "Seeing is believing" slightly ridiculous. The most valid proverbs, however, will endure. Those that are thoughtfully based on true human relations will hold as long as the earth remains and men have to get along with one another on its ever-decreasing surface.

Self-Esteem

SOME FRIENDS OF Nelson Doubleday, the publisher, visited him at his Carolina plantation and were permitted to inspect the guest-house where Somerset Maugham lived during his recent stay in America. Maugham's collection of books still are there, and soon will be shipped to the author's villa on the Riviera. The visitors inspected the books. They include rare first editions and autographed volumes. On one shelf they found a first-edition of Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. On the fly-leaf they found the inscription: "To W. Somerset Maugham, with deep gratitude." It was signed "W. Somerset Maugham." —LEONARD LYONS



Street of Memories

by **Isabel Wiley Grear**

THEY HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN—the elderly couple from South Dakota, the family of six from Pennsylvania, the motorists from Louisiana. They drive slowly down the street, cars from every state—one or more each day.

When I am in our yard digging among the flowers, they stop and ask: "Where is Ernie Pyle's house?"

They gaze to where I point, then they thank me and drive on. As they reach the house they usually say, "There's the porch where he liked to sit and look at Mt. Taylor."

There are polished cars and muddy cars, baggage-laden cars and cars with trailers. Some are crammed with adults and children; others hold just a man and his wife. But their eyes all carry the same message—"He was our friend."

One day I almost betrayed Ernie. The car was gleaming, costly. The couple were expensively dressed. When I pointed out the house I was tempted to say defensively, "It's just a small frame cottage. But Ernie wouldn't have liked anything elaborate and formal."

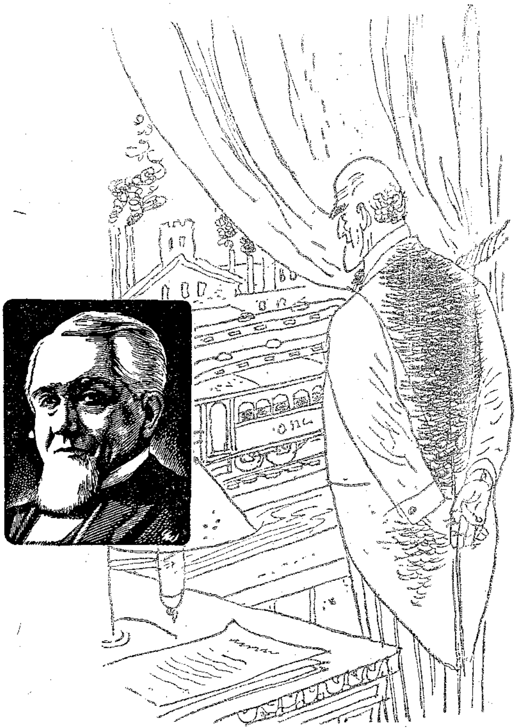
Their eyes, however, stopped me in time. Explain Ernie? He needed "explaining" to no one.

Most of all he does not need explaining to these unknown friends who, with sorrow in their hearts, find their way to Albuquerque's South Girard Street to gaze lovingly at the place where he once lived.

Perhaps when they see the snug cottage, they remember what Ernie once wrote from the wretchedness of the North African campaign—that he "struck gold" when he found a spot where he could lie down out of the wind.

Had he chosen, Ernie could have remained comfortably in his sheltered little house in New Mexico. But his was another choice. And by that choice he bound the nation's hearts to his.

The Rise and Decline of an EMPIRE BUILDER



by **Ernest Poole**

How George Pullman, sleeping-car titan, lost a relentless battle to control the lives of his employees in a model town

IN THE BLEAK WINTER of 1894, following the splendor of the World's Fair of '93, Chicago plunged into chaos and grime. A nation-wide financial panic had closed mills and factories. Hordes of workers and their families starved. Sixty thousand a day were fed free by saloons and more by relief societies; soup kitchens were opened all over town. But the power of labor unions grew, and bitterness boiled up in strikes.

Swiftly the feeling spread to the southern edge of the city and centered on one of Chicago's pioneers, a lone-wolf millionaire, George Mortimer Pullman, whose life was marked by years of achievement but ended in black tragedy. He had few friends, for from the start he played a lone hand, domineering, tenacious. But what a life he lived!

A mechanic's son in Brockton, New York, he had worked as a cabinet-maker and later as a mover of houses to make way for the Erie Canal. Then he came to Chicago in 1858, and there he worked a miracle. The city at that time was raising the levels of buildings and streets, yet the big Tremont House was still down in a swamp. To lift it seemed a hopeless job, for its four-story walls were of brick. But young Pullman went to the owners and said:

"I can raise your hotel without breaking a pane of glass or stopping your business for a day."

They gave him the job, and with 1,200 men he put it through in seven weeks. That soon got him more jobs, not only in Chicago but in other Western towns. On business trips he tried to sleep in the three-decker bunks of ancient, clattering sleeping cars; and lying comfortless there, Pullman got his big idea. If people paid for good hotels, why not for the same comfort on the road?

Reverting to his old trade of cabinet-making, he worked on little models of cars, and in 1859 induced the Alton Road to let him make over two day coaches with upper and lower berths. But they were so expensive that the railroads turned him down. Out to Colorado he went to try mining for a time, but by 1864 he was back in Chicago with his dream of a sleeping car.

In a railroad shop on the site of today's Union Station, on two eight-wheel trucks with rubber shock absorbers, he built a handsome big car, painted brown with gilt trimmings, carpeted and upholstered, with a washroom at each end and upper berths let down from above. It cost him $18,000 and he called it the Pioneer.

"A marvel," said the newspapers, "with every comfort for day and night."

"Too expensive," said the railroads still. "Too high to run under bridges and too wide to pass station platforms."

So once more they turned Pullman down. For more than a year the Pioneer lay in a railroad yard. Then, in 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, and the body of the martyred President was brought back to Illinois. For 12 days and nights the funeral train rolled slowly west, stopping for monster processions in cities festooned in black. On reaching Chicago, where immense demonstrations had been planned, Mrs. Lincoln collapsed and asked to be sent on to Springfield.

Pullman promptly offered the Pioneer; and with workmen along the route ripping up platforms and yanking down bridge under-railings to let it through, the Pioneer with a special engine took the President's widow home. A big news story for America's press. When General Grant soon after made a trip home to Illinois, again Pullman offered the Pioneer. More crowds, more fine press notices. And so he sold his car to the public and forced the roads to take it on.

IN 1867, WITH the backing of Marshall Field, he formed the Pullman Palace Car Company, to build not only sleeping cars but parlor cars and diners. Two years later, over the new Union and Central Pacific, on his de luxe train called the Transcontinental, this son of a Brockton mechanic took a large party of railroad men and bankers as guests from Boston to San Francisco and back.

On the strength of that gay and widely advertised trip, he soon sold his service to other railroads. By 1880, with car shops in Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Elmira and Wilmington, he felt the need for a central site. South of Chicago he bought 3,500 acres on Lake Calu-

Excerpted from the book *Giants Gone*, published at $3 by Whittlesey House, a division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.; copyright by McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc.

met and built there a model town which became the pride of his life.

Through the town ran a broad avenue, with car shops on one side and homes for his men on the other. For the 9,000 dwellers in his town he built hundreds of houses of Dutch design, each supplied with water and gas; sewers ran under well-paved streets lined with lawns and trees. All were cared for by the company. Pullman built a great arcade with stores, a bank, a post office, a library, a theater, a hotel, two churches and a school. There was a park with a bandstand, and a big recreation field. There were bicycle races and rowing regattas fostered by the company.

Pullman proposed to manage his men not only in their work but in their lives. No beer gardens or saloons were allowed. Labor unions were kept out. An attempt to form one in '86 led to a brief strike, after which all the strikers came back for jobs under Pullman's rule. In the library and theater were no improper books or plays. A model town, with everything wholesome and well planned.

The whole country watched his dream come true. Here was a model mill town to cure all labor unrest. When visitors came, Pullman himself showed them about, and not even the slightest blemish escaped his eye. One day he discharged a man who forgot to pick up some paper he had dropped on the street.

He often brought groups of railroad men, too, visitors to Chicago, whom he lavishly dined at his club and his home. At such business parties he tried to be a genial host—but he just couldn't limber up.

He was proud of his large brownstone house on Prairie Avenue, where he lived with his wife and four children. Every morning Pullman, dressed to perfection in silk hat, Prince Albert and striped trousers would get into his big Victoria and drive off to his downtown office on Michigan Avenue.

In earlier years he had spent hours in the sleeping-car shops with his veneer workers. With them he had gone into minute details, always looking for improvements.

Now he stayed more and more in his office. When men came to see him, they often waited long. He still ran the whole company. If he delegated work, he kept checking, on every job. Often he'd get to the office at 8 A.M., work all day and come back at night. He expected his men to do the same.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR in 1893, Pullman reached the peak of his fame. He was proud of his grand exhibit there; proud of the growth of Chicago, his city; proud of the great business he had built. Often he took Fair visitors out to Pullman to see the model town he had made.

And their praise was all the sweeter because of the astounding lack of appreciation shown by his employees. From them, instead of gratitude he got dirty looks. They even wanted a beer garden, where they could drink on Sundays. Some went by train to Chicago to be in homes of their own. They did not like to be managed like this.

Year by year the discontent deepened, until the ground was ready for the final tragedy which broke George Pullman's pride and so helped to end his life.

In the black year which followed

the Fair, profits from his business dropped. Rather than close his plant, he let go about a third of his men, put the others on half time and reduced wages about 30 per cent. Fair enough, he was sure, but among men who had long resented his rule the announcement caused rebellion.

A big crowd marched to a near-by town and organized a local branch of the new American Railway Union, formed by Eugene V. Debs, young ex-fireman and labor editor who had begun the year before to recruit all railroad workers in the West. They demanded restoration of the old wages; and when this was refused, 2,000 struck.

Pullman closed his plant. Let them stay home and starve if they liked! But soon young Debs came to Pullman town and talked with the strikers. When his union met in convention in June, they threatened to boycott Pullman cars. Debs sent an offer to Pullman to arbitrate, but it was refused.

On June 26, Debs telegraphed to his 200 leaders on roads through the West, and from Chicago to the coast they sidetracked Pullman cars. Pullman, still unyielding, induced the roads to stand by him. They got Federal injunctions against interference with the mails; but when they tried to run trains with his cars, they were met by roaring mobs who tore up rails and turned over trains.

Meanwhile, in Chicago, strikers had wrecked cars in the Blue Island yards. Police were used against them without avail. The mobs increased and got out of hand, so that Debs and his leaders lost control and sent new offers to Pullman. Even some of Pullman's rich friends begged him to quit while there was time. But he stubbornly refused. Panicky messages were sent to President Cleveland, calling for troops. He sent some, but the riots went on.

AND NOW ANOTHER MAN from outside came in as Pullman's enemy. He was John P. Altgeld, Governor of Illinois and friend of Labor. When Grover Cleveland on July 3 sent in the first regular troops, Altgeld protested that this was a State affair.

He would use his militia when called for, he said, but Chicago officials had not yet applied for aid because they felt, as he did, that troops only enraged the mobs. He declared that in sending soldiers, Cleveland was acting outside his rights. Cleveland retorted that he was well within authority, for strikers were obstructing interstate commerce and the mails. He ordered more troops sent in, and in Chicago his marshals declared martial law.

Pullman still refused to negotiate. The riots grew worse. When the companies tried to run trains, they were met by howling, brick-throwing mobs. Freight trains were turned over; capsized locomotives were used to barricade tracks. At last Altgeld sent in the militia; and with some 4,000 State and 2,000 regular troops, 5,000 deputy marshals and the entire police force engaged against the mobs, Chicago became a roaring inferno of civil war.

But the odds against the strikers were too great. The pressure of public opinion increased; and when an artillery caisson was bombed and men were killed, the panicky city raised such a storm that Debs and three of his leaders were jailed. Once more the trains began to run; and with the strike broken, Pullman could afford to wait and let his men starve if they would not work. Not till late in August did he open his plant. Then back came his workers to beg for jobs—beaten, as he had said they would be. Once more Pullman had been right.

But soon, to his hurt surprise, he found that others no longer agreed. In reaction from panic, Chicago turned and blamed the man whose pride had brought civil war. The whole idea of Pullman town, men cried, was impractical and medieval. Let him boss employees in his mills, but not in their homes.

Quick to sense the change, Altgeld moved to take from Pullman all power over his men. Part of that power was already gone, for against Pullman's opposition the town had been annexed to Chicago. When his starving citizens now petitioned Altgeld for help, the Governor found hundreds of families needing relief and appealed for public contributions, thus rousing Pullman's bitter rage. Meantime the State Supreme Court had ruled the town was illegally held and had forced the Pullman company to sell all its real estate except that used in industry.

So Pullman's idea had come to defeat. His grand cure for labor troubles had been thrown aside, and Pullman could not understand. He saw only that he had been robbed by ignorant and ungrateful men who had rejected his wise rule. He grew bitter and aged rapidly.

Yet he could still rouse himself when business interests were concerned. So he did on the last night of his life. When the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad came to town on their annual tour of inspection, Pullman gave them a sumptuous dinner at the Chicago Club. Through dinner and over the wines he became so affable that the railroad men all spoke of it. But that was the end of George Mortimer Pullman. Before morning he was dead. With him died the era of one-man rule in industry.

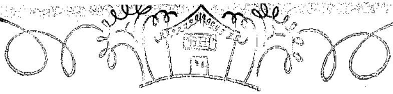
A young woman named Jane Addams explained Pullman's downfall better than anyone. Slim and frail, newly arrived in Chicago, she had gone to watch the struggle at Pullman town. Soon afterward she wrote that George Pullman had "cultivated the great and noble impulses of benefactor until the power of simple human relationship to his employees was gone from him."

So spoke this prophet of a new era who went on to play a national role in bringing freedom and enlightenment to the working people of America.

In the Beginning . . .

Years ago in England, the placing of coin boxes on the walls of taverns, and above the coin boxes a sign: "To insure promptness," proved an excellent means of securing fast and efficient service. From the initial letters of the words on the sign, we derived the word "tip."

—Robert E. Berk



WANT A HOME?
Then Build It of Earth

With patience, hard work and free raw material, you can lick the housing problem

by HARTLEY HOWE

THIS ARTICLE IS not a solution to the housing shortage. On the contrary it is simply an outline of the methods by which some energetic Americans have used ingenuity to raise a roof over their heads. Whether it will help you to solve your own housing problem is a question that, obviously, depends on personal factors best known to yourself and your family.

But first, it might be wise to remember that housing crises are nothing new in America. We had our first one when the Pilgrims broke their leases on the opposite side of the Atlantic and moved into New England subdivisions where the previous residents had been satisfied with wigwams.

How did the Colonists solve their housing problem without benefit of high-pressure realty salesmen, speculative contractors, get-rich-quick plumbers and black-market lumber dealers? Simply by building their own domiciles out of free materials from the earth under their feet and the forests all around them.

Today, of course, such rustic simplicity is gone forever. Modern America needs considerably more than a broadaxe and a strong back to solve the housing shortage, for in our complicated world, a continent has to be ransacked to supply materials for a streamlined bungalow. Yet a number of rugged Americans have already proved that, if the spirit and flesh is willing, the methods of our pioneer ancestors can be adapted to building a cheap, durable and comfortable abode in almost any section of the country.

But don't boost your hopes too quickly, for home-building-at-home (as might be expected) has special problems of its own. First, the matter of land requirements. Since most communities are finicky about architectural styles and construction methods, select your building lot either in the country or in a suburb where the zoning codes are flexible.

Second, you must possess patience —lots of it. The Pilgrims were satisfied to live in rude shelters for a year or two until the big house was up. Your home will probably be built on week ends and after regular working hours, which means that you, too, may have to wait a year, two years, or longer.

But assuming that your land and your patience are suited to the task, about all else you need is a few simple tools, moderate physical strength and a source of free raw material. Free raw material? Yes—the very earth on which you propose to erect your House of Tomorrow.

There are two types of earthen house which lend themselves to the needs of modern man. Both were built by American pioneers, both are being built by "pioneers" today. One is the "rammed earth" house, in which soil is packed tightly into wooden forms to make weatherproof walls. The other is the "adobe" house, in which bricks are fashioned of mud and then set aside to dry. Once the bricks are hard, they supply an easy-to-handle building material.

Rammed earth houses are as ancient as Neolithic man. They came to America before the Pilgrims: you can see one at St. Augustine, Florida, that was built near the end of the 16th century. But what interests moderns is not the impressive antiquity of rammed-earth architecture but its distinctly practical advantages.

For one thing, it is cheap. A part-time farmer in California built a four-room house, 24 by 26 feet, for $400 and 900 hours of self-supplied labor. The cost included kitchen sink and running water, while all materials except fixtures, paint, windows and cement came from his one-acre place. In Mississippi, a family at Ocean Springs erected a three-room abode for $1,000—including part-time help.

For another thing, rammed earth is enduring. Hill Top House in Washington, D. C., was built in 1773. Some years ago, it was decided to raze the structure to make way for a modern building. But the sturdy old manse resisted the best efforts of a house-wrecking crew. Finally the plan was abandoned and a new wing added instead.

On the score of living comfort, houses of earth lose considerably less heat than do most conventional homes—which means they are warmer in winter and cooler in summer. And what is equally important, a rammed-earth house need not look like a hard-packed gray ant hill. Artist Millard Sheets owns a rammed-earth home in Claremont, California, which is sleek, streamlined and modern. Its subtle tones of pink and yellow fade into tans that reflect its origin in the good earth.

ESSENTIALLY, RAMMED earth is soil packed down between wooden forms to make a wall. As the earth dries and hardens, the forms are removed, leaving a smooth, plaster-like surface. Then the forms are moved up, more earth is rammed in, and the wall grows. But first you must have the right kind of dirt. Pure clay shrinks too much; sand will not hold together when dry. A mixture of the two is best.

A simple test is to turn over a clod: if the sides of the hole remain firm and the lumps are difficult to break between your fingers, the soil is suitable. If the earth at your building site does not meet this test, add clay or sand to give it the proper body.

The source of your earth supply

is, of course, the cellar excavation. First, condition the dirt by removing top soil or rotting vegetation. Rake or sift out all stones larger than a walnut, then moisten the soil to the right consistency for tamping. Most amateurs add too much water, with the result that when the earth is rammed in one spot it heaves in another. To test moisture, make a small mud ball. If it holds together in your hand, then breaks when dropped from waist height, the consistency is right.

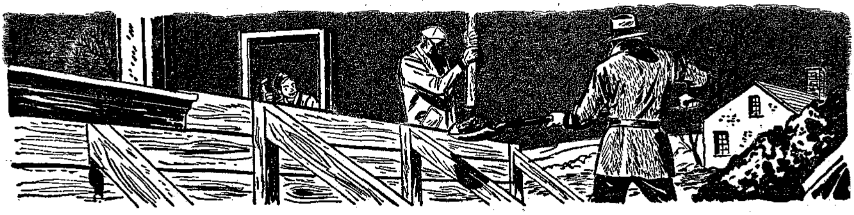
The tools required for wall building are simple, beginning with several sizes and shapes of tampers. If you want, you can construct these yourself, for they are merely blocks of wood or metal affixed to pipe handles. The forms into which the earth is rammed are simply two wooden surfaces, about 3 by 9 feet, held apart by bolts at the desired wall width (usually 15 to 18 inches). Buckets, wheelbarrows, screens, picks and shovels, will complete your outfit.

Start building your wall at the corners, shoveling in dirt in six-inch layers and spreading evenly. First, ram the earth into the corners of the forms, then along the sides, tamping so that the strokes overlap and crisscross, knitting the earth together. After the corner is built halfway up, start on the straight wall. When the wall is solid it will ring when struck by the tamper. Then it's time to start another layer.

Roughen and dampen the first tier of wall before adding the second, which should be built in the opposite direction, reversing the direction again each time the forms are shifted. When the forms have been filled, they are removed by taking out the bolts, temporarily leaving the holes to support scaffolding. To prevent chipping, the corners of the wall should be rounded off.

As in a conventional home, the floors of your rammed-earth house are supported on timbers, called joists, carried from wall to wall. Provision should be made for these as the walls go up by making recesses in the forms. And wooden blocks must be set into the walls wherever a window or door is planned, so that the frame of the opening can be nailed on. The inside of the window opening is usually made wider than the outside in order to let in as much light as possible.

The roof is the conventional type —rafters covered with sheathing, then surfaced with shingles or other roofing material. The walls may be waterproofed, painted, stuccoed or plastered. Some builders of rammed-earth homes leave the exterior untouched, but in most sections of the U.S. it is wiser to apply a



protective coating against moisture.

If you can lay hands on some raw linseed oil (a rare item nowadays) it will make an excellent undercoat, followed by two coats of paint. Then there's a product called Cunningham coal-tar paint which also serves as an all-weather agent. Almost any external treatment, however, will require occasional repair, since the swelling and shrinking of the walls is likely to cause minor cracks. Hence the importance of a good outer coating in the first place, to keep repairs to a minimum.

MOST OF US ARE MORE familiar with adobe than with rammed earth, but the mental image the word evokes is likely to be of ancient Indian pueblos in the Southwest. In reality, while the hot-dry climate of New Mexico is particularly suited to adobe, it is usable in many other parts of the U.S. The principal weather risk comes in curing the bricks, for they require a reasonable amount of sun—and no frost. This would rule out adobe brick-making during the winter in most of our Northern states—but winter in these areas is better spent indoors than out, anyway.

Right now, adobe is attracting more attention than ever. Even conservative professional builders have organized an "adobe region" in the Southwest. Meanwhile, builders are experimenting in the San Francisco area—as wet as almost any region in America—by adding an asphalt compound to the adobe surface which weatherproofs the walls without an outer covering.

Many American families, however, have by-passed the professionals and gone ahead on their own, as witness the case of Oren Arnold, a writer who lives in Phoenix, Arizona. Before Pearl Harbor he had a custom-built house planned and ordered, but the war took care of that. So the Arnolds—husband, wife and three daughters—rolled up their sleeves and went to work.

Except for two ancient Indians who helped in the heavy work, the project was strictly a family affair. And when they had finished, the three bedroom, two-bath house surprised even the Arnolds. Long, low and friendly, it has proved eminently weatherproof and livable, and no one has ever guessed that the Arnolds did the job themselves. At least once, Arnold has been asked the name of his architect—the acid test of any home's desirability.

In California, the John Halversen family pitched in—from grandfather to the three children—to build a comfortable adobe house. They completed two rooms the first year, added a kitchen the second, finished the house the third. And for safety's sake, barbed wire and steel poles were built into the walls to provide protection against earthquakes.

As with rammed earth, a certain amount of care must be used in selecting soil for adobe bricks, but don't worry too much about it. If the earth is not of the proper consistency, you can make it so. Prepare a few sample bricks and leave them in the open; if they crack or crumble when dry, the proportion of sand to clay is wrong and experiments are necessary to adjust the ratio. Thirty per cent clay is usually about right.

You can make the bricks any

Where To Get Know-How Information

IN THE PLANNING stage, amateur home-builders will probably want to use the excellent bulletins and small-home building plans of State and Federal Departments of Agriculture. Listed below are some of the most useful public and private sources.

RAMMED EARTH:

Houses of Earth, by A. B. Lee; Benjamin Franklin Station, Washington, D. C.; $1.00.

Six-Room House, $2.00 Complete, by G. W. Pearce, Jr.; Technical Press, Swampscott, Mass.; $2.00.

Rammed Earth Walls for Buildings; Farmers' Bulletin No. 1500, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture; Supt. of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

Structural, Heat-Transfer, and Water-Permeability Properties of Five Earth-wall Constructions; B.M.S. Report 78; Supt. of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

ADOBE:

Adobe or Sun-Dried Brick for Farm Buildings; F.B. No. 1720, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, Supt. of Documents, U.S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. Price, five cents.

size you want—but remember, you will have to lift every one of them before the house is finished. Big bricks are undoubtedly handsome, and not so many are required for a building job, but they weigh from 60 to 100 pounds. A brick 4 by 9 by 18 inches weighs about 35 pounds, and is much more practical.

You can make the brick molds yourself in an hour or two. Use lightweight lumber and line it with metal so the bricks will slip out easily. Just in case such things confuse you, the *inside* dimensions of the form should be the same as the dimensions of the brick. Either a single or double form works well, and when you get into the swing of it you will probably find you can turn out eight to ten medium-size bricks an hour.

If your family, particularly the children, want to have fun, you can make your mud for the bricks by readying a pile of dirt three or four inches deep, wetting it thoroughly and inviting the youngsters to take off their shoes and jump in. A little hoeing will supplement the footwork. On the other hand, if you fancy yourself more as the inventive type, you can build a gadget which looks like an old-fashioned ice-cream mixer, set into a hole and powered by a gasoline engine. This will stir up mud in fine style with no effort on your part.

In any case, remember the predicament of the children of Israel when Pharaoh ordered them to make bricks without straw. Don't try the same feat. Straw, well-chopped, is an essential part of the mix—to hold the earth together;

about a bale-and-a-half will do for 1,000 bricks, keeping them from cracking while curing. Some farmers make their mix from sod, with the grass still attached as a binder. And remember too—an adobe molder keeps an eye on the weather. A shower can ruin an entire batch.

Once molded, the bricks are left on the ground for two or three days until hard enough to be turned on edge. When turned, they may at first be gray and cracked, but after they have absorbed a few hours of sun the cracks will close and the mud color return. The bricks are then scraped to remove loose sand, and stacked into piles for curing—about a three-week process.

Adobe bricks are laid like the ordinary variety. As a rule, plain mud makes a good mortar, but if you plan to stucco over the bricks it would be better to use a mortar composed of three parts of sand to one of lime. A man and two helpers can lay between 150 and 250 bricks on a straight wall in eight hours.

In humid climates adobe should be waterproofed. Two coats of thin water-gas tar can be followed by Cunningham coal-tar paint, cold-pitch asphalt or hot tar. To improve the final appearance, the walls may be painted with linseed oil paint, aluminum paint or whitewash. If you use plaster or stucco, wait at least two months before applying it, so that the walls can shrink and settle thoroughly.

In Albuquerque, New Mexico, a whole subdivision of adobe houses has been built. In these, the mud brick is also used for partitions and as roof insulation, while the exteriors are stuccoed. So if you select adobe for your house, you can be sure that you have chosen a type of construction already approved by hard-headed businessmen.

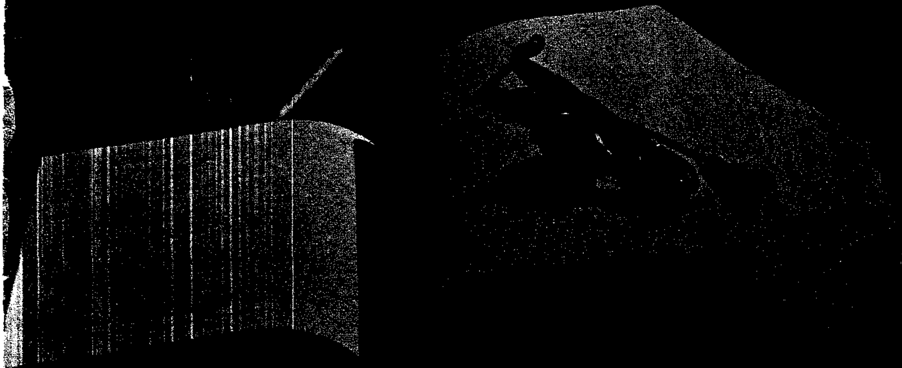
WHATEVER TYPE of construction you decide upon, when you build a home yourself you wind up with something more than just another house. For one thing, by the time you have put in hundreds of hours of labor, your handiwork will reflect your personality as no house built for you by others could possibly do. And for another thing, the sense of achievement, or personal triumph over obstacles, the expression of self-sufficiency, will more than repay you for all the effort and ingenuity expended.

Whether you live in the house the rest of your life or whether it serves only as a temporary solution to your current housing problem, you will know that it was your rugged individualism, your initiative and your energy that put a roof over the head of still another American family.

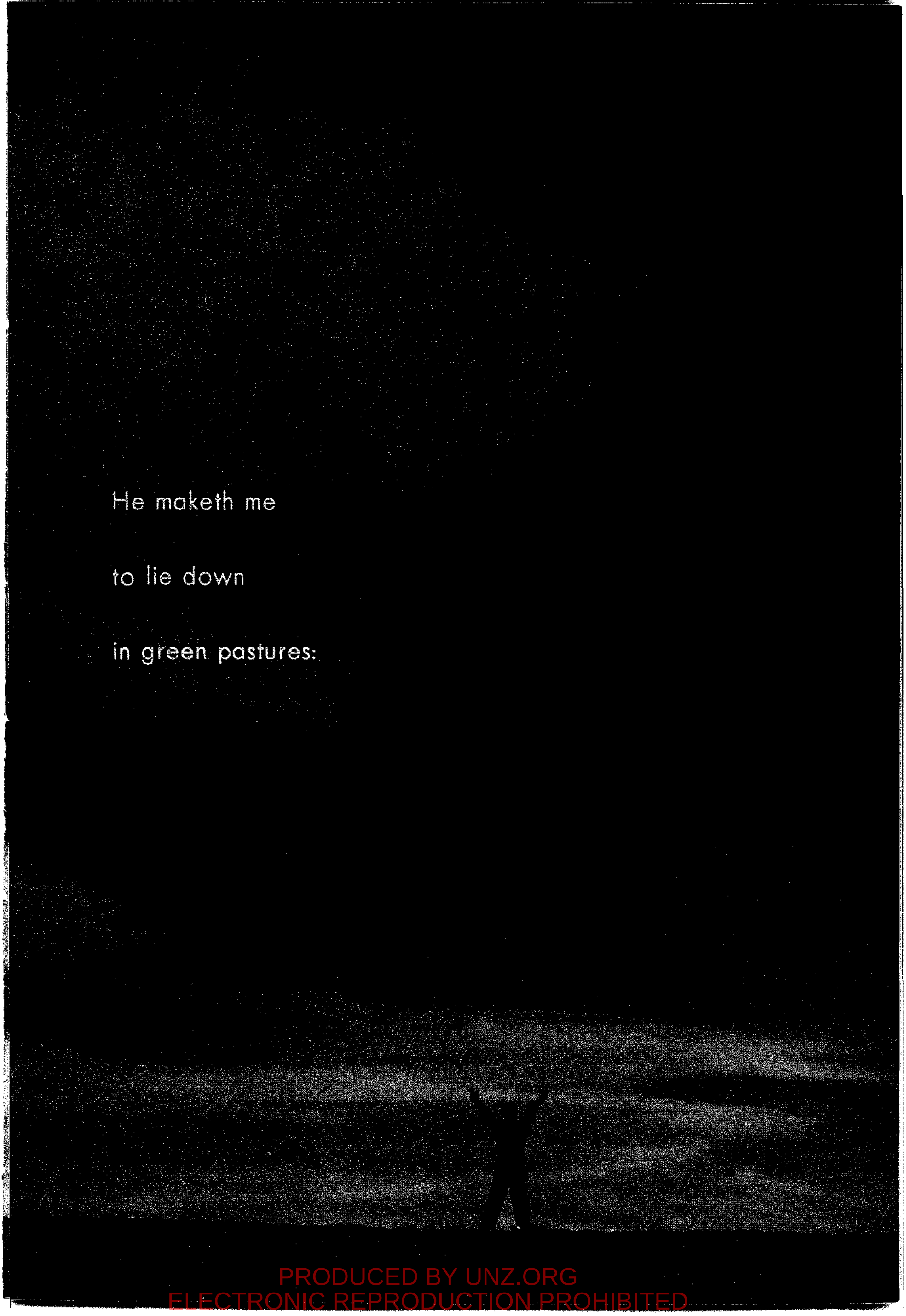
If one were given five minutes' warning before sudden death, five minutes to say what it had all meant to us, every telephone booth would be occupied by people trying to call up other people to stammer that they loved them.
—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

The 23rd Psalm

At this season of the year, mankind reaffirms its faith in God, the Shepherd. Nowhere is that faith expressed more simply or beautifully than in the Biblical poem presented on these pages with a pictorial interpretation by the editors of Coronet.



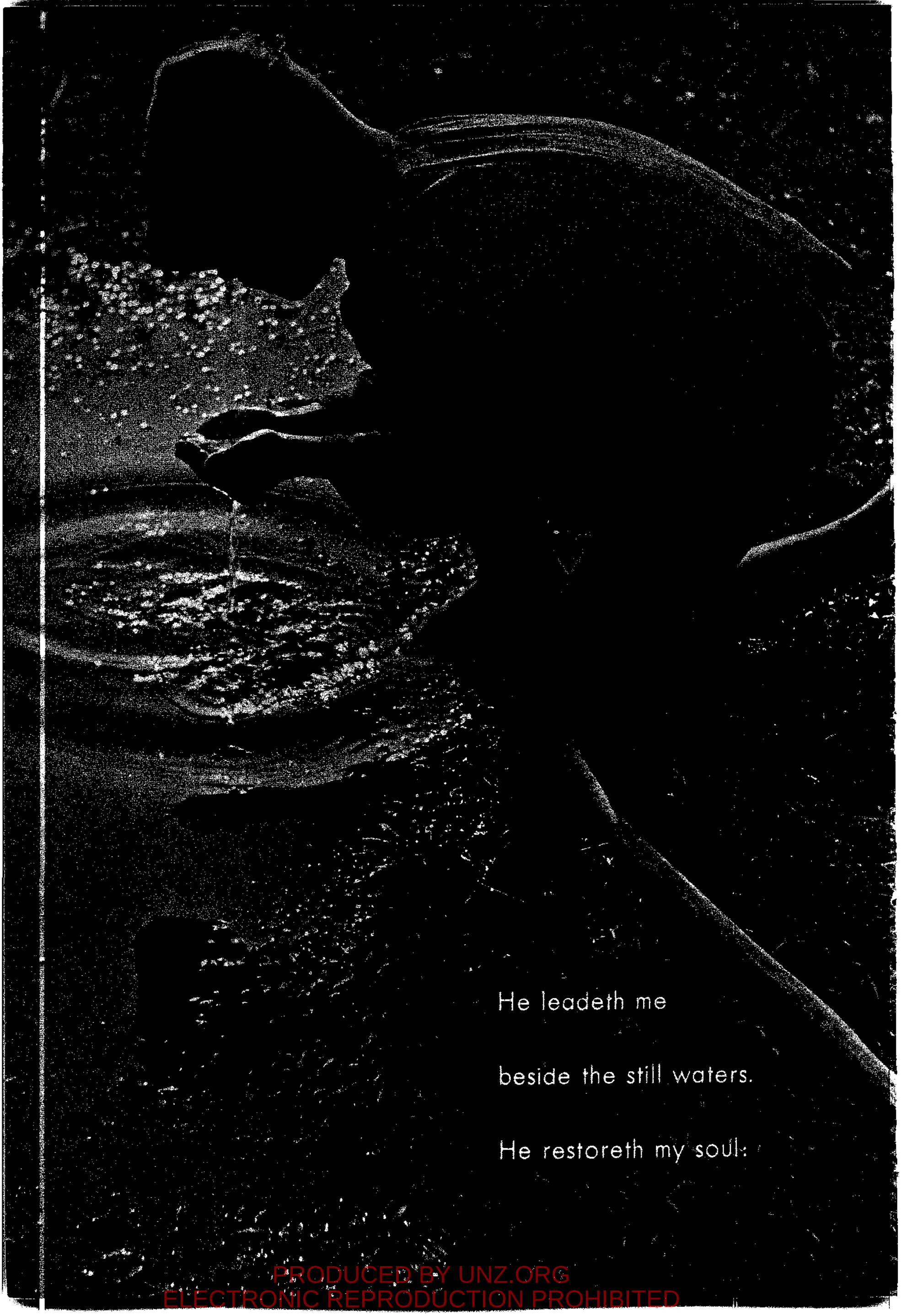
The Lord is my
shepherd,
I shall not want.



He maketh me

to lie down

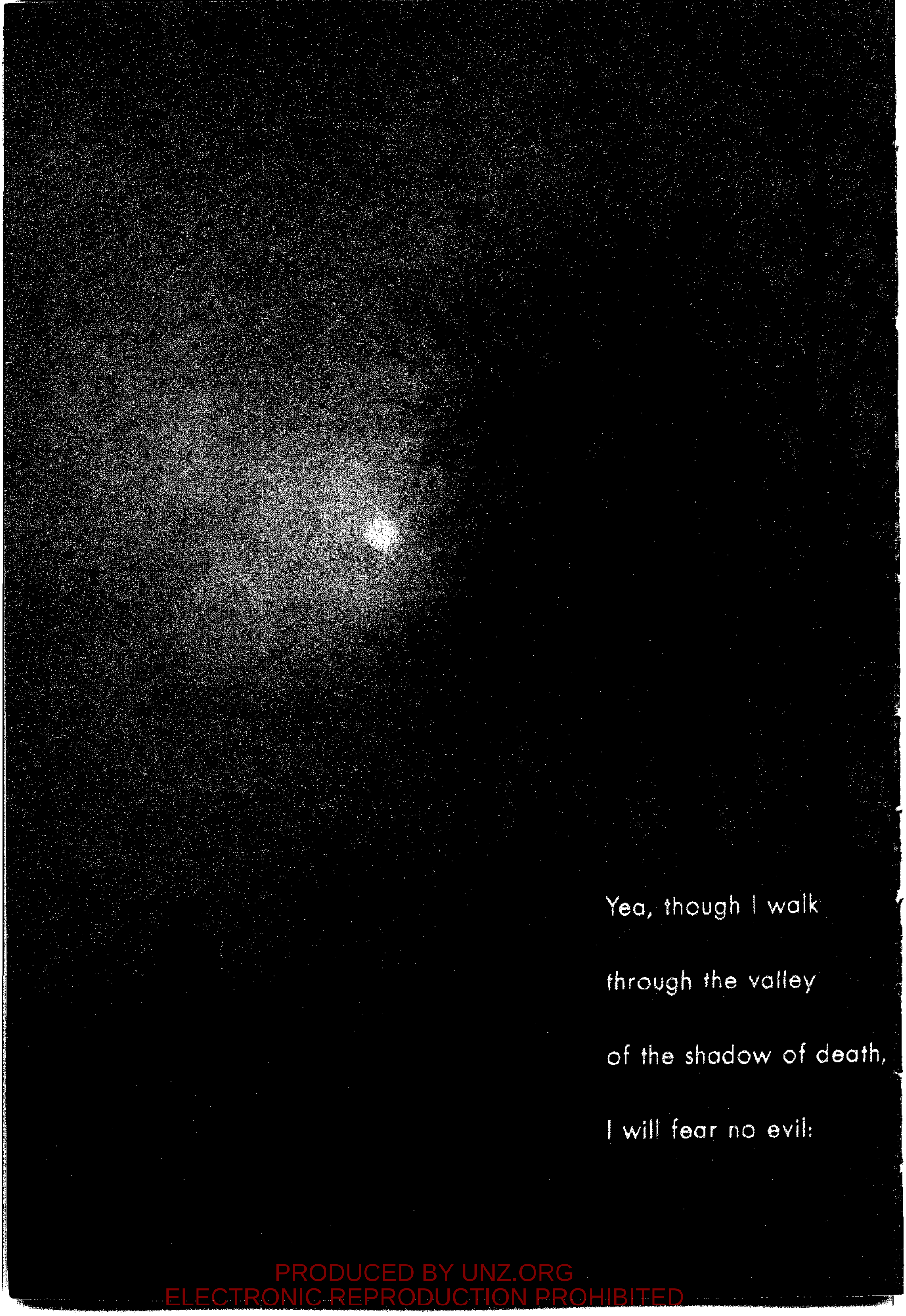
in green pastures:



He leadeth me

beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

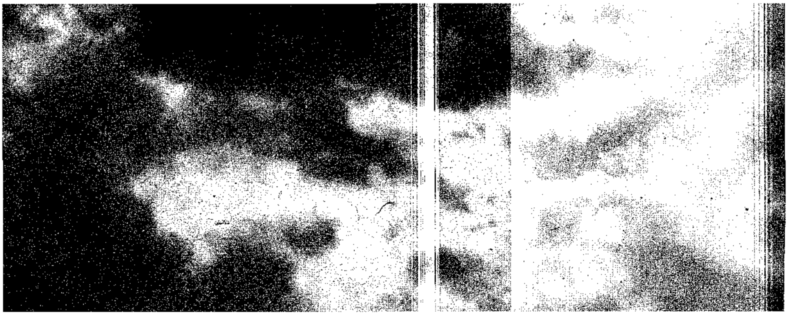


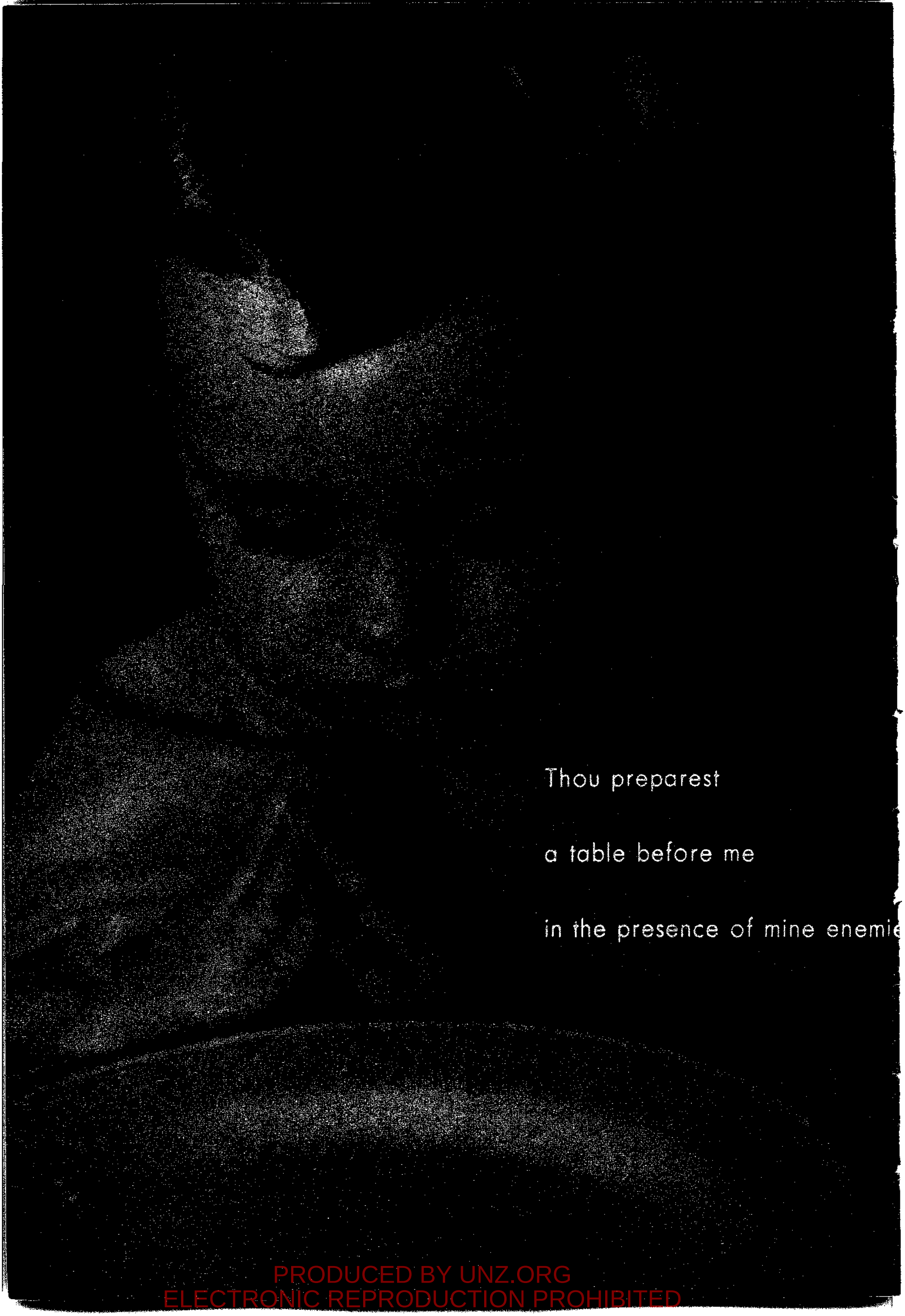
Yea, though I walk

through the valley

of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil:





Thou preparest

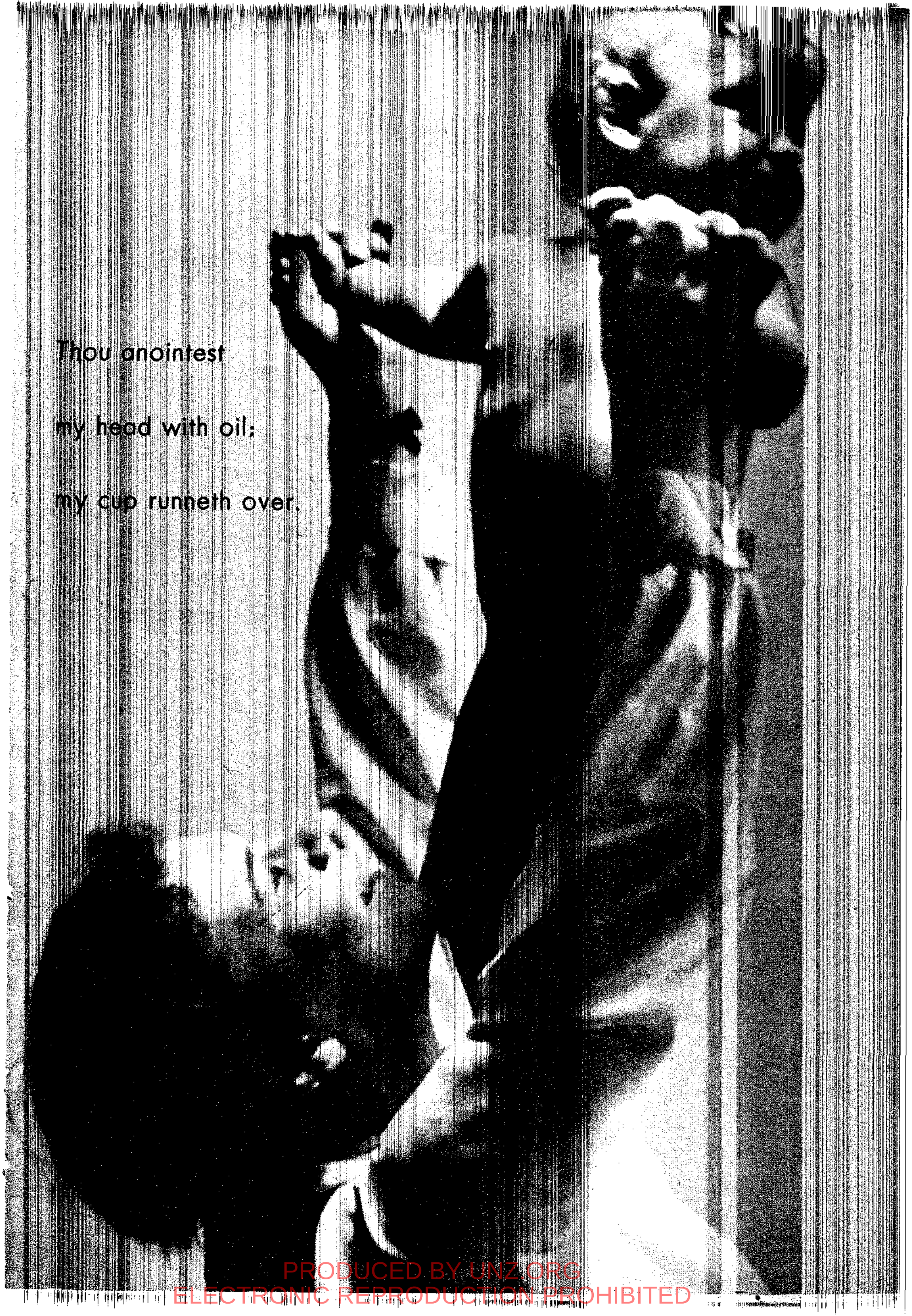
a table before me

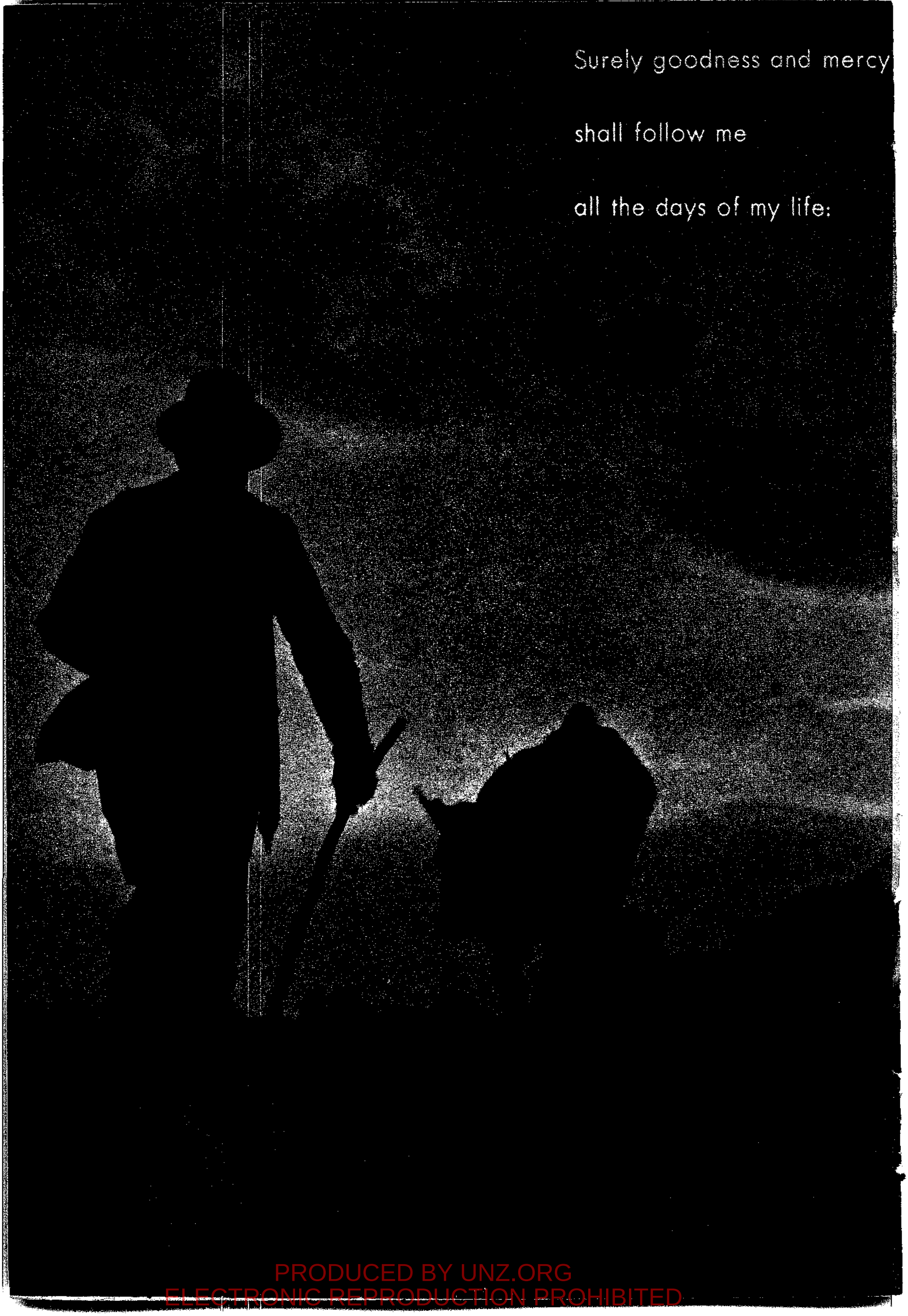
in the presence of mine enemie

Thou anointest

my head with oil;

my cup runneth over.





Surely goodness and mercy

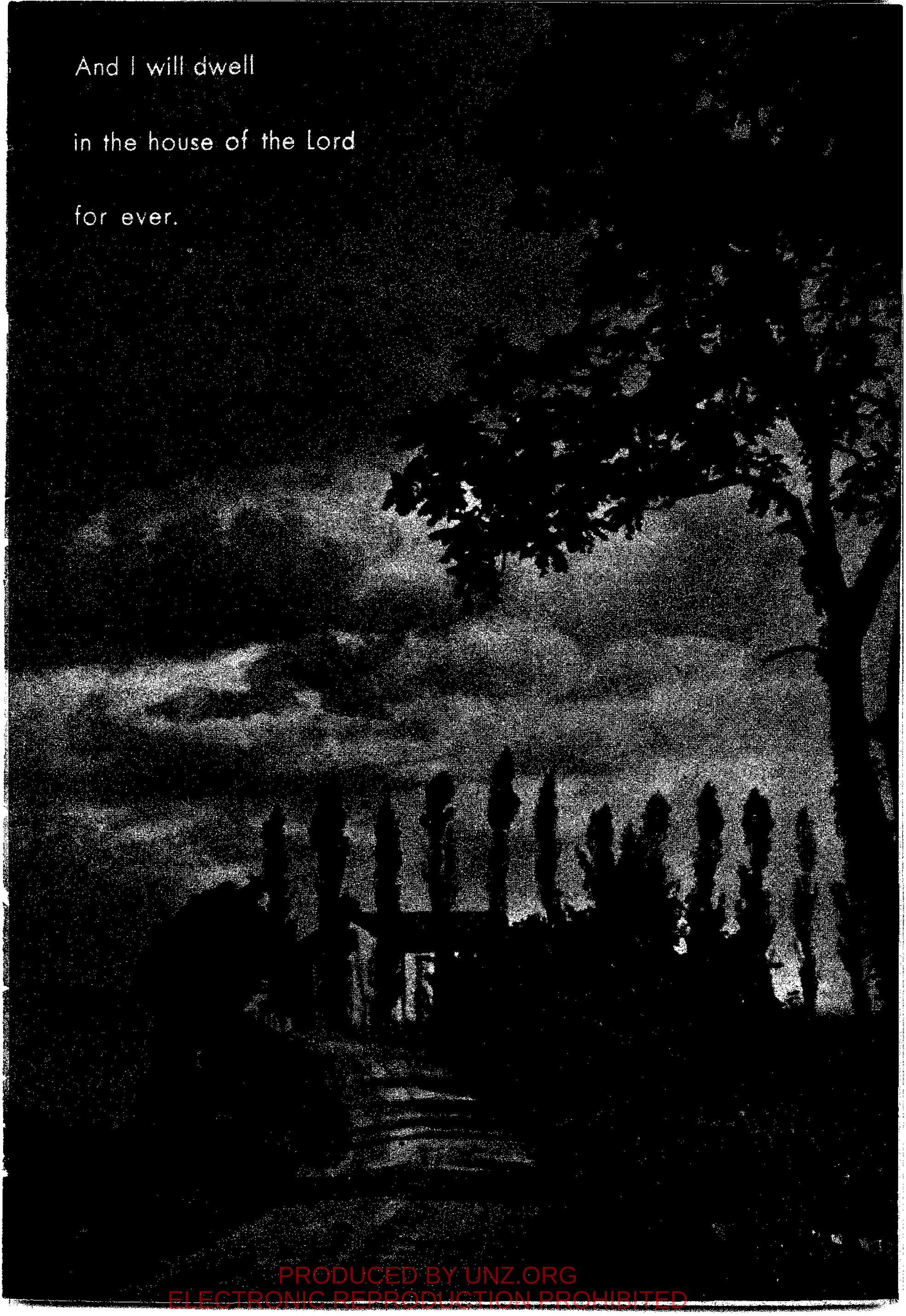
shall follow me

all the days of my life:

And I will dwell

in the house of the Lord

for ever.



PLATINUM: Monarch of Metals

by C. LESTER WALKER

Without it we might have lost the war; today this versatile metal is serving science and industry in countless ways

IN A BIG OHIO factory where glass wool is spun to insulate your modern home against winter's winds, research men were faced with a serious problem. Hot glass, liquid as quicksilver, was being shot through nozzles made of a variety of materials. But the heat, equal to volcanic lava, made all the nozzles warp and clog.

The chemists were baffled. Then one day a new material was tried—a metal never used before. It worked a miracle. The new glass-wool fibers were the longest, the most uniform that the plant had ever produced. And the nozzles never clogged.

For days the laboratory men went around exclaiming: "That new nozzle is something! Two thousand degrees, Fahrenheit!"

And just recently, at La Guardia Field, I watched a plane mechanic working on a Stratoliner motor. He held up a spark plug.

"Here's one that can take it," he said. "It's got the right kind of points. Must be some magic metal."

But strictly speaking, it isn't magic at all. It is simply the eons-old grayish metal which, in our day, government, science, industry and even the romantic young men who save up to buy engagement rings have come to appreciate for its extraordinary qualities. It is platinum—one of the most indispensable metals of modern times. So indispensable, in fact, that a prominent chemist recently remarked: "If it hadn't been for platinum, we might have lost the war."

He was referring to platinum in the explosives industry. Our wartime explosives—like TNT—were manufactured largely from nitric acid, and our vast nitric-acid program was made possible only through enlisting platinum for the duration. No other metal could stand up against this corrosive acid, which is an essential ingredient in the chemical process of manufacturing high explosive.

Today, platinum is serving in countless ways to expand America's peacetime productive capacity; ways, incidentally, which are often phenomenal. For instance, nothing out-performs platinum in feats of precision.

Typical is what platinum "wire"

used by General Electric will do. This wire is so fine it has to be picked up with a pointed glass rod, the tip of which measures less than 1/1000th of an inch.

The wire itself gauges 13/1,000,000ths of an inch—or 25,000 strands to equal a human hair. Actually a single thread is invisible. But if it is mounted between glass plates—which is one way G. E. uses it—you can see its shadow!

It is wire like this which will mark off invisible squares on a lens of the giant 200-inch telescope to be installed on Mt. Palomar in California. It takes platinum to give this fineness; and the fineness is necessary because of the precision of measurement and the tremendous magnification which will result when the giant 'scope is turned against a distant star.

Surgeons are now using platinum in bone-replacement operations and for braces to a shattered joint, because the metal rarely corrodes. And dentists have discovered it to be an irreplaceable aid, because pure platinum is the most workable and platinum alloy the strongest of materials. Often platinum will soften and harden alternately, without loss of strength.

When someone's front teeth have been knocked out, it is "anchor loops"—tiny flat eyelets of tough platinum — which hold the new bridgework in place. So superior to all others is this platinum-anchor technique that the armed forces during the war ordered enough loops to supply four for every man and woman in the service.

Radar, radio, the X ray, sun lamps, even the common electric light bulb, wouldn't be with us today were it not for platinum. "Lack of it would have held back developments in the electrical industry for decades," engineers say. And rayon! How many American women realize that the shimmering evening dresses they wear to dinner parties likely owe their existence to platinum?

Those gleaming threads almost surely began on a platinum-alloy spinneret. Through needle-point holes (the spinneret is like a spray jet) the cellulose is forced under tremendous pressure for hours on end. If one spinneret clogs, inferior rayon results, so the spinneret becomes useless.

Therefore the wise manufacturer uses spinnerets of platinum alloys which can "take it" better than any other material known. They produce hundreds of miles of thread before they need renewing. And per pound of yarn, the extra cost of platinum is only 1/100 of one cent.

BACK OF TODAY'S STORY of how platinum came of age is a colorful history. Spanish conquistadors, searching for gold in Mexico's rivers, first discovered the metal four centuries ago. In gold-bearing sands it appeared as gray grains and was tossed away as worthless. Not until 170 years later, when a French-sponsored expedition found the metal in Colombia, was it given a name: from the Spanish *platina*, "little silver."

Then, for another long stretch, platinum's capabilities were appreciated chiefly by men of science in their laboratories. When they learned how impervious it was to heat, they made crucibles of it for conducting experiments with molten rock or glass. The fierce heats melted other metals, but platinum stood up unaffected.

As this is written, the price of pure platinum is $72 an ounce—$37 more than gold. But this is not the top figure in the metal market. Iridium and rhodium, two metals of what chemists call the "platinum family," bring $125.

Small quantities of these top-priced metals are mixed with platinum to make special alloys. They produce super-hardness, ultra-resistance to heat. And despite their high cost, they are responsible for so many manufacturing economies that they can be used extensively in industry.

Ten years ago, platinum was 100 to 200 times as rare as gold, but wartime demands and now the demands of post-war industry have increased production and, hence, the world's supply. About 775,000 ounces are produced in a peak year, as compared to 27,000,000 ounces of gold. The British mine some in South Africa, Yankee dredge companies produce still more in South America. But major supplies come from Russia and Canada.

Unhappily, the United States produces almost no platinum, outside of a small amount mined in Alaska. Yet the U. S., in peace or war, is the world's largest user. So today our top military minds recall what Germany and Japan did about platinum prior to the World War II. The Nazis hoarded the metal and stopped publishing import figures many months before invading Poland. The Japs, years before Pearl Harbor, ordered all citizens who had the means to buy platinum rings and jewelry.

For the gray-white metal is a *strategic* metal, and in wartime a lack of it might easily spell the difference between defeat and victory. No one knows this better than the veterans of our own Air Forces. When America's Flying Fortresses bombed Germany midway in the Allied air offensive against the Nazis, the engines conked out at crucial times.

The trouble, engineers discovered, lay in the spark-plug points. They overheated and often disintegrated, for lack of oxygen when planes were forced to extra-high altitudes to avoid flak. Somehow, a tougher and stronger metal had to be found. The answer was an alloy of 20 per cent iridium and 80 per cent of the metal you see in every jeweler's window.

Because of military needs like these, President Truman last year signed the "Stockpile Bill," providing for government purchase and storage of many strategic materials. And high on the list is bound to be platinum, a metal indispensable for national defense. Without it—without plenty of it—we would be hard put to fight successfully against any future enemy.

* * *

Orson Welles admits money can't buy happiness—but he likes to have it around so he can choose his own form of misery. —Hy Gardner

Gallery of Photographs

Contributors to this issue:

H. D. Burdick (*Title Page*)

Michael J. Roll

M. J. Burelbach

Ed Arnold

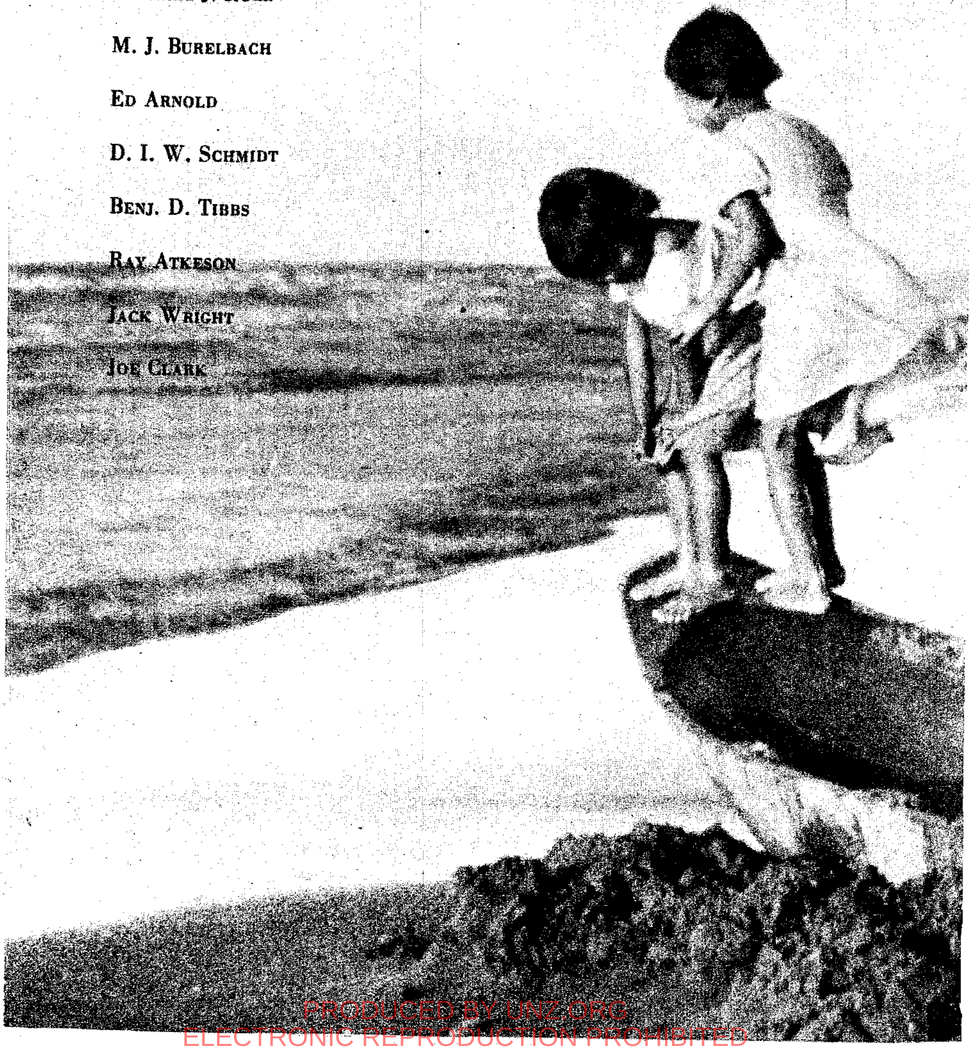
D. I. W. Schmidt

Benj. D. Tibbs

Ray Atkeson

Jack Wright

Joe Clark



Stripes and Shadows

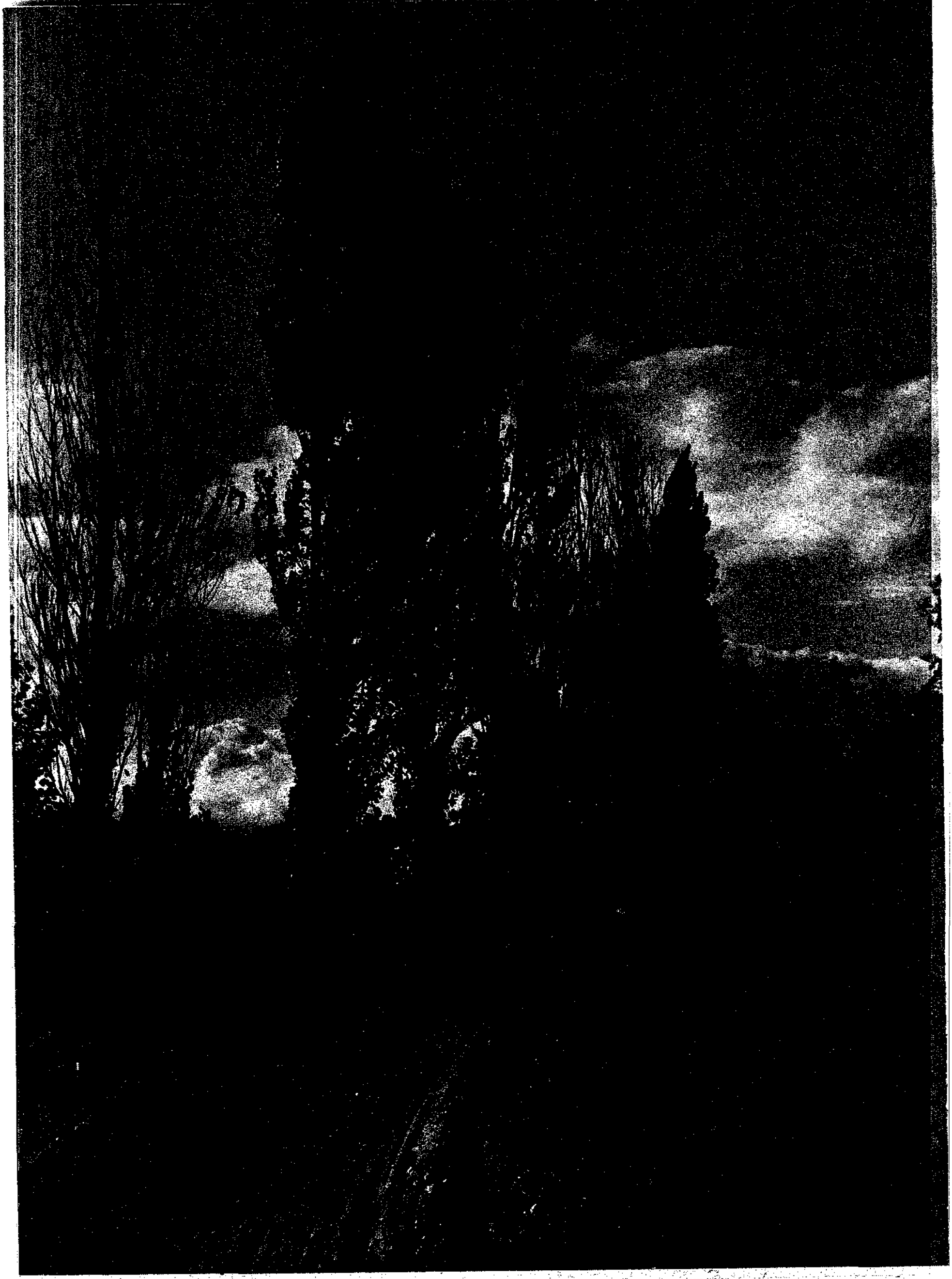
M. J. Burelbach; Chattanooga, Tenn.

Handout

Fence Buster

Ed Arnold; Burlingame, Calif.

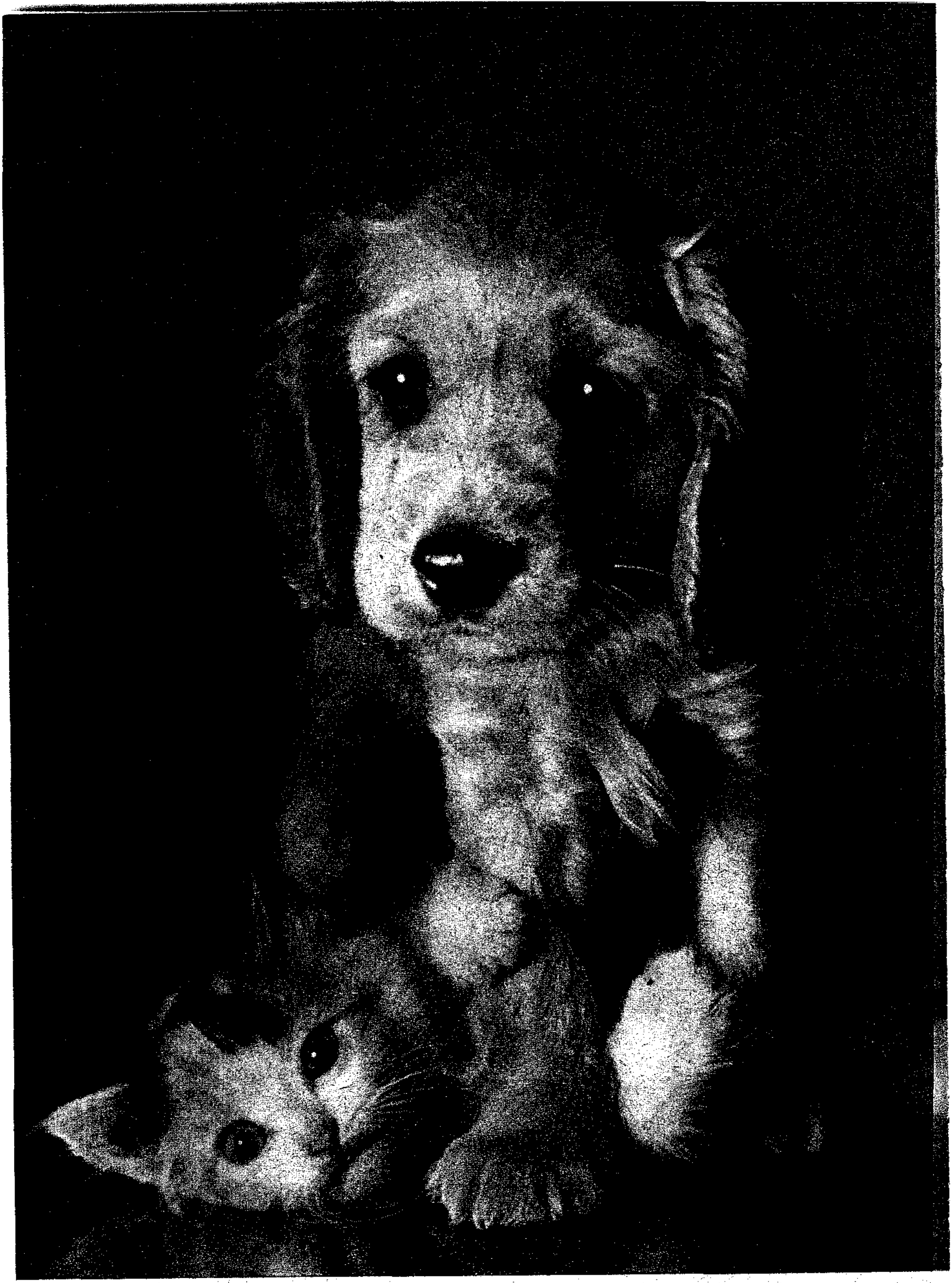
D. I. W. Schmidt; New York, N. Y.



Halfway Home **Benj. D. Tibbs; Kalamazoo, Mich.**

Ray Atkeson; Portland, Ore.

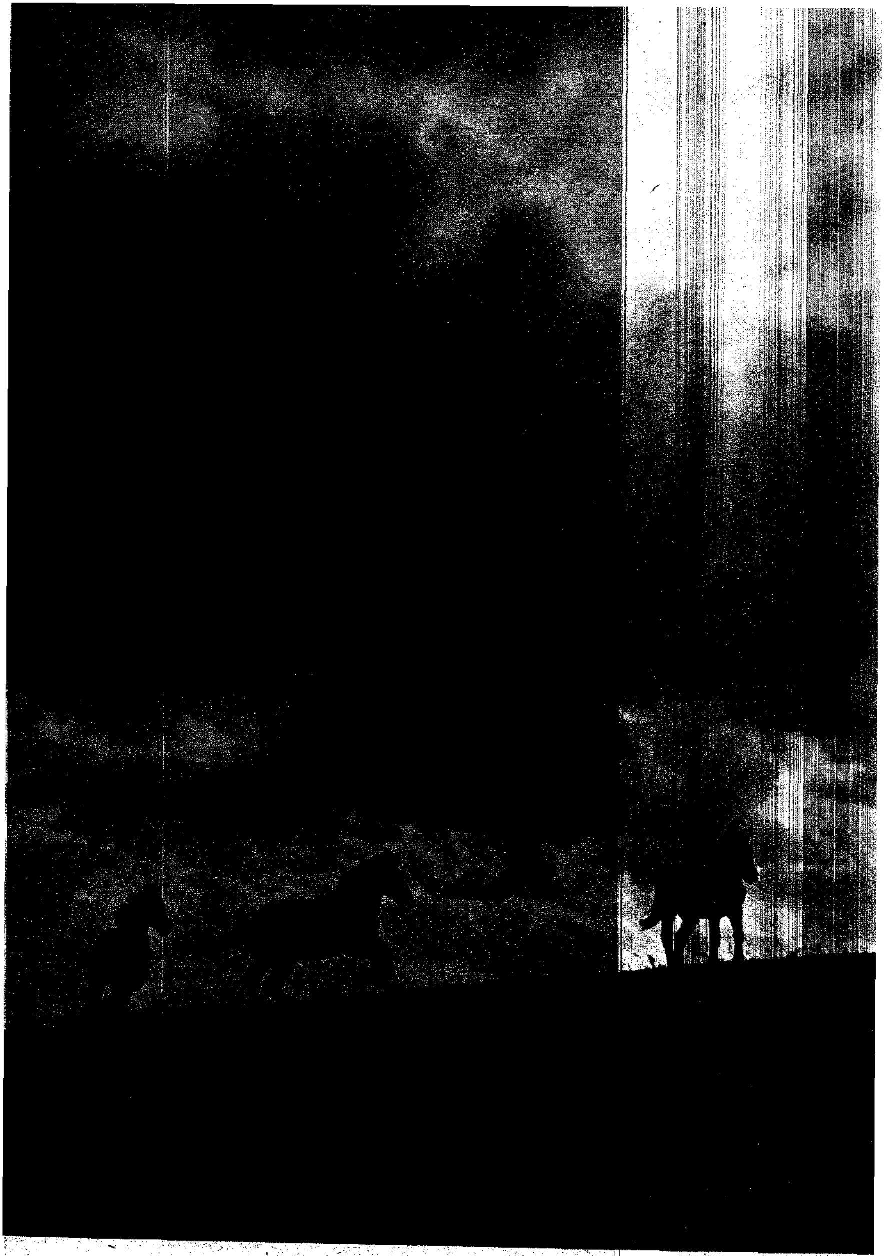
Neptune's Pulse



Soup's On!

Jack Wright; San Jose, Calif.

arborn, Mich.



Outward Bound

Joe Clark; Detroit.

"All That I Am or Hope To Be . .

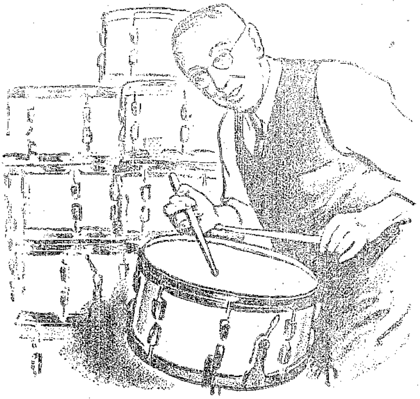
. . . I owe to my angel mother." So said Abraham Lincoln in one of the most memorable tributes ever paid any woman. And it is Mother, indeed, who deserves the praise, the thanks, the kindly tribute for all the tenderness, companionship and loving care she has showered on every son and daughter.

Just remember the times Mother has "come through" for you . . . when you were small enough to hide behind the bulwark of her skirts . . . when you first went to her for advice that showed the wisdom of her years . . . when she deprived herself of something to give you your young heart's desire!

So remember Mother this year on her day, May 11, in some special way that says she's the best Mom in the world—that you're glad she's *your* Mother.

Remember her . . . it takes so little time—yet means so much.

Mother's Day Gift Offer on following page



Meet America's Drummer Man

by **ELEANOR STEINERT AND DOUGLAS BLAUFARB**

William F. Ludwig has devoted a lifetime to an instrument whose magic rhythms quicken the blood

GRAY-HAIRED 68-YEAR-OLD William F. Ludwig of River Forest, Illinois, knows the satisfaction of a lifetime devoted to an art that speaks to all people, savage and civilized alike: the old yet ever-new art of drumming.

Maker of drums, master of drumming, improver of drummers' tools, he is an all-around magician in a specialty which—like cooking and courtship—is one of the oldest pastimes of the human race. The Ludwig pedal-beating device which nowadays thumps drums around the world is only one of several inventions which have resulted from Bill Ludwig's early attachment for calfskin and hickory wood.

The attachment was a case of love at first hearing. It sprang up one day 60 years ago when the youthful Bill was exposed to the unearthly pounding of 12 drummers rousing a Chicago south-side neighborhood for political purposes. From that day to this, he has followed the drummer's muse. Even more, he not only gives his working hours to drums but devotes his leisure to having fun with unexpected rhythms.

A typical evening at the Ludwig home finds Bill, Sr., manipulating the boom bass, a cello-like one-string pole operated by stomping on the floor. Bill, Jr., gets behind the trap drums, Bettie Ludwig takes over the tom-tom, and guests seize the Cuban instruments—maraccas, claves or timbales—kept around by the Ludwigs for such occasions.

As head of the William F. Ludwig Drum Company, Bill Ludwig has charge of one of the largest enterprises of its sort in the country. He is secretary of the National Association of Rudimental Drummers—a group devoted to preserving the skills of fine drumming. He also writes drum music, and has a union card that goes back 50 years. Despite this lengthy service in what is admittedly a noisy profession, Bill Ludwig today is hale and sound—an attractive, clear-eyed oldster with a bounce in his step and a ready smile.

What makes Bill unique among top drummers is a one-two combination rare in musical history: he is a maker of fine instruments as well as a virtuoso player. At the Ludwig company in Chicago, drums of all kinds for all purposes are turned out—from big Salvation Army boom barrels to the minutest of tympani designed to provide a delicate background for symphony woodwinds and vocalists.

MOST IMPORTANT of Ludwig's inventions is his improved pedal beater which created a minor revolution in drumming some years ago. It grew out of an assignment he handled for an early edition of the *Ziegfeld Follies*. When the road show came to Chicago, Bill was hired to take the place of two drummers who held down the same job in New York. He found that the new ragtime tunes called for faster tempos than he could deliver with the old-fashioned pedal—a clumsy device which swung from the top of the bass drum.

At home he played around with the problem, trying shorter connecting rods. When he brought the result to rehearsal it worked—and word flew around the drumming world that Bill Ludwig had built a better beater.

The quirk of nature which gives human beings only two hands—a mishap which drummers have never ceased to regret—was responsible for still another Ludwig contribution. This is a Rube Goldberg contraption called the collapsible, pedal-tuned tympani, which he and his brother-in-law, R. C. Danly, invented. It grew out of an association with various symphony orchestras, during which Bill rode herd over the kettledrums.

These noble instruments—known also as tympani—must be tuned while they are played, and often the tympanist discovers that he has simply run out of hands. Egged on by necessity, Ludwig worked out a pedal-tuner based on the hydraulic principle. A rubber tube ran around the drumhead and was expanded by pressure from the drummer's foot, which changed the pitch and thus tuned the tympani without interfering with the drummer's drumming. A later improvement substituted a cable for the rubber tube.

Both these inventions grew out of top jobs for which Ludwig was chosen because of his ability. But getting there in the first place took years of pounding away at the basic drum skills that have to be acquired and maintained.

After that day 60 years ago when the sound of 12 drums decided his career, Bill got permission from his father to study drums, but only on condition that he also take up the violin. Bill agreed, but the violin was soon forgotten. Equipped with a $3 second-hand drum, he launched the career which eventually swept him to the top.

His first job was acting as a one-man drum corps for a neighbor who had been tapped to run for alderman. With time came more skill, greater variety in his jobs—and harder work. Bill played open-air skating rinks at 50 cents an hour, amusement parks for $12 a week. He played blood-and-thunder stock, minstrel and vaudeville shows. He doubled in brass at a concert by playing in front of a hall, then going into the pit to play the overture with the orchestra. To all this experience he added long circus tours, and everywhere he went he searched out new bands and new drummers to listen to.

Even after Ludwig's pedal-beater proved a success, he continued a strenuous performing schedule. But as the years went on he devoted more time to business and less to regular performances, until finally he stopped playing in public almost entirely. In 1929, when the business born in an old shed had become a million-dollar affair, Ludwig merged his company with a large manufacturer of band instruments. Then, in 1937, he withdrew and started out, at 59, to build his business all over again. The Ludwigs bought their own building, and to it many top drummers came, and still come, for their equipment.

Not infrequently these rajahs of the drumming world end up at Bill Ludwig's home for a demonstration of special techniques. The rumpus room is outfitted with several sets of drums, and veterans like Buddy Schutz, Ray Bauduc and Buddy Rich perform while the Ludwigs study their tricks for new ideas in drum design.

IT TAKES NO SPECIAL character or mentality to appreciate the lure of rhythmic and repetitious sounds. The attraction exists in every normal person. Why, it is difficult to say. Ludwig himself likes to point out that all nature has rhythm: the succession of day and night, the procession of the seasons, the parade of the stars.

Whatever the reason, rhythm's grip goes deep. The American Indian felt it, and called the tom-tom the beat of life because it prompted action. We moderns feel it, and sit glassy-eyed at the feet of a genius like Gene Krupa or Dave Tough. Soldiers have always felt it. At Waterloo, the rout of Napoleon's Grand Army became decisive only when the Germans under Marshal Blücher arrived on the field, after an all-night forced march to the steady cadence of drums.

And soldiers still need drums—or at least our armed forces think so. During World War II, the Army and Navy ordered 25,000 drums from the Ludwig factory and purchased 2,000 more drum sets for entertainment and recreation.

Nowadays, Americans, not the skilled tribesmen of Africa, set the pace in the drum-beating world. Considered the most versatile and most skilled, they are easily supreme in the dance field and certainly among the best in military music. Much of this supremacy has developed in the 60 years since Bill Ludwig heard those 12 drums throbbing on Chicago's south side. Hence his friends can assert with authority that American superiority would not be so firmly founded were it not for the life and works of Bill Ludwig, master drum-maker and master drummer.

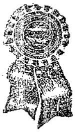
* * *

Some people have exceptionally high standards
—for other people. —Richard Armour

King of the Dog Shows

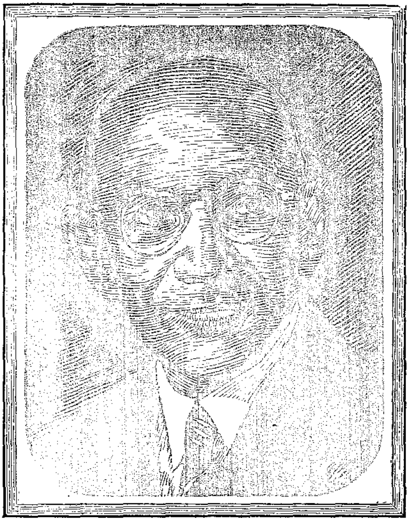
by **Hannibal Coons**

Wherever the elite of the canine world are on display, you're likely to find George F. Foley on hand managing things



America's thousands of dog exhibitors, now enjoying the 72nd annual session of dog shows, are once more happy to salute George F. Foley of Philadelphia for doing a fine job. Superintendent and equipment supplier for nearly all our larger dog festivals, this small, soft-spoken man who has been managing shows since 1902 now knows all there is to know about this remarkable American pastime.

Our professional dog world is no longer a Chihuahua; over the years it has become a St. Bernard. There are 400 or more shows held every year, many of them the size of a circus. The Westminster Kennel Club Show, staged each February in New York's immense Madison Square Garden, draws 50,000 spectators from all over the country; they pay up to $3.60 each for the privilege of looking at a parade of the canine elite. The equally famous Morris & Essex Show, biggest of the dog extravaganzas and staged each May in New Jersey by Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, attracts some 40,000 spectators in a single day.



All over the country the registration of pedigreed dogs is growing at an astounding rate. During 1944, the American Kennel Club registered 77,400 new pedigrees. In 1945, the figure jumped to a new high of 146,707. And the 1946 figures, when issued, will show an even greater rate of increase.

At this rate we are going to end up hip-deep in pedigreed dogs. Nearly every metropolitan newspaper has its dog editor, and two dozen or more national magazines are devoted solely to dog doings. In fact, with the tremendous recent growth of the prepared dog-food business, America's canine industry is now rated at approximately $100,000,000 annually.

For 45 years, George Foley has been a leading figure in this growing canine whirlpool. The four-story, block-square building of the Foley Dog Show Organization at

2007-09 Ranstead Street, Philadelphia, is backstage center of American dogdom. From here, Foley's brightly painted trucks roll forth nearly every week end in the year with benches, tents, tickets, programs, ribbons—the mountains of paraphernalia that make the biggest of American dog shows possible.

No other superintendent in the country could begin to furnish enough equipment for shows the size of Morris & Essex and Westminster. Foley has handled the Westminster since 1928, Morris & Essex since its inception in 1927. The latter uses more tents than the Ringling circus, more indeed than any other sporting event in the world. Foley not only handles these, but practically every other big exhibit in the New York area, as well as the annual events at Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland and Cincinnati.

In the whole country there are only 21 dog-show superintendents holding licenses from the American Kennel Club. Four of them are in Foley's own organization—himself, his brother Howard, Melchior H. Horn and Joseph H. Spring.

TO UNDERSTAND WHAT a superintendent does, you have to know something about dog shows. Whether a show is big or little, indoors or out, the general setup is similar. About half the premises are given over to the judging rings—roped-off squares in which the dogs are paraded and judged; the rest of the scene consists of rows of partitioned platforming called "benches," on which the dogs sit to be stared at by the customers before and after their turn in the ring.

For an outdoor show, the benches are usually under a tent. If indoors, the tents aren't necessary, but someone must supply rest-rooms—known as "exercise rings"—for the dogs, together with a platoon of gentlemen carrying dustpans and sawdust. Also, someone must provide entry blanks, tickets, programs, ribbons for winners, tables and chairs and record books for judges—the thousand and one things necessary to run a dog show.

All this is supplied, delivered to the premises and set up by the superintendent, who charges a fee depending on the number of dogs entered. But this isn't all. During the show itself, as official representative of the AKC, the superintendent must be on hand from start to finish to see that countless AKC rules are observed. After the show he must forward a complete record to the Club in New York.

Small wonder that the Foley brothers and Joseph Spring all labor on preparations for a show the size of Westminster or Morris & Essex. During the 1946 Westminster Show, Spring, looking a little haggard, admitted he hadn't been to bed for four days. But the show went on with everything in place.

Foley has earned his throne in America's dog kingdom simply by providing the best service and equipment. In the old days, the judging rings were covered with six inches of sawdust; the benches, made of any handy lumber, were covered with six inches of straw. Besides being highly unsanitary, the average dog show was a galloping fire hazard.

Foley changed all that. His tents are always new and bright. His benches are made of seamless plywood, easy to set up and easy to clean. At indoor shows the judging rings are floored with special mats of green fiber, connected by rubber runways.

The Foley building in Philadelphia, housing some 75 employees, is the most complete plant of its kind in the world. On the first floor is the print shop presided over by Anthony J. Ricks, who started with Foley 40 years ago. Five tons of paper a month are covered with dog doings, and the flood of last-minute corrections in the programs alone would drive an ordinary printer crazy. Foley also prints yearbooks for most of the "specialty" clubs, such as the American Spaniel Club, devoted to the interests of a single breed. And each month they issue *Popular Dogs*, Foley's monthly magazine, now in its 21st year and a leading dog publication.

From the second-floor offices more than 1,000,000 pieces of mail go out each year to the 35,000 American dog exhibitors. Meanwhile thousands of entries to Foley-run shows come pouring in, and woe to Foley if "old Bailiwick of Hempstead" gets in the wrong hopper. Lining the office walls are countless filing cabinets containing all the show records of previous years. Here, to a remarkable extent, is the history of the American dog-show industry.

On the second floor, people are busy year-round making the miles of varicolored ribbons awarded at shows. On the fourth floor the tents, benches and other items of equipment are manufactured and repaired. The benches take the worst beating. At outdoor shows spectators often stand on them to see over the crowd. When this happens, George or Howard will gently inquire: "You wouldn't stand on your daughter's bed, would you?"

In the Foley basement is the storehouse, with a ramp to the parking lot where four huge Foley trucks are stabled. Painted a bright red, they bear "Foley Dog Show Organization" across their sides in enormous letters. When the Foley dog show comes to town, people know it unless they are rendered temporarily blind.

Each of the trailers holds everything needed for a show of 900 dogs, which is a good-sized affair. All the equipment has been designed so that everything fits together like a dozen spoons. There is even a motor-driven stake driver to set up tents. The whole Foley operation is remarkably like a circus, and demands the same efficiency.

SUCH EXPERIENCE is not gained overnight. Foley managed his first show 45 years ago. Long before that he was breeding dogs; in the '90s he had the largest Boston Terrier kennel in the world. The first recognized dog show in this country had been held in 1874, at Mineola, Long Island. Then, in 1877, the first Westminster Show was held at Gilmore's Garden in New York, with 1,177 dogs present, and thenceforth we were in business.

But in 1900 our dog shows were by no means perfect. George became so vocally disgusted with the way they were run that in 1902 he was asked to manage a show himself—at the Chester County Agricultural Show at Westchester, Pennsylvania. Evidently he did well, for he has been at it ever since.

He went into the superintendent business full time in 1906. After a short stay at Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, where he had his kennels, he opened his first Philadelphia establishment on Sansom Street. In 1926, Foley incorporated and moved his operation to larger quarters at 119 South 19th Street. In 1930 he moved again, to 2009 Chestnut Street; and in 1940, one block over to his present building.

Brother Howard has been with the organization since the early 1920s, but George, small and sprightly, is the older and in every way head of the business. His memory is a thing of wonder to everybody who knows him. Those filing cabinets are really there only to hold down the building; George knows every line in them.

It is undeniable that 45 years of managing dog shows gives a man a somewhat hunted air. Foley is one of the pleasantest men alive, but he is apt to start if you tap him on the shoulder. He has learned that this usually means trouble. At nearly every show, wild-eyed exhibitors buttonhole him to tell him that the judge is crooked or that another exhibitor just kicked his dog in the eye. Foley listens patiently.

Oddly enough, people seem to have just as much trouble in accepting good luck. At one exhibit a woman whose Irish Setter unexpectedly won Best in Show let out a series of uncontrolled yelps and had to be helped from the premises.

If any man in the world should have a word of good counsel for young exhibitors, it is George Foley. His advice is simple. On your way to your first show, make up your mind that a dog show is like any other contest—today you may win, tomorrow you may lose, the next day you may win again. Whether you do better than you expect, or worse, learn to take it as it comes.

Prepare your dog as best you know how, show him as well as you know how, and accept the result gracefully. If you have a good enough dog, and you show him well enough and often enough, you will win your share of the prizes. But you will not win all the prizes. No one does.

A Logical Assumption

While in New York, actor Monty Woolley spent a week end at a downtown hotel. When he was ready to leave, he came into the manager's office, bearing a huge bouquet of flowers.

"These are for the switchboard operators," he announced.

The manager winked slyly.

"What a compliment," he murmured. "You are a great flatterer, Mr. Woolley."

Woolley's beard bristled as he eyed the man with utter loathing.

"Don't be a fool," he growled. "I thought they were dead!"

—E. E. Edgar

Heaven Is Their Hobby

by ROBERT FROMAN

Amateur star-gazers in their makeshift observatories have made important contributions to the science of astronomy

As NIGHT CLOSED down one cold autumn evening 22 years ago, young Leslie Peltier hurried through the last chores on his father's Ohio farm. Then he closed the barn, loped across the yard to the house, gulped his dinner.

As soon as he had finished, he bundled into an overcoat and strode across the fields to a strange building with a dome-like roof. Once inside, he sat down before a long, cylindrical instrument and began moving dials and levers.

Soon he became rigid with concentration, getting up only occasionally to flap his arms and stamp his feet to keep from freezing. It was nearly midnight when he gasped and bent closer to his instrument.

The cause of that gasp was a mere fuzzy point of light. But it was a light that might bring fame to the discoverer. There was only one way to find out. If it moved perceptibly within an hour, it was the real thing. Peltier turned away from the instrument and prepared to wait an hour—an hour that seemed to pass with incredible slowness.

Finally, he looked again. The light had moved! Leslie Peltier had discovered a new comet speeding across the sky against a background of fixed stars. And the young amateur astronomer's only instrument was a four-inch telescope, set up in a home-made observatory.

Peltier rushed back over the frozen fields to the telephone. The discovery brought him plaudits from professional astronomers throughout the world, while the Astronomical Society of the Pacific awarded him its most prized medal. Since that memorable night 22 years ago, Peltier has discovered six other new comets (some of them named after him), has recorded a new star never before seen by man, and has made more observations of the puzzling variable stars than any other amateur astronomer on this planet.

Although he is the most famous, Peltier is only one of many amateurs who nightly comb the skies. His success and the acclaim he has received have helped to create a boom in amateur astronomy that is rapidly making it a popular hobby. When he first began observing 31 years ago, there were only a few dozen amateurs scattered across the country. Today, nearly every large city and many smaller ones have flourishing amateur astronomy clubs, with membership running into the thousands.

The hobby symbolizes one of humanity's oldest activities. Ever since man first stood on his hind legs, he has watched with awe the nightly panorama of the skies. Thousands of years before the dawn of history, Neolithic man used the stars as a guide in his migrations. Many of the records left by Egyptians, Babylonians and Mayans were astronomical observations made by the priestly castes, who claimed star-gazing as an exalted function reserved to them alone.

Today, astronomy is one of the most exact branches of science. Yet it is also the one science to which amateurs can, and do, make important contributions. For the nation's 500 or more professionals have their hands full keeping up with programs of research mapped far ahead. They therefore have little time left to watch the skies for unexpected developments.

That's where the special thrill of amateur star-gazing comes in. Anyone can hope to make new and startling discoveries. You don't need much special training or equipment. The professionals can take care of the mathematics and the theory. Sharp eyes and human curiosity are the principal equipment for the average beginner.

Last May, David Rotbart, a liquor dealer of Washington, D. C., achieved astronomical fame with nothing more than a pair of binoculars. Casually watching the constellation of Cygnus (the Swan) one night, he stumbled on a new comet. It will go down through the ages bearing his name.

But naturally, better equipment means understanding more of the heavens, and most amateurs organize in local groups to obtain telescopes, sky charts, and the like. Largest such club is New York City's Amateur Astronomers Association, founded in 1927. Its more than 500 active members include doctors, housewives, newspapermen, accountants and clergymen.

It also has a large number of followers who evince only occasional interest. Sometimes their enthusiasm runs high. When the club arranged to show a film elucidating the Einstein Theory at Manhattan's famed Hayden Planetarium, the result was a crowd which made headlines next morning: "3500 RIOT FOR EINSTEIN MOVIE SEATS." Three performances had to be given to satisfy the demand.

In addition to such local clubs there are nationwide organizations specializing in different branches of astronomy, such as the American Meteor Society and the American Association of Variable Star Observers. The observations of the 400 members of this last group have proved so accurate that professionals have become almost entirely dependent on them.

Variable stars are among the most puzzling phenomena in the heavens. Some apparently have dark satellites which periodically put them in partial eclipse. Others flare up, wane, then flare up again with pulsating energy. No one knows exactly what causes this strange behavior, the most general theory being that it is the result of enormous transformations of matter into energy, in much the same way that an atom bomb works.

Observing these stars is one of the greatest thrills in astronomy. As one amateur put it: "Once you've seen a variable star in action, you're never the same again. It's like having a finger on the pulse of the universe."

Most variable-star observers are out with their telescopes nearly every clear night. Since the association has corresponding members in Belgium, South Africa, India, Brazil and other countries around the globe, it is able to keep the whole sky under constant observation. All findings are reported to the Harvard College observatory in Cambridge, whose director, Dr. Harlow Shapley, one of the world's leading professional astronomers, is the present godfather to the amateurs' organization.

Last spring the association recorded its millionth observation. Credit for making it went to Dr. William L. Holt, a retired physician of Scarboro, Maine. Since he became a member in 1932, Dr. Holt has traveled from Maine to Arizona, and wherever he goes he takes his telescope.

Besides those who belong to the meteor and variable-star groups, there are others who concentrate on discovering comets or new stars, on keeping some particular section of the sky under close observation, or on tracing the courses of the enormous storms which periodically sweep across the face of the sun and send out waves of electrically charged particles which disrupt radio communications on earth.

IN ADDITION TO keeping tabs on one or more celestial bodies, many amateurs are also expert telescope makers. Some have constructed incredibly ingenious and powerful devices out of junk. Indeed, several amateur-made telescopes are now in use at professional observatories.

Lenses and mirrors are the hardest parts to make. Formed by rubbing two flat slabs of glass together with fine abrasives between, the lenses must be accurate to within .0000025 of an inch, a small fraction of a hairsbreadth. Slowly and with infinite care, the polisher forms a concave, parabolic surface on the under slab, usually performing the whole operation by hand. Most homemade instruments represent 100 hours or more of work, but cost an average of less than $40.

One of the most famous telescope makers is Clyde Tombaugh who, like Leslie Peltier, is a farmer's son. At the age of 12, he used his first instrument, made for him by his father and uncle from a mail-order lens and a roll of oilcloth. Awe-struck at the wonders to be seen, he was a dedicated man thereafter.

Eight years and several small telescopes later, he began work on one of the most ambitious projects ever undertaken by an amateur—a nine-inch reflector. To make sure of a steady temperature, and to obtain freedom from dust and dirt, he dug a deep cave to work in. For more than a year he was at his task every moment he could spare from farm chores. When it was finished, he had a superb instrument which would have cost $1,000 in the commercial field. His total expenses were $36.

Tombaugh mounted his telescope on an old cream separator and began to concentrate on the planets. Then one night he glimpsed one of the greatest riddles in the heavens—the Martian "canals"—a strange geometric network which covers a large part of our neighboring planet. Quickly he sketched what he saw and mailed the drawings to Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona.

Within a week he had a reply from Flagstaff's chief. The observatory couldn't offer much money, but how would he like to go to work there? The Kansas farm boy, who had never been able to afford college, passed from the ranks of amateurs and went on to become one of the world's most famous astronomers. On March 13, 1930, less than a year after joining the Flagstaff observatory, Clyde Tombaugh announced to the world his discovery of Pluto, ninth planet of our solar system, a discovery which authorities consider the most important astronomical event of the last 100 years.

Though many amateur astronomers have begun, like Tombaugh, in their teens, the young are not the only ones subject to infection by the astronomy bug. The Rev. T. C. H. Bouton of St. Petersburg, Florida, for instance, didn't succumb until he was well past 50. Now 90, he is still going strong and has recorded more than 35,000 observations of variable stars.

Then there is Robert R. McMath, chairman of the Motors Metal Manufacturing Company of Detroit. It was a request from his retired father for help in building a small four-inch telescope that got him started. Fascinated by his first glimpse through the instrument, he was soon spending every spare moment on the hobby.

McMath has specialized in observing the sun. His motion pictures of the enormous storms and eruptions on its surface have been shown throughout the world. The observatory he built near Pontiac, Michigan, is now part of the State University, and he has been made an unsalaried professor of astronomy.

Similarly, Carl H. Gamble, a businessman in Moline, Illinois, was out walking one evening with a friend who remarked that the Nebula of Orion was unusually beautiful. Gamble had never heard of the Orion Nebula, but he took one look—and was off.

His first stop was a library where he read all the available books on astronomy. Then he borrowed a six-inch telescope to make his own observations. Eventually he purchased a high-grade 5½ incher, built himself Sky Ridge Observatory on a hilltop near Moline, erected a new home next door to it, and settled down to what he is sure will be a lifetime of devotion.

Like most amateur astronomers, Gamble is eager to share his enthusiasm with others. He plays host to more than 1,500 visitors a year at his observatory, and in the last 15 years has talked on astronomy to some 400 groups of people.

Sometimes amateurs in their enthusiasm even outdo the professionals. Joseph Lhevinne, concert pianist, was the hero of one such triumph. Imprisoned by the Germans early in World War I, he took up star-gazing to while away the time and accidentally stumbled across a nova, a type of variable star which, after an eternity of shining at a constant rate, suddenly grows much more brilliant, then, often nearly as abruptly, sinks back to obscurity. It is a rare phenomenon which any astronomer, amateur or professional, would give his eyeteeth to discover. The humorous point is that a German professional who discovered it at the same time reported it in the wrong constellation, while Lhevinne had it right.

To laymen, such celestial events may seem of little terrestrial importance. Actually astronomy has many down-to-earth aspects. Observation of the sun and stars was the first step in developing theories about atomic fission which made possible the utilization of atomic energy on earth. And helium, whose name is derived from helos (the sun), was discovered chiefly by analysis of the light of that body.

These are only two of many ways in which astronomy has contributed to chemistry and physics. But with the recent rapid developments in rocket propulsion, this science becomes even more practical. Trips to the moon and beyond may still be many years away, but they can no longer be considered speculations fit only for fevered imaginations. Today, humanity's world is on the verge of an expansion which will make Columbus' discoveries seem trivial. And it will make astronomy as commonplace and vital as geography.

Yet no matter how familiar and practical sky charts may become, contemplation of the immense void through which our tiny earth hurtles will remain a soul-stirring experience. One amateur has given a concise explanation of why astronomy holds such fascination: "It's like asking why a person becomes religious."

Bedside Manner

After a doctor, called to a house to attend a confinement, had been upstairs a few minutes, he came down and asked the husband: "Have you a corkscrew?"

He was given one and again went upstairs.

A few minutes elapsed, then he came down and said: "Got a screwdriver?" He was given one and went back upstairs.

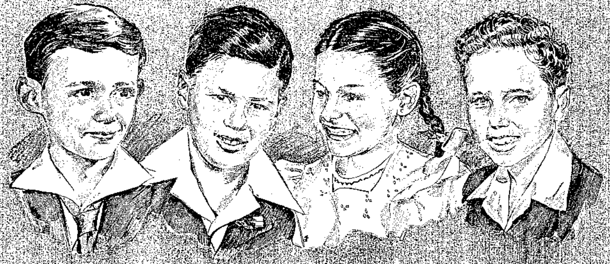
In a few minutes he came down for the third time, and asked for a chisel and mallet.

"Good gracious, doctor," the worried husband said, "is it a boy or a girl?"

"Don't know yet," replied the doctor. "Can't seem to get my medicine case open."

—*Pure Oil News*

Game Book Section



LONNY LUNDE JOEL KUPPERMAN NAOMI COOKS JACK ROONEY

With radio's famous Quiz Kids as guest editors, you'd naturally expect something special in games and quizzes. And here it is—a selection of brain teasers that add up to a lot of fun for all.

Are You a Good Mixer?

Sunday afternoons those amazing Quiz Kids sit before the microphone and answer all the questions their quizmaster, Joe Kelly, can fire at them—whether it's sports, popular music, atomic theory or higher mathematics. But now and then they like to ask a few questions of their own. So here they present a few quizzes for other people to try. In the first one, on this page, choose one of the three suggested answers to each of the questions, then check with the solutions on page 101. Count 20 for each one you get right. Passing grade is 60, but you'll have to score 80 or more if you're trying to emulate the Quiz Kids.

1. Mix one oxygen and two hydrogen atoms and you'll have
   (a) Air
   (b) Water
   (c) Nitrogen

2. The offspring of a jackass and a mare is a
   (a) Zebra
   (b) Donkey
   (c) Mule

3. The oriental and English languages mix to make
   (a) Esperanto
   (b) Pig Latin
   (c) Pidgin English

4. An alloy of copper and tin is
   (a) Bronze
   (b) Brass
   (c) Pewter

5. Half a man, half a horse made mythological
   (a) Cerberus
   (b) Centaur
   (c) Satyr

Fun with Charades

People have been playing charades for a long, long time now, but they're still a lot of fun to do and they've saved many an otherwise-dismal party from total failure. Of course, by this time practically everybody knows what charades are, but it's amazing how many people are stumped when they're asked to act out even the simplest kind of charade. And there's no reason in the world why they should be. In this game, therefore, suppose we start off with 14 simple charades that require no props to speak of and no real acting ability. In each case, the word is given first, then the charade itself, and finally instructions on how to act it out. The number in parenthesis after each word indicates the number of syllables in that word.

In presenting these charades for your guests, be sure to announce the number of syllables in each word before you act it out.

1. PRECISE (2) *press ice*. Press two ice cubes together.
2. INFIRM (2) *in firm*. Try to get a nail out of a piece of wood.
3. HYPOTENUSE (4) *high pot on news*. Hold a pot on a newspaper high over your head.
4. METAPHYSICIAN (5) *met a physician*. Girl shakes hands with a man and says "Good morning, doctor."
5. PSYCHIC (2) *sigh, kick*. Sigh loudly and then kick vigorously.
6. IRIDIUM (4) *ear, idiom*. Point to your ear and recite an idiom.
7. CANTILEVER (4) *Can't tell Eva*. Say "I mustn't let Eva know."
8. REDUCE (2) *red deuce*. Show the 2 of diamonds or hearts.
9. LARGESS (2) *large S*. Write a huge letter "S" on a sheet of paper and show it to the group.
10. CAULIFLOWER (4) *call a flower*. Call out, "Oh, Petunia. Come here, Petunia."
11. NOCTURNE (2) *knock, turn*. Knock on a door and turn away.
12. RESTAURANT (3) *restore aunt*. Woman faints, is revived by partner and says, "My dear nephew (niece), what would I have done without you?"
13. EXPENSIVE (3) *eggs, pen, sieve*. First show two eggs, then produce a pen and a sieve.
14. DIAGNOSE (3) *die, egg, nose*. Lie down and pretend that you are dead, then stand up and display the egg, and finally point to your nose.

HOT and COLD

How is it possible to hold a paper cup in a gas flame without having the cup catch fire?

(Turn to page 101.)

Just Fooling Around!

Here is a real April fool game to try out on your friends. Probably not *one out of a hundred can answer all these statements the way they are supposed to be answered!* It is also pretty certain that more than one person will be fooled by some of the statements. Pass out pencils and paper, read each statement and have your guests write the answers right or wrong, as directed. If anyone gets all of them he is a genius or Quiz Kid, or has already looked at the answers. To see how you should have answered the questions, turn to page 101.

1. Answer this *wrong:*
   Which contains more caffeine pound for pound, tea or coffee?
2. Answer this *correctly:*
   Which is more used over the telephone: "I" or "hello"?
3. Answer this *wrong:*
   Would you say that air is a good or bad conductor of heat?
4. Answer this *wrong:*
   Does the Bible say Jonah was swallowed by a whale?
5. Answer this *correctly:*
   Is steam white or colorless?
6. Answer this *correctly:*
   Is my sister-in-law's husband always my brother?
7. Answer this *wrong:*
   Did *The Star Spangled Banner* become our National Anthem in 1878 or 1931?
8. Answer this *wrong:*
   Are Panama hats made in South America?
9. Answer this *correctly:*
   Is the Bank of England in London or Liverpool?
10. Answer this *correctly:*
    Do two liquid pints always make a liquid quart?

The Bargain Hunters

A group of women bought a number of items at a bargain counter. All of the items sold for the same price and the total sum paid by all women was $2.03, exclusive of the tax. If each item cost more than 10 cents, how many women were in the group and how much was each item? (See page 101.)

Joe Kelly's Favorite Ice-Breaker

As quizmaster for the unfoolable Quiz Kids, Joe Kelly can be forgiven if he occasionally enjoys a trick to mystify his friends. Here's a trick that requires an accomplice. He lets you write any famous name on a slip of paper, and show it to him alone. Then, drumming his fingers idly on the table, he talks on like this: "Fishing . . . (and in the pause his drumming fingers go tap-tap-tap-tap), racing, driving"—and at this point the accomplice guesses, "Henry Ford!" Sure enough, that's the name you wrote on the paper! Know how he does it? See page 101.

The Age of *SPEED*

Here are seven speed demons—some natural or elemental, some man-made. Can you arrange them in order, from fastest to slowest?

Antiaircraft shell
Hurricane
Jet-propulsion plane
Racing car
Robot bomb
Sound wave
The swift (a bird)

Mark "1" beside the one you consider fastest, "2" beside the next fastest, and so on. The correct answers are on page 101.

So YOU *Think You Can Read!*

This is a combination tongue twister and brain teaser. First see how fast you can read the passage below, then read it as an elocution student would—with expression. Finally, explain the situation described—without a smile or a laugh.

Mr. See and Mr. Soar were old friends. See owned a saw and Soar a seesaw. Now See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw before Soar saw See, which made Soar sore. Had Soar seen See's saw before See saw Soar's seesaw, then See's saw would not have sawed Soar's seesaw. But See saw Soar and Soar's seesaw before Soar saw See's saw, so See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw. It was a shame to let See see Soar so sore just because See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw.

The ONLY *Word!*

What is the only word of four letters which, when printed in capital letters, reads the same upside down as it does right side up, and the same backwards as forwards? The answer is on page 101.

Words Against Time

This is an oral game for any number of players. The object is to name as many words beginning with a certain letter as one can in exactly one minute. Start off by giving the letter and asking the player to name words beginning with that letter for exactly one minute (you keep time). Here are the pars for the various letters:

S, C, P, A, T, B and M—the par is 27.
D, R, F, H, W, E and G —the par is 23.
L, I, O, U, N, V and J—the par is 17.
K, Q and Y—the par is 12; Z and X—the par is 5.

It is obviously not fair to give one player the letter S and another the letter X without allowing for the difference in the par.

Answers

HOT and *COLD*

Fill the paper cup with cold water. The water in the cup will keep the paper from reaching its kindling temperature. Bet this one surprised you!

Just Fooling Around

1. Coffee; 2. "I"; 3. A good conductor; 4. Yes; 5. Colorless; 6. Not always; 7. 1878; 8. No; 9. London; 10. Not always; water and alcohol make less.

Joe Kelly's Favorite Ice-Breaker

The first letters of Kelly's words give the consonants of the name; intervening taps with his fingers give the vowels, one tap for A, two for E, three for I, four for O, five for U. So with "fishing" for F, four taps for O, "racing" for R and "driving" for D, Ford was spelled out.

The Age of Speed

1. Antiaircraft shell, 1,909 miles per hour; 2. Sound wave, 750 miles per hour; 3. Jet-propulsion plane, 600 miles per hour; 4. Racing car, 369 miles per hour; 5. Robot bomb, 360 miles per hour; 6. Hurricane, 100 miles per hour; 7. The swift (a bird) perhaps 60-70 miles per hour.

Are You a Good Mixer?

1. (b) Water; 2. (c) Mule; 3. (c) Pidgin English; 4. (a) Bronze; 5. (b) Centaur.

The ONLY *Word*

NOON

The Bargain Hunters:

Seven women paid 29 cents each. These are the only factors of 203.

There's Entertainment in the Coronet Quiz Book

GAMES AND QUIZZES . . . 100 of the best ones from the Coronet collection! The Quiz Book provides a stimulating, *different* way to spend the evening when friends drop in, and it's a lot of fun to match wits with the family, too. Requests for the Quiz Book are coming in fast, so to be sure you get your copy of the book, you'd better act now. Send your order with a check or money order for $1.75 a copy to Coronet, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Solving Industry's Medical Mysteries

by **J. D. RATCLIFF**

The industrial physician—the Sherlock Holmes of medicine—has won some startling victories for America's workingmen

ALTHOUGH STOCKY, GENIAL Dr. Louis Schwartz is 63 years old, he expends the energy of a steam engine. He has cropped gray hair, speaks with a clipped voice. He is medical director of the Office of Dermatology, Division of Industrial Hygiene, U. S. Public Health Service. He is also one of the greatest medical detectives alive. For example:

Word came from Canada of a new type skin rash which seemed traceable to inexpensive house dresses. Schwartz requested that samples of the cloth be sent to Washington for testing. With adhesive tape he plastered patches on the backs of volunteers. Red welts appeared. This fixed blame on the cloth— but didn't say what specific substance was responsible.

Then alarming reports began to come in from all over the United States. Men's shorts sold by a chain store were causing severe dermatitis. There was an outbreak of skin rash in a South Carolina garment factory—but not the one which made the shorts or the dresses. Next came reports of generalized rashes caused by the finish used on pajamas and stockings.

The difficulty facing Schwartz was this: none of the cases appeared to have a common denominator. Yet all the rashes were generally similar. Like a good detective, Schwartz started following the trail back to spinners, weavers, dyers.

Soon his sharp eye fell on a finishing chemical used in the pajama cloth. He made some phone calls. Yes, the same material had been used in the shorts. And the dresses. And the stockings. Quickly Schwartz got samples of the chemical. Patch-tested, it caused an angry red welt within a few hours. Here was the culprit. Mills stopped using it and the manufacturer of the finish discontinued making it.

Another time, a New England watchmaker ran into trouble. Leather wrist-watch straps were causing painful welts. A number of legal suits were under way when Schwartz took over the case. He visited the tannery which supplied the leather and found nothing. He went to the strap maker. Still nothing. Meanwhile he kept asking questions.

Yes, said the watchmaker, there had been trouble with the straps from the outset. He had ordered black straps and the dyer had delivered blue-black straps. So he had sent them back—100,000 of them. They had been redyed to a satisfactory color. Here was the clue, and Schwartz was on it.

To get the blue-black straps to the wanted color, the dyer had used an orange dye. Schwartz procured samples of the orange dye, patch-tested it, and red welts appeared. Once the dye was washed out of the straps, all of the trouble disappeared.

Louis Schwartz's achievements are symbolic of progress in a new branch of science: industrial medicine. By creating new environments, and by using synthetic materials new to the earth, industry has created a host of disease problems. To meet these problems, the industrial physician has to be a toxicologist, chemist, detective—as well as a medical man.

These facts weren't recognized until late in the last century. The U. S. paid little heed until World War I came along. After the war, interest lagged until the New Deal aroused a greater social consciousness. As recently as 1932, only four states had industrial hygiene departments. Today, 40 states have them.

World War II gave tremendous impetus to the work—for obvious reasons. Every man-hour was a precious commodity. Anything that slowed work was a saboteur. Industrial physicians responded brilliantly to the challenge.

Look at the munitions industry. Poisonous chemicals cause far more deaths in TNT factories than explosions. In World War I, there were 230 deaths for each billion pounds of explosives made. The Public Health Service was called in when we started creating a new industry in 1940. The job: to build safety into plants—chiefly in the form of better ventilating systems. As a result of these measures, deaths fell from the World War I figure of 230 to 5.

Similar problems affected the radium workers who painted luminous dials for watches and instruments. After World War I, tortuously slow deaths occurred among these workers—as radium accumulated in their bodies slowly destroyed bone. Industrial medical men built in ventilating devices to draw off radium fumes. Workers washed in a darkened room under invisible ultra-violet light, which would make any traces of radium left on their hands give off an eerie glow. Detecting devices were used to examine the breath of workers to see if radium gases were collecting in the lungs. As a result of such measures, there should be no more deaths among radium workers.

These are the spectacular jobs. For the better part, the industrial medicine man's job is to work on problems that arise in any plant. Is asbestos in the air of a brake-lining plant causing asbestosis—a debilitating disease of the lungs? Are workers in a storage-battery plant accumulating enough lead in their

systems to produce lead poisoning? Are the cutting oils used to lubricate lathe-turned metals producing painful skin rashes? These are the everyday problems of the industrial physician.

As an added burden, his work is being extended beyond the plant doors into the field of general health. Industry is realizing the folly of paying a full day's pay to a man whose productive capacity is cut in half by venereal disease, tuberculosis, bad nutrition. In many cases, nutrition-education programs and anti-venereal disease campaigns sponsored by industry have achieved spectacular results. This is also true of tuberculosis. By use of regular X-ray examinations, the Eastman Kodak Company has cut the tuberculosis rate among its workers sharply.

With such facts before them, it is astonishing that both labor and management have not been more aggressive in the health field. Curiously enough there is still active opposition, particularly in connection with physical examinations. Many small industries consider them an unnecessary expense. Labor is sometimes opposed on the ground that pre-employment examinations can be used to deny older men jobs.

One union was so shortsighted that it demanded a contract clause prohibiting pre-employment examinations. But a long portion of the contract covered increased compensation payments. The net result of such thinking is to place a premium on ill health. Obviously, some new thinking is needed on the part of both industry and labor. Examinations should be used to measure a man's abilities—not to discover disabilities which will rule him out of a job.

A man with a hernia is no good at handling heavy castings but might make an excellent timekeeper. A man with a damaged heart shouldn't drive a truck but can operate a crane. Such a procedure works toward more efficient job placement. It often informs a man of a condition he is unaware of—while there is still time to do something about it.

Medical departments cost industry $5 to $10 a year per employee. In general, any plant with 100 employees should have a nurse. A plant with 1,000 employees should have three nurses and a doctor. Time and again the plant doctor has demonstrated his ability to more than pay for his department—by correcting conditions which would have caused increased compensation payments.

While industrial medicine is naturally concerned with general health, its primary interest is in sickness associated with a specific industry. At the same time, there is often an overlap effect. Thus athlete's foot may become an industrial problem when it strikes bathhouse workers. Poison ivy is of no interest so long as it is confined to children's camps, but becomes a problem when it strikes lumber workers.

With some diseases, the industrial physician has won resounding victories. Silicosis is an example. Hard-rock miners, quarrymen and tombstone cutters inhaled flintlike particles of silica dust which cut into delicate lung membranes and prepare the way for death from tuberculosis or pneumonia. The solution here was the essence of simplicity—wet drilling.

Often, the industrial physician is able to eliminate dangerous chemicals, as demonstrated in the hat industry. For generations, mercury was used to improve the felting quality of rabbit fur. The fumes permeated factories, producing mercury poisoning—known as "hatter's shakes" because of muscle tremors caused by the disease. By substituting a non-toxic chemical, the disease was eliminated.

The nature of industrial diseases covers an almost fantastic range. In slaughterhouses, workmen who removed sweetbreads from carcasses had their fingernails eaten away. The medical detective found why—an enzyme in the gland. Rubber gloves stopped this.

Fishermen were getting bad dermatitis from mackerel. An investigation told why. At certain seasons, mackerel feed on small crustaceans known as "red feed." While on this diet, stomach juices become highly acid in order to digest the tiny hard-shelled marine animals. So strong was this acid that it actually ate into the hands of fish cleaners, paving the way for infection.

California harvest hands working in fig orchards had another type of dermatitis. It was traced to the milky sap of fig trees. A large automobile plant was having 100 cases of severe dermatitis a month among gear grinders. A medical detective learned the reason. A fine mist of cutting oil hung over the machines. The oil contained chlorine, which caused acne-like lesions on the skin. When exhausts were placed over the machines to draw away the mist, and clean overalls were supplied daily to replace oil-soaked garments, most of the dermatitis disappeared.

An unusual case came to Dr. Schwartz from a Michigan leather factory. The hands of Negro workmen were turning white! Schwartz investigated the tanning chemicals and they yielded nothing. Then he turned to the rubber gloves the workmen were using. He traced them back to their maker. Two years earlier, the manufacturer said, he had started using a new anti-oxidant in his rubber. Schwartz patch-tested a sample on the backs of the Negro workmen. After a month, their skin started turning white.

The most baffling case Schwartz ever faced was an outbreak of dermatitis among cable splicers. By a curious twist, this disease was striking only in two cities: New York and Chicago. Why not other cities, where the same type phone cable was being used?

First, Schwartz divided workmen into groups. One group would do one step of the splicing operation, another a second, and so forth. This yielded no clue, for the men contracted dermatitis at several steps. Then he started investigating the dyes used on wires in the cables. In themselves, the dyes were not toxic. But when hot paraffin insulation was added this partially decomposed the dyes—giving off poisonous fumes.

Still, this didn't explain why the disease was striking only in Chicago and New York. The same type cable was being used elsewhere. It developed that the two largest cities used especially large cables—each one containing 3,600 pairs of telephone wires. Hence workmen had greater exposure to the fumes.

The industrial physician is quite unlike his brother physician in private practice. In the home, diseases usually follow the same pattern: the appendix giving rise to certain symptoms; the pneumonia bug acting in a predictable manner; the measles virus acting in much the same way on all children.

On his side, the industrial physician faces a constantly changing world. New diseases develop as rapidly as industrial processes change or new synthetic chemicals are used. The new industries of fluorescent lighting, plastics, synthetic rubber, all brought new problems. The atomic power industry will also create scores of new ailments. Yet today, with almost 60,000,000 men and women in America's work force, not more than 10 per cent have access to really good industrial medicine.

Few people appreciate the importance of the job; and even Congress has been remiss in its duties. Last year, for example, there was hardly a protest from either labor or management when Congress cut the already meager appropriation of the Industrial Hygiene Division of the Public Health Service. And this agency is the keystone in our whole industrial health program.

Statistics indicate that sheepherders and Anglican bishops live the safest, longest lives. For the rest of us, life is more risky in a mechanized civilization. It is the industrial physician's responsibility to minimize risks as much as possible. That is why he should receive unstinted support from every individual, group and organization that plays a part in our vast industrialized scheme of things.

Prize of the Month—with your name imprinted on it in 23-karat gold!

Easy To Own This

ALL-PURPOSE BILLFOLD

Yes—this handy, handsome genuine leather billfold—with your name imprinted on it in 23-karat gold—can be yours absolutely free! Just sell two 1-year (new or renewal) subscriptions to Coronet at the regular price of $3 each, and send the orders with $6 to: Coronet, Dept. K, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Your billfold, personalized with your name in 23-karat gold, will be sent to you immediately, all charges paid. (Offer limited to United States only.)

There's Money in It—

With ingenuity and initiative, anyone can turn a good idea into a profitable business; here's evidence to prove it

TWO YEARS AGO, when Mrs. S. J. Diamond of Minneapolis dressed her small daughter for a winter's walk, she was dismayed to find that the child's snow suit, only a few months old, was too small. Looking over her growing collection of almost new but outgrown clothes, she decided there must be thousands of other mothers facing the same problem. How about bringing supplies and demands together?

Mrs. Diamond paid for a small newspaper ad, rented a tiny office, carried 20 garments from her own collection to the impromptu shop and awaited developments. They came fast.

Alert reporters spotted her ad and publicized the venture. Hundreds of mothers descended on Mrs. Diamond's shop with used but serviceable clothes.

Three months later her stock had grown to 10,000 items; she had 2,500 steady customers; and the Children's Garment Exchange was housed in expanded quarters in Minneapolis' shopping district.

By popular request, the Exchange now handles children's furniture, blankets and toys, as well as clothes—at about half the original price. Only after a sale does the original owner collect. And more often than not, the money stays at the Exchange, in payment for a new garment to replace an outgrown one.

* * *

L. B. HELLER was a Minneapolis cleaning - materials salesman. During his rounds he found that small offices were often dirty and untidy. Budgets simply couldn't be stretched to include wages for a full-time janitor.

Heller discussed the situation with a friend, R. F. Hines, a former cab driver, and soon the two announced the birth of Superior Sanitation Service. Offering part-time janitor facilities to small businesses at reasonable rates, Heller and Hines carry their cleaning supplies on a truck, visit clients at regular intervals, and do a thorough job. With more than 70 satisfied customers, Superior Service is now a booming enterprise.

* * *

A 28-YEAR-OLD VETERAN is cashing in on the fact that San Franciscans are incurable party-goers and party-throwers.

With $1,000 saved during his Navy service, Charles Atlas has started a flourishing enterprise called "Parties, Inc." which handles harassing details for harried hostesses—from sending invitations to calling a taxi for the last departing guest. He arranges an ice cream party for small fry as readily as a wedding reception for several hundred adults.

Atlas first got the idea in the '30s when he was social chairman for his college fraternity. Last year, with an honorable discharge in his pocket, he started renewing old acquaintanceships with florists, caterers, liquor dealers and engravers. Soon, he had two of the essential ingredients for success—contacts and a telephone.

Now the gay hosts and hostesses of San Francisco are no longer too exhausted by preparations to have a good time at their own parties.

* * *

A YEAR OR SO AGO, Margaret Horan of Philadelphia announced to friends and neighbors that she was opening a greeting-card service. For the cost of cards and postage, plus three cents each for handling, she would assume all responsibility for remembering such occasions as holidays, anniversaries and birthdays.

News of her project spread quickly, until now she has many regular customers who subscribe on a yearly basis, as well as hundreds of "irregulars" who phone or go to her home with lists for special occasions.

Customers may select cards from Miss Horan's samples, or she will make selections for them, following suggestions as to the type of card preferred. They may sign a year's supply in advance, or Miss Horan herself will copy the customer's signature as closely as possible.

Miss Horan, who has been a paralytic cripple since infancy, was dependent on relatives for support until she opened her greeting-card service. Now she supports herself, and her enterprise promises to flourish as long as birthdays and holidays are celebrated.

* * *

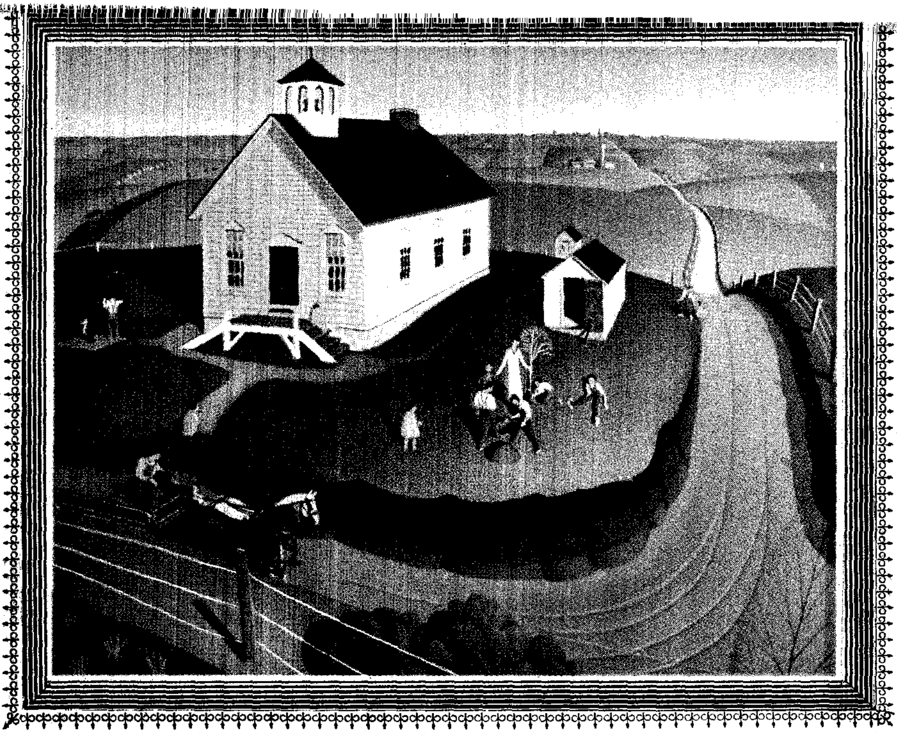
TWO CHICAGO VETERANS, William Troy, ex-Coast Guard gunner's mate, and Matthias S. Schweighs, ex-ensign, went looking for homes and found an up-and-coming business. One afternoon, driving past a Chicago housing project, they noted there were no stores in the vicinity and that housewives were carrying bundles of groceries many blocks. Why not take the store to the housewife?

The Veterans' Administration blessed their plan for a "Mobile Grocery" by guaranteeing a $1,400 GI loan. Troy and Schweighs then bought an old New York World's Fair sight-seeing bus for $500, and equipped it with refrigerator, frozen-food cabinets, meats, groceries and produce. Now 1,000 neighborhood families are regular customers.

Do you know someone who has turned a good idea into a profitable occupation? Coronet invites contributions for "There's Money in It," and will pay $25 for each accepted item, upon publication. No contributions can be acknowledged or returned. Send your entries to "There's Money in It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Heroes of Medicine

Danger and self-sacrifice are constant companions of the research doctors in their laboratory experiments. Rather than risk the lives of others, they offer themselves as guinea pigs and willingly face death to serve mankind.



PAINTING BY GRANT WOOD

Trees for Tomorrow's Children

by **CAROL LYNN GILMER**

IN THE MIDDLE of the 19th century, America, a robust young nation, was squandering its wealth of natural resources. Vast forests were being exploited recklessly; no one was bothering to replace trees that were cut by lumbermen or destroyed by fire. The supply seemed inexhaustible, so why worry?

Then, on April 10, 1872, from the treeless Great Plains came news that caught the eye of thoughtful Americans. The infant State of Nebraska had invented a new holiday—something called Arbor Day. Settlers had found rich soil for abundant crops, but they had looked in vain for trees to furnish fuel and building materials, trees for protection against winter winds and summer sun, trees to create watersheds for new crops. Now, throughout the state, farmers and townspeople had planted more than 1,000,000 trees in a single day.

J. Sterling Morton, civic leader in Nebraska City, who was later to become Grover Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture, had conceived the idea of annual tree-planting ceremonies. Within a few years, Kansas, Tennessee, Minnesota and a score of other states had followed Nebraska's lead. By 1888, some 600,000,000 trees had been planted in Arbor Day celebrations, transforming 100,000 acres of wasteland into new forests.

Today, this unique holiday has spread throughout the U. S. and, with increasing interest in the wise use of our natural resources, has broadened in scope. Conservation groups, women's clubs, sportsmen's organizations, farmers and civic groups now join with the nation's schools in its observance. In the 75 years since its first celebration, Arbor Day has become firmly entrenched in American tradition as a symbol of the people's faith in the nation's future.

In an Arbor Day letter to the country's schoolchildren in 1907, President Theodore Roosevelt said: "A people without children would face a hopeless future; a country without trees is almost as hopeless; forests which are so used that they cannot renew themselves will soon vanish, and with them all their benefits. A true forest is not merely a storehouse of wood but, as it were, a factory of wood and a reservoir of water. "When you help to preserve our forests or plant new ones you are acting the part of good citizens. The value of forestry deserves, therefore, to be taught in the schools, which aim to make good citizens of you. If your Arbor Day exercises help you to realize what benefits each one of you receives from the forests, and how by your assistance these benefits may continue, they will serve a good end."

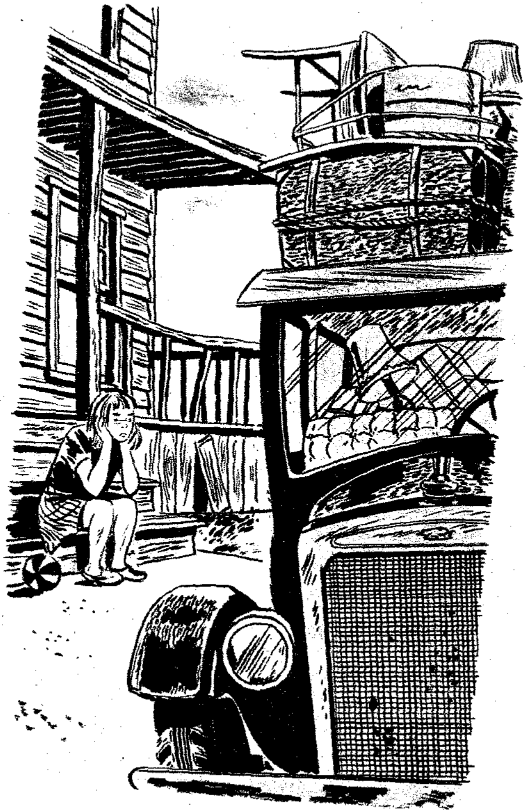
The Arbor Day festival may, as in California, usher in a week of school and community programs devoted to fire-prevention and conservation of natural resources. Or, as in Wisconsin, the annual celebration may launch a forest-planting program. To mark the 100th anniversary of Old Fort Kearney this year, Nebraska hopes to plant one linden tree for each man who enlisted from the state for service in World War II, and one oak for every soldier who lost his life.

There is no specified date for Arbor Day; it is dictated by climate and favorable planting time. In Nebraska it is observed on April 22, Morton's birthday. But regardless of date, those who take part in Arbor Day celebrations are making a priceless contribution to future generations.

It was Washington Irving who said long ago: "He who plants an oak cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn shall grow to benefit mankind long after he is gone."

God Passed This Way

by WILLA BLAKE



If you're one who scoffs at miracles, read this heartwarming story about a little yellow-haired girl and a doll

UNTIL THE MATTER of Jean Marie came up, I didn't believe in God. That is to say, I didn't believe in Him as a personal Deity that protects individual sparrows and children.

I was a pretty big girl to be taking this stand, for I was old enough to join the P. T. A. and send my son to Sunday School. In fact, it was while we were strolling home from church one day last autumn that I first heard about Jean Marie.

"Jean Marie doesn't go to Sunday School any more," my son volunteered.

"No?" I asked politely, not wishing to display parental denseness by asking Jean Marie's identity.

"She says there isn't any God."

This didn't shock me as much as he had hoped and we walked along in silence.

"She prayed and prayed for a doll," he said at last, "but she never got it. Now Jean Marie doesn't come to Sunday School any more. She says there isn't any God."

Something bumped my heart. "Where does Jean Marie live?" I asked casually.

It wasn't casual enough. A closed look came over his face. "I don't know," he said. "Could I have my dessert first at dinner today?"

Jean Marie was with me for a long time after that. Beyond the fact that she had twice gone to Sunday School and the last time had walked part way home with my child, she was an enigma. She wasn't among the children who came to play on sunny afternoons; she wasn't in any of the yards we passed on the way to Saturday marketing. No child besides my own remembered seeing her.

"A little girl with yellow hair," he had said. A little yellow-haired girl walking slowly along Laurel Street. A little girl who didn't believe in God . . .

Don't think about it, I told myself sternly. There's nothing you can do. But gradually she became more real to me than the children who romped on the lawn.

"Do you ever see Jean Marie any more, son?"

"No."

"If you see her, find out where she lives and perhaps you can play together."

"Okay . . . Can I have a cookie?"

ONE DAY I WAS browsing in a gift shop when I saw the doll. It was big and beautifully fashioned, lying there in blue satin splendor. It was the kind of expensive doll all little girls dream of—and few possess.

Don't be a fool, I chided myself. The child has disappeared—and that's that. It's just as well. Sooner or later they have to be hurt—it's part of growing up . . .

The package was bulky, and I carried it almost with defiance. Still, it wouldn't do any harm just lying there on a closet shelf. I might even have a little girl of my own some day. And so the doll was tucked away, along with the wisps of childish dreams that linger in women's hearts.

On a busy Monday, two small and dirty boys clattered into the kitchen. It was a moment before I recognized my own flesh and blood beneath a soiled coverall.

"There's some new baby ducks at the park," he volunteered importantly. "Ain't there, Pinky?"

"Aren't there," I corrected automatically, disregarding the rest.

"Well—and Jean Marie is moving today."

"Did you see her?" I asked incredulously.

"Sure, but she couldn't play. She's moving."

"Where is she now?" I asked urgently.

"She's in her yard. They're moving back to Texas. Maybe they've left by now."

"What yard, dear? Please boys, can't you tell me where she lives?"

It developed that Jean Marie lived in the big gray house across from the school.

"I'm going out for a moment," I told them, taking off my apron.

"Could me and Pinky each have a cookie?"

"Have two," I offered feverishly,

proffering the jar. "Have a dozen."

They left swiftly, fearing a return to normalcy. I went to the closet and took down the box. Then I hastened toward the gray house, three blocks away.

A child was sitting on the weathered steps. I had thought of Jean Marie as ethereal and sad. This was a square, grubby little girl with uncombed hair and a sullen face. She was staring listlessly at a car heaped with household goods parked before her door.

"Is your name Jean Marie?"

She nodded. From somewhere inside the grim house a petulant voice rose in anger. The girl listened anxiously.

"Do you have a doll, Jean Marie?"

"No," she said flatly, and turned to heed the angry voice.

"Jean Marie, wait!"

"I have to go. We're moving."

"Here's something that I thought you might like to take with you."

She regarded the box suspiciously, hands behind her back.

"Take it, please. It's a present from—from—your Sunday School class."

She took it gingerly and fled. Thoughtfully I started toward home. It was a mistake, I scolded myself. Now she'll be more mixed up than ever! She'll ask for other things and won't get them. She'll think God gave her the doll.

I was nearly home, walking briskly, when suddenly I felt quite light and carefree. A vagrant breeze stirred the leaves overhead in what seemed like faint laughter. "Well?" a detached part of me inquired with patient indulgence.

The air was very clear that day. You could see a long, long way down Laurel Street. And beyond the street, beyond the horizon, was a vast unending sweep of clear blue sky.

* * *

Improving on the Dictionary

Argument—Discussion in which a husband is permitted to have next to the last word.

—David McNeil

Bachelor—A man who thinks before he leaps and then doesn't leap.

—John Newton Baker

Conceit—A form of I-strain that doctors can't cure.

—Horace MacMahon, in *From Gags to Riches* by Joey Adams

Dime—A dollar with all the taxes taken out.

Fib—A lie that has not cut its teeth.

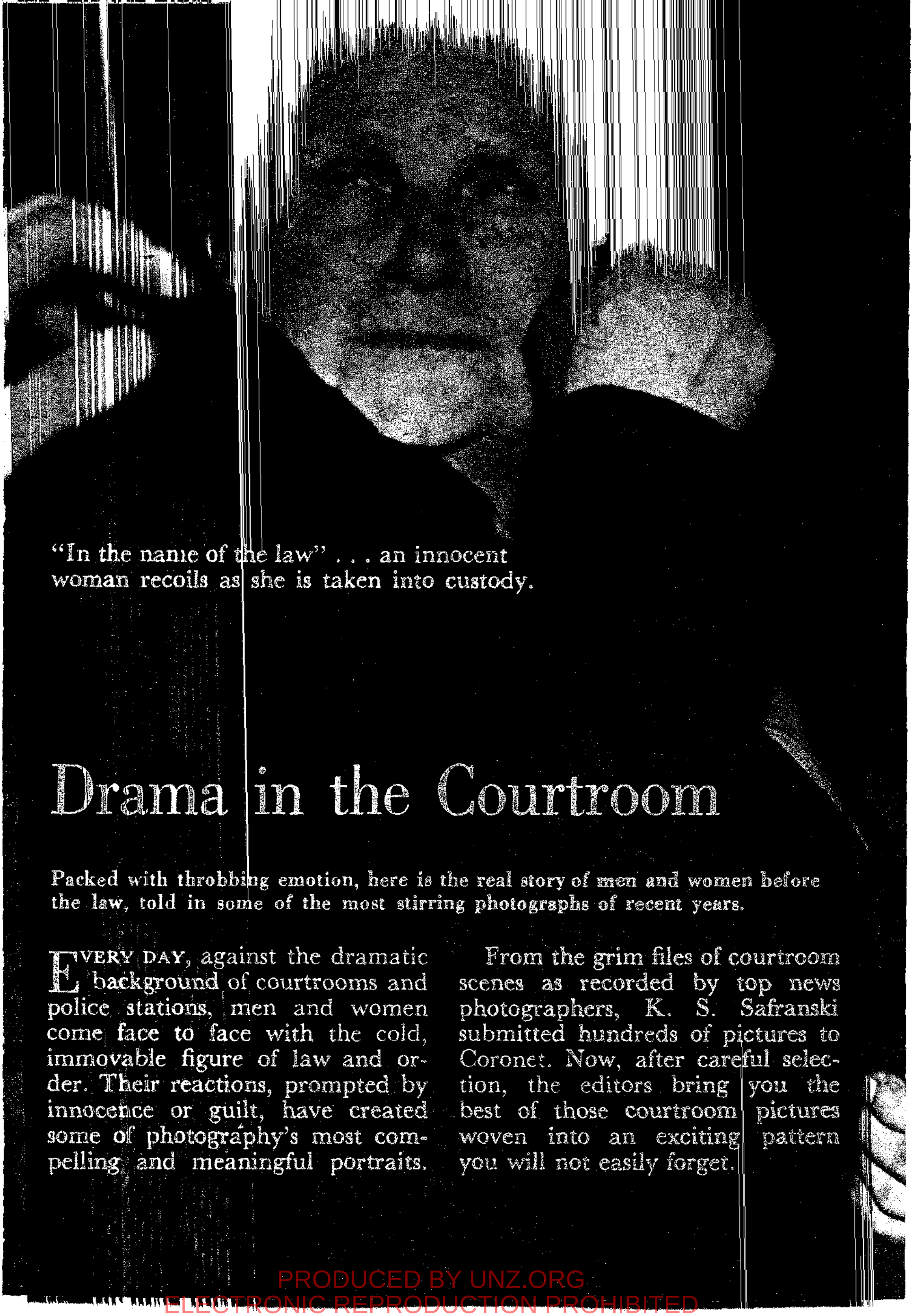
—*Devil's Dictionary* by Ambrose Bierce

Income—The amount of money that, no matter how large it is, you spend more than.

Inflation—Instead of not having the money you haven't, you'd have twice as much, but it would be worth only half of what you haven't got!

—*Journeyman Barber*

Relatives—People who wonder how you manage to be so well-off.



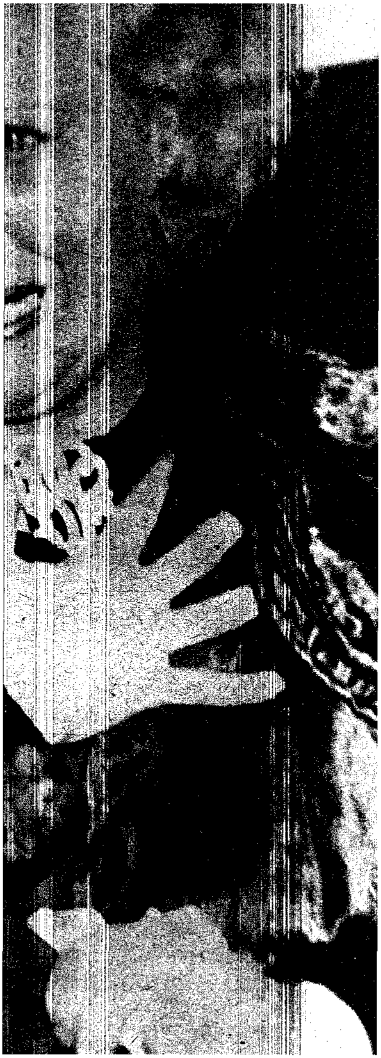
"In the name of the law" . . . an innocent woman recoils as she is taken into custody.

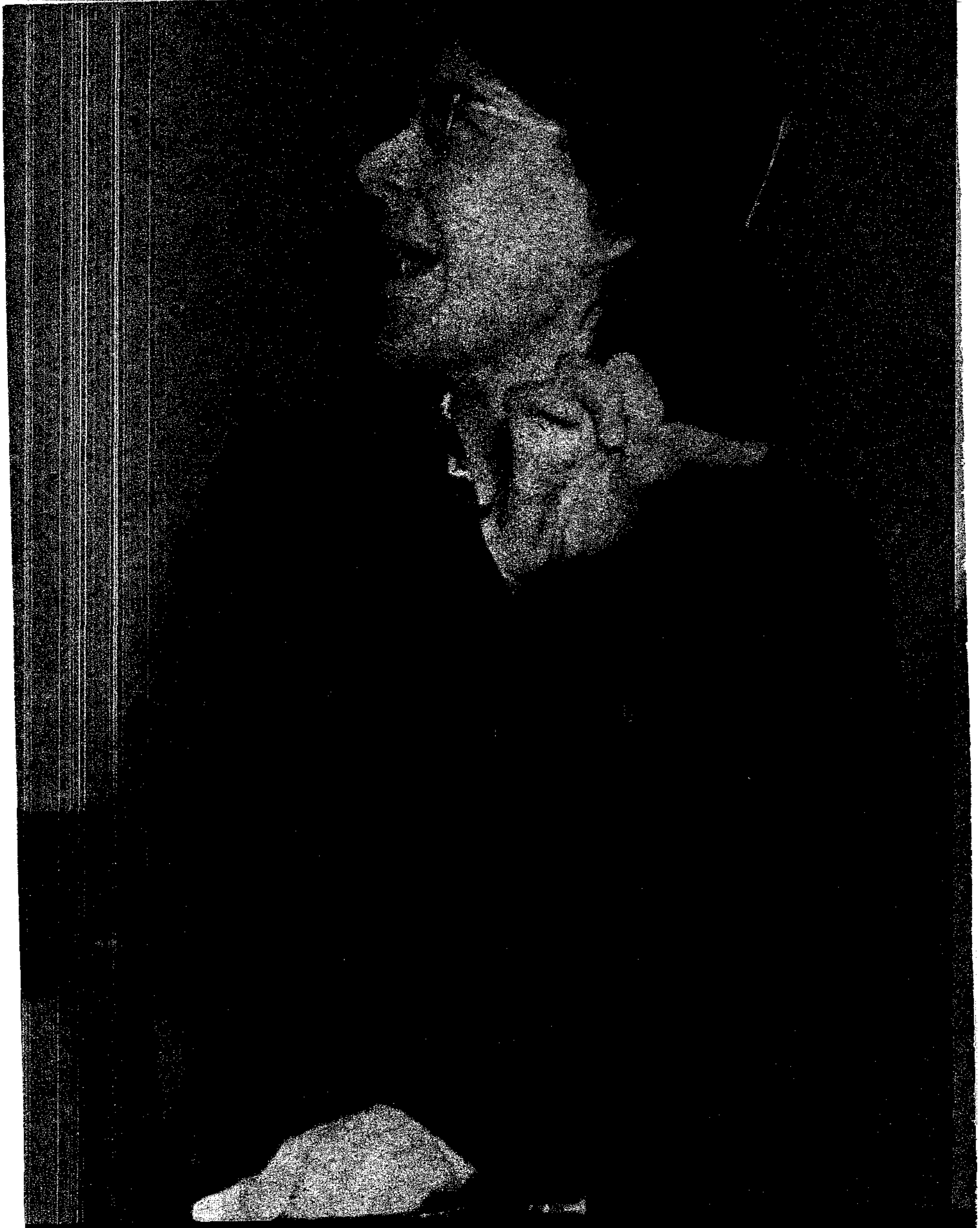
Drama in the Courtroom

Packed with throbbing emotion, here is the real story of men and women before the law, told in some of the most stirring photographs of recent years.

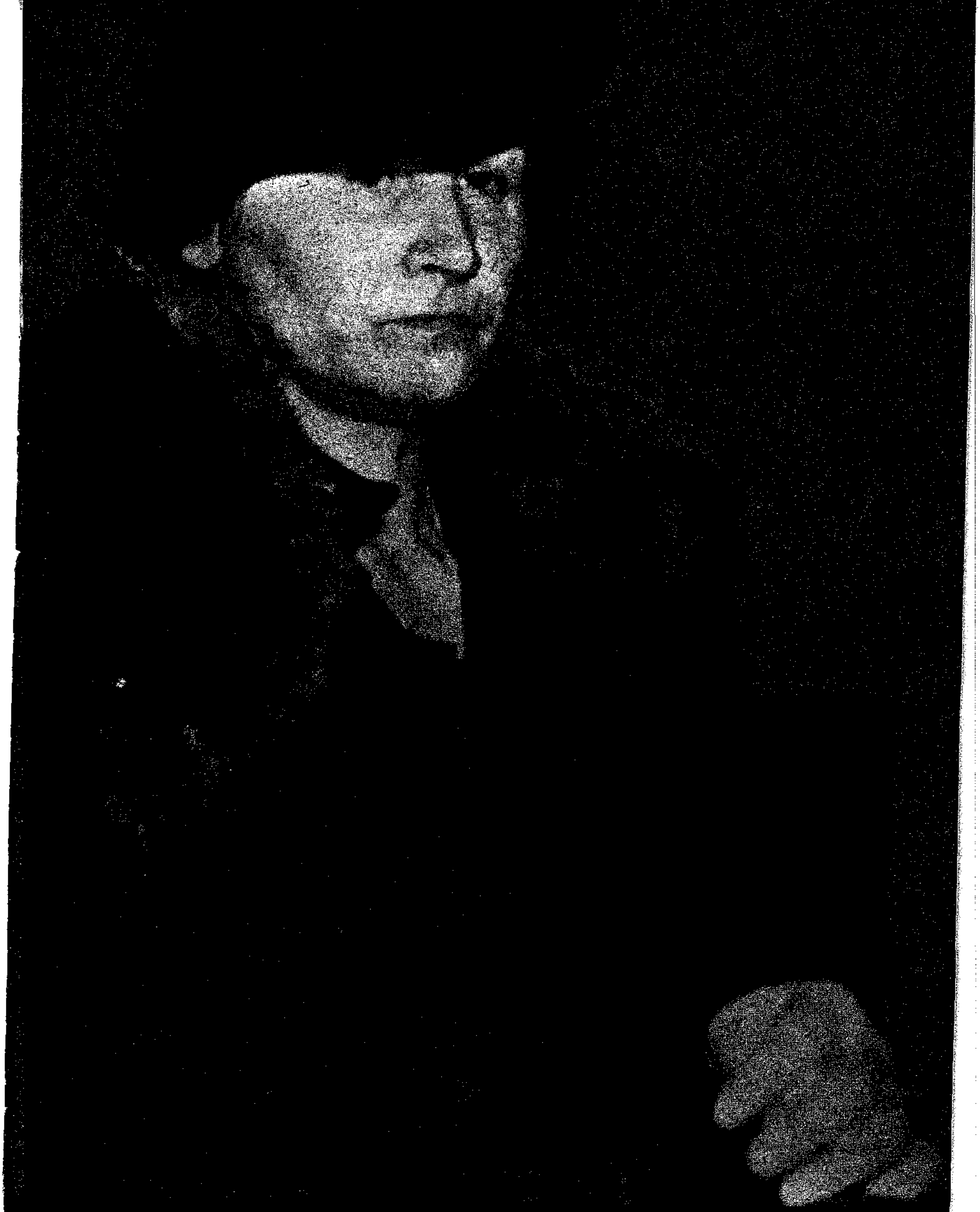
EVERY DAY, against the dramatic background of courtrooms and police stations, men and women come face to face with the cold, immovable figure of law and order. Their reactions, prompted by innocence or guilt, have created some of photography's most compelling and meaningful portraits.

From the grim files of courtroom scenes as recorded by top news photographers, K. S. Safranski submitted hundreds of pictures to Coronet. Now, after careful selection, the editors bring you the best of those courtroom pictures woven into an exciting pattern you will not easily forget.

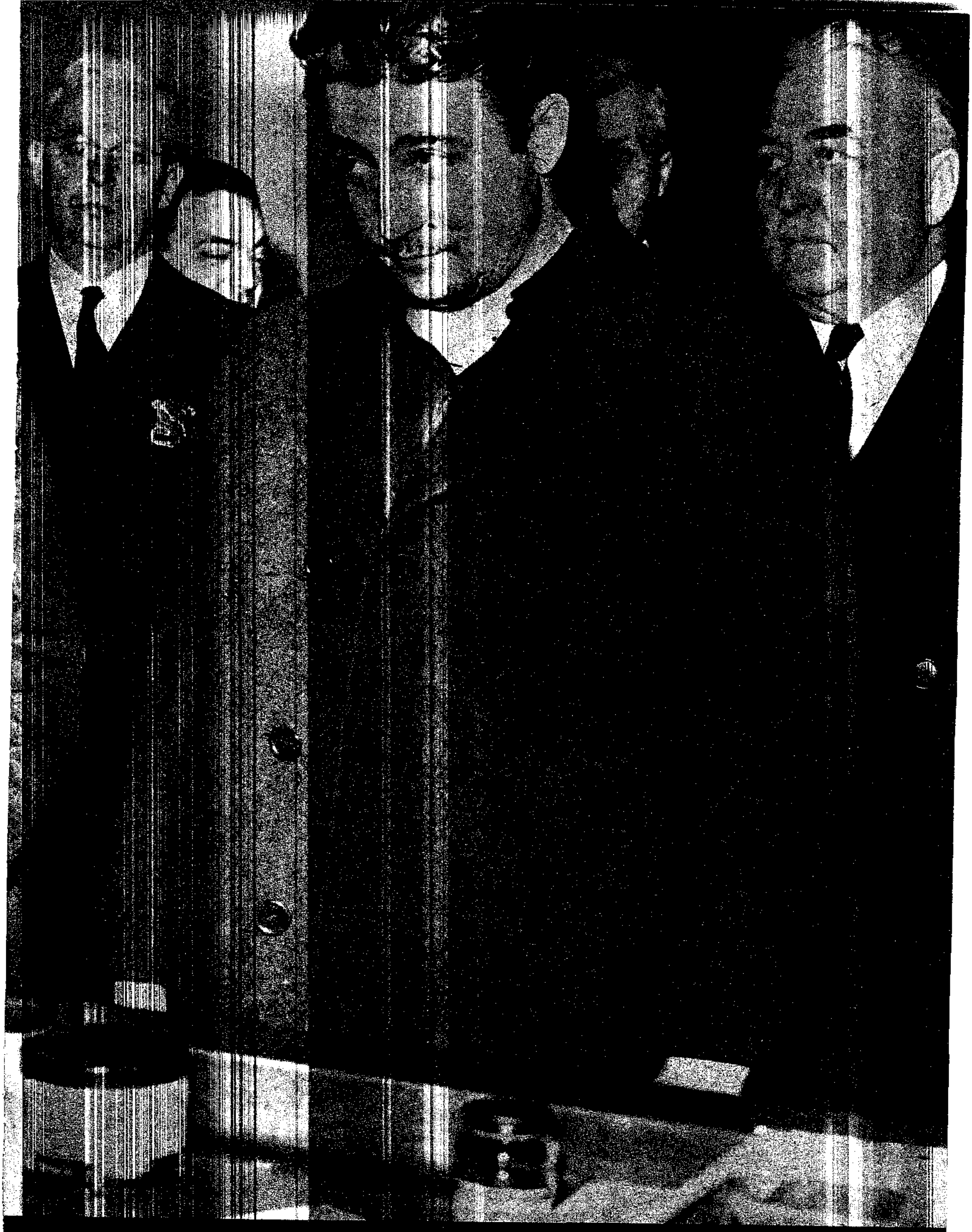




Held in the tortured grasp of their turbulent emotions, criminals often resort to vain excuses, flimsy attempts to lessen their punishment. Here, the accused murderer on the left points a symbolic finger

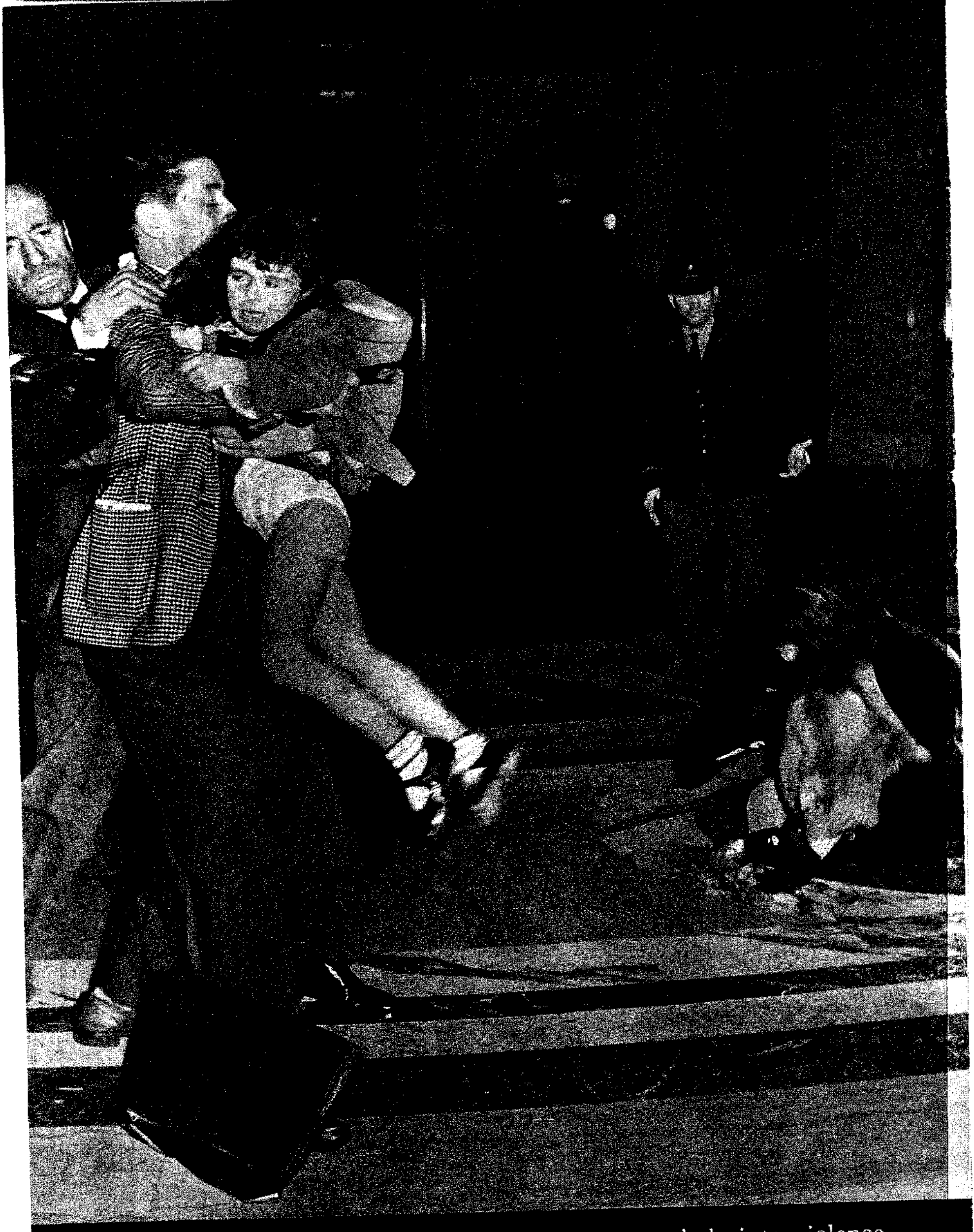


at her innocent neighbor, who was implicated in a similar case. In a graphic demonstration, innocence sits calm and unmoved as proved guilt talks and points and squirms its way to prison for life.

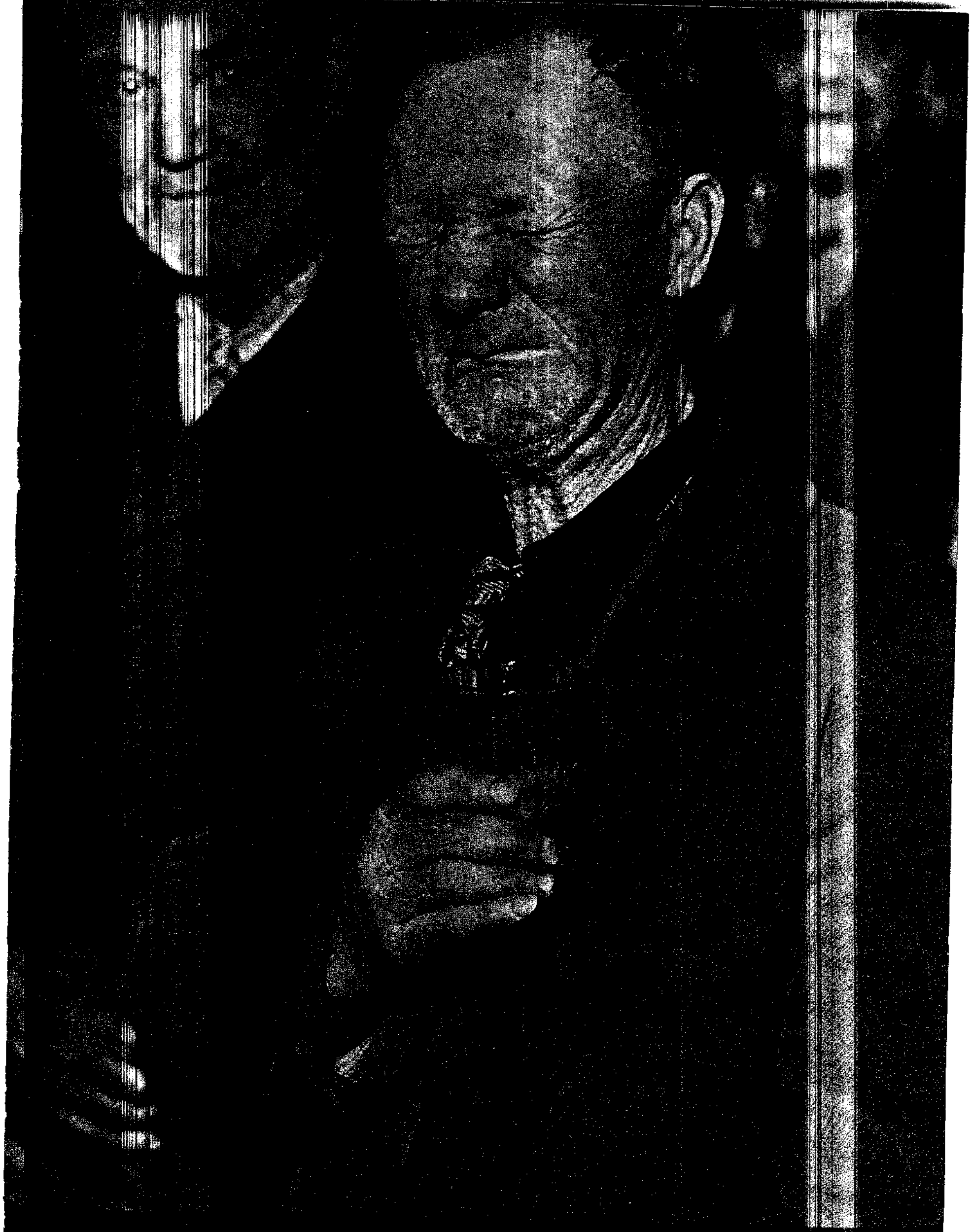


There are ugly moments, too—and ugly tales, like the one in which this unshaven, unkempt man was involved. For attempting to kill a seven-year-old girl, he was sent to prison for forty years of his life.

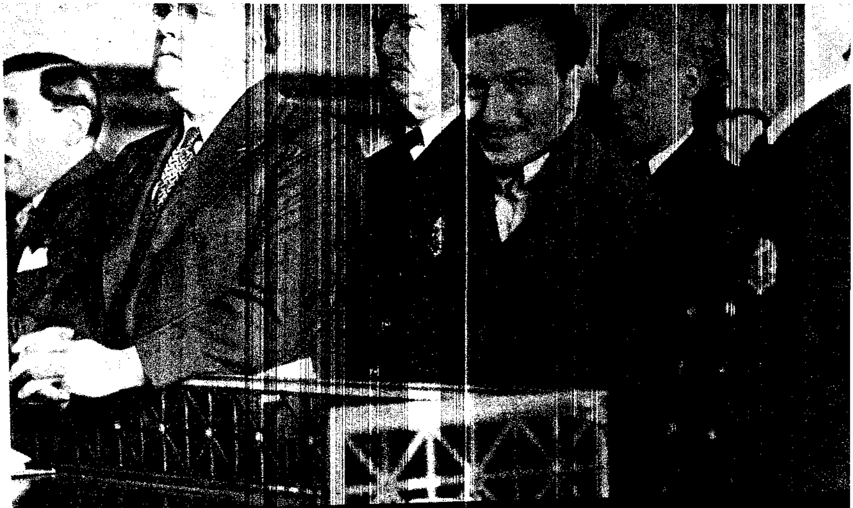
In the courtroom lawyers themselves cannot always resist their clients' outbreaks of feeling. Here a bailiff intervenes in the struggle for a card—exhibit "A" in a hectic courtroom drama.



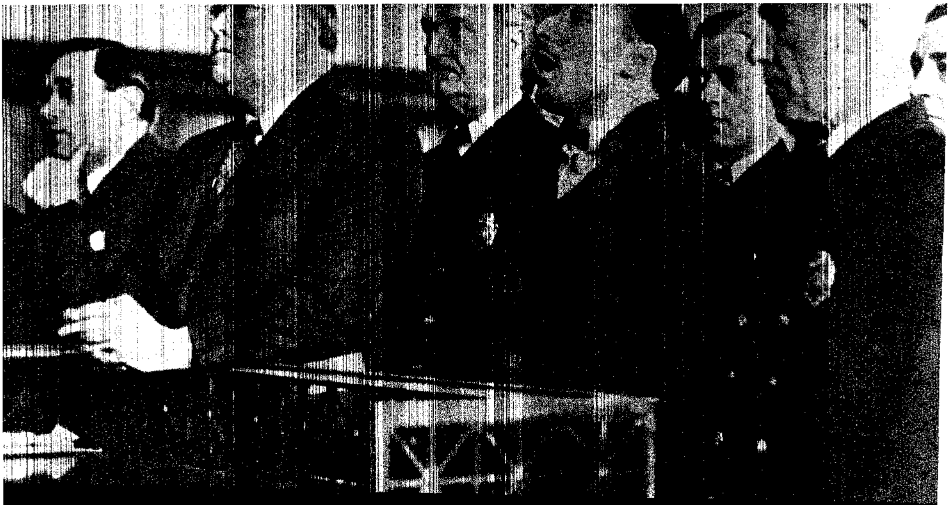
Outside of the courtroom, too, emotions may explode into violence. Here, an impatient father ripped his daughter from his wife's arms, in a court fight for his right to the custody of the child.



And even when there is humor in the courtroom it is a pathetic, grim sort of humor—as in this case of a drunk who was given a choice of jail or a glass of castor oil. He took the castor oil.



In the courtroom's supreme moment of tragedy, it is often possibl watch a man go from life to death in a few seconds. Here, smiling self-assured, a killer faces the court. The judge's voice begins. . .



You are hereby sentenced . . . The condemned man catches his breath sharply, trying to grasp the cold fact of the situation . . .

But in or out of the courtroom no criminal hurts himself alone. He cuts a wide, heartbreaking path. Here an hysterical mother, restrained by her attorney on the left, reaches in anguish towards her two sons,

but they are destined to be executed for murder. And this woman who committed no crime, who is free and innocent herself, must face life anew, haunted by a painful memory through the endless years.

PERRY, GEORGIA, LEADS THE WAY

When its citizens got fighting mad, a little Southern town found new prosperity

by CAROL HUGHES

SIX YEARS AGO, the town of Perry, Georgia — population 1,500 — was a sleepy, complacent spot surrounded by gently rolling farm country. Located a few miles south of Macon, it seemed settled forever as just another forgotten corner of Georgia. Its main street comprised one block of business establishments. A look of weather-worn shabbiness hung about the town. The people went slothfully along, conducting whatever business came to hand.

Running past their door and forming the town's business block, U. S. Highway 41 sped carloads of tourists from the north on their way to Florida. But few of them ever noticed shabby little Perry.

Then, in 1944, something happened. A simple but amazing plan of action upset the little community. Within a year, Perry was almost a boom spot. Population jumped to 2,500. The town was brought to an invigorating peak of efficiency and prosperity. Yet nothing new had been discovered. The story of how this Southern town pulled itself up by its bootstraps offers a program which can work in any community, anywhere.

Perry's idyllic idleness was shattered in June, 1944, when an unassuming, obscure man arrived in town. Few people outside Georgia had ever heard his name. He is Charles A. Collier, vice-president of the Georgia Power Company, and a fourth-generation Georgian. For 50 years Collier had been a devoted but critical native of his state. For as many years he had watched its deterioration. And having studied his state and its people he devised a plan for its salvation— a simple plan called "Georgia's Better Home Towns Program."

Convincing the power company that if it would contribute $250,000 to promote the plan he could put Georgia on its feet, he came to Perry one day and invited himself to speak at a meeting of the Kiwanis Club. To the amazement of that town's 35 leading citizens, he read them a frightful indictment of their state and town. With a prophet's fervor he hurled these disturbing facts at them:

Some 60 per cent of Georgia's rural young people left their homes every 10 years; more than 1,000,000 native-born Georgians — mainly the college educated—had moved to other states; 92 per cent of Georgia's farm buildings had no water service; 82 per cent were without sanitary facilities; 77 per cent needed rebuilding. He told them that their sons coming home from the war with government loans totaling $45,000,000 would be forced to go elsewhere to invest their money.

Then bluntly he turned to telling them about Perry. "Your town," he said, "is dirty, shabby, unsightly, slothful. Your buildings are unpainted. Your people are indifferent. You could increase your business tenfold in one year, if you wanted to—but you're just plain lazy!"

Having tossed this bombshell at his listeners, Collier threw a stack of pictures on the table and said: "Just take a good look at your town!"

For a few moments there was frozen silence at the lunch table. Then the men began to study the pictures. "This isn't Perry," was the first typical outburst as they looked at shabby buildings, unkempt streets, uncollected garbage and unsightly alleyways.

"Look at them closely!" challenged Collier. Names on stores were clearly visible. People walking on the streets were easily recognizable. When Collier got up to leave, the citizens of Perry remained at the table. They began to talk among themselves.

Fighting mad that anyone should speak of their town in such a manner, they began to protest. But all protests added up to one grim fact—the truth of Collier's statements.

They had a nice town—but a neglected one. They were fine citizens—but careless. Said one councilman: "This is no time for talk. Perry people have always worked together in an emergency. This is an emergency. Let's get the people together."

Young George Nunn, mayor of the town and president of Kiwanis, put the matter to a vote. To a man, they decided to join the Better Home Towns Program. The mayor promptly designated C. E. Andrew, president of the Perry Loan and Savings Bank, to head a committee to launch the industrial end of the program. Frank Hood, local field representative of the Collier plan, was asked to act as adviser.

Perry began to move. The following day the local *Houston Home Journal* carried a front-page story, told what was wrong with Perry and what must be done, and announced a meeting next day. Everybody came to the New Perry Hotel lobby for that meeting. The Garden Club and the Sorosis Club were on hand to discuss the beautifying end. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts came to ask about "the dirty work" to be done. The bank president, mayor and councilmen were on hand. The old folks came, many a gray head nodding approval of the program. Half a dozen farmers plodded in to take instructions back to "the home folks." Every crossroad, school, church and business had a representative present.

The meeting was brisk. Said Andrew: "The first thing all of us will do is clean-up, paint-up, light-up—and then build up."

The people went home and went to work, as if they had heard a battle trumpet. An added motive for the clean-up drive was the return of Perry's top war hero, Gen. Courtney H. Hodges. When all the town's painters were exhausted, an amazing group of amateurs appeared on the streets. Store owners wielded paint brushes, bank clerks learned to handle mops, housewives pushed lawn mowers. With tireless constancy the whole town went after one thing—dirt. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Sunday School classes turned their spare time into work time.

The women's clubs turned to landscaping. Shrubs were planted, new trees were hauled in. With grim tenacity the whole town cooperated, and yet a jovial good-fellowship flowed along with the driving current. "Have you swatted your last fly?" or "Did you remove that pebble?" might be the greeting of a housewife at the grocery store, or the banker might salute the mayor with: "How's your back-alley coming along?"

Within a few weeks every store sported a new coat of paint. Every house reflected the back-breaking efforts of the housewives. Alleys became bright little passageways. White picket fences, bright blooming shrubs, houses shining inside and out showed the results of a furious drive that lasted six weeks. Yet these first results only served to stimulate an aroused citizenry for more important tasks.

They came to a new meeting, eager to vote money for much-needed town improvements. In a series of thundering resolutions this little band of people voted (1) an allotment of $90,000 for new sewers; (2) an extension of the water works system to cost $50,000; (3) a street and sidewalk paving program; (4) purchase of a motor grader to keep dirt streets in better condition; (5) a new $150,000 courthouse; and (6) a new recreation park with swimming pool.

There was serious intent, now, behind the program they launched to make their town one they could be proud of.

"We could have had this ten years ago," said the amazed mayor.

ONCE ENERGIZED, the inventive powers of the little community proved enormous. The people met again to investigate what could be done about new business; how to raise enough revenue to pay for improvements.

Said Mayor Nunn: "We can't expect large manufacturing plants to come here—we have neither facilities nor population. What we need is more small industries employing up to 50 people, making products for local consumption from local materials and improving facilities for selling outside."

A committee analyzed the town's needs. Could they use a new barber shop—did they need a new dentist, a shoe-repair business, a warehouse? Carefully the butcher, the baker and the banker went over ways and means of promoting new industries. How could returning servicemen best use their loans to enter business for themselves?

As a result of self-analysis, here is what happened in Perry: a group of ten businessmen planned a quick-freeze plant to preserve food products raised in surrounding areas; a new feed mill; a peanut elevator; a new courthouse, and conversion of the present structure into a community playhouse; extra accommodations for the hotel; two modernized tourist camps; a new five-and-ten store and a new housing project.

Here is how it all was done. This agricultural town had long needed a quick-freeze plant to preserve meat until better shipping arrangements could be made. But for years the people had drifted along, meats spoiling in the hot climate with nothing being done about it. A committee of 45 now got together and formed a local stock corporation. They built one of the finest quick-freeze plants in the South, and also added steady employment for 11 men in town.

HELP YOUR RED CROSS
CARRY ON!

Since peanuts are a major crop, the town had long needed a new peanut elevator. With funds invested by a few interested men and help from the bank, the elevator was built. Three servicemen came home, looked about, secured their loans. One opened a much-needed electrical repair shop; another a grain mill; a third bought the local newspaper and modernized it. The town also needed a new grist mill. George Nunn and his father said, "Why not build it now?" They did, adding new employment and better facilities for local people.

The tourist potential of the town was likewise brought into new focus. As Perry is a two-day drive from Midwest cities and a one-day drive from points in Florida, it had always been an ideal tourist town. B. F. Van Hart, owner of the Moss Oaks Lodge, said he would expand. From his own plans he built an 18-unit, one-story brick "hotel" that is one of the finest in Georgia. He added servants' quarters, a recreation hall, new landscaping, and now he has to turn away people each night.

"People used to think Perry was a place to get through fast," he beams. "We're changing all that."

Yates Green, co-owner with his father of the New Perry Hotel, soon found his customers were exceeding room space. Duncan Hines came through and put the hotel dining room on a national basis by listing it in his *Adventures in Good Eating*. Green boosted Perry's betterment program by laying plans for two new dining rooms and another hotel wing.

"Since this thing got under way," he says, "we're actually swamped with business."

Today, a stranger walking along the streets feels the awakened spirit of this little town. With every store shining, flowers blooming, houses neat, "My Town" seems to be a folk religion in Perry. The once-impersonal Highway 41 has become a trap for tourists now, and Perry makes them feel at home.

There is another phenomenon visible in Perry today. It is a young men's town. With the return of the veterans, the wise founding fathers turned things over to their sons.

Mayor Nunn is only 31. Police Chief J. B. Hawkins is 33. The six councilmen range in age from 29 to 38. The newspaper is run by a 33-year-old veteran. "We have one other advantage," says Nunn. "Our wealth is almost equally divided—no one is 'boss,' no one person controls our politics."

The fathers of Perry have found that they never made a sounder investment than the day they turned the management of their city over to their sons. With a little parental guidance and backing, the sons were more than ready; they were even eager to tackle the job.

Says one wise father: "We never could have revived Perry with old men in the saddle. But better than that, our sons are coming back—and staying!"

What has happened in Perry is now happening elsewhere in Georgia, thanks to the full-time efforts of quiet, unassuming Charles Collier. Today, 265 Georgia towns have adopted his betterment program. And Collier is a happy man, watching the dream of his life come true.

"I have been rough with them," he says, "but it has paid off. My plan is new, yet old as America. It goes back to an ancient tradition—the good American tradition of self-reliance. Any town that contributes everything it has will find that prosperity comes automatically. Perry is proof of that."

Perry is more than proof. It is a living symbol of the truth of Collier's philosophy. The old idea of "let things rock along" has gone forever, to be replaced by a new spirit of community pride, ambition and determination. Georgia at last is on the move—and little Perry has led the way.

❦

God's Mercy Store

ONE OF THE STRANGEST stores in the world is in the little town of Waller, Texas. It is called "God's mercy store" and is owned by A. D. Purvis.

In it is everything from currants to coffee pots, but no clerks. The customer selects his purchase, wraps it, and, when he leaves, shows the owner the price marked on the article. It is the price the storekeeper paid for it.

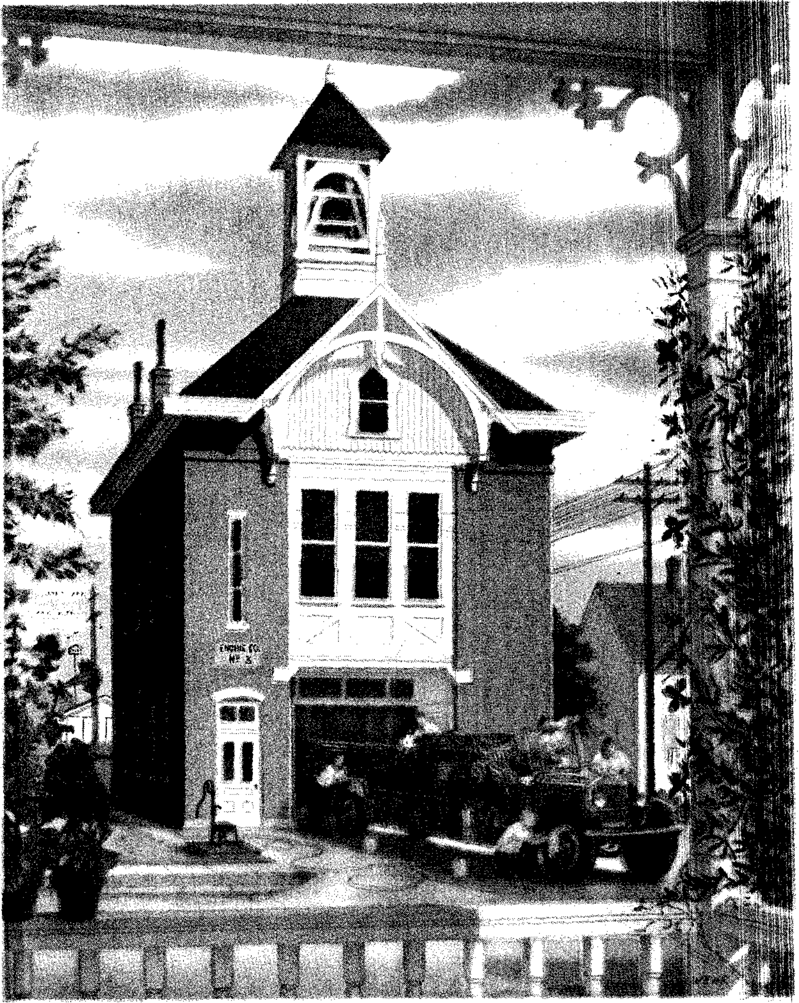
If the customer gives a five-dollar bill, he is asked how much change he wants, and the amount is given without question.

Purvis has been conducting business for 23 years. The idea for his unique store came to him when he became worried over his neighbors. They were poor sharecroppers, constantly in debt to the large plantation commissaries.

One night Purvis dreamed that God told him to sell his small farm, go to the nearest town, and start a store for the sharecroppers. He went to Waller, where he built and stocked a shack.

Thus began "God's mercy store," the only successful store on earth where the customer decides the shopkeeper's profit.

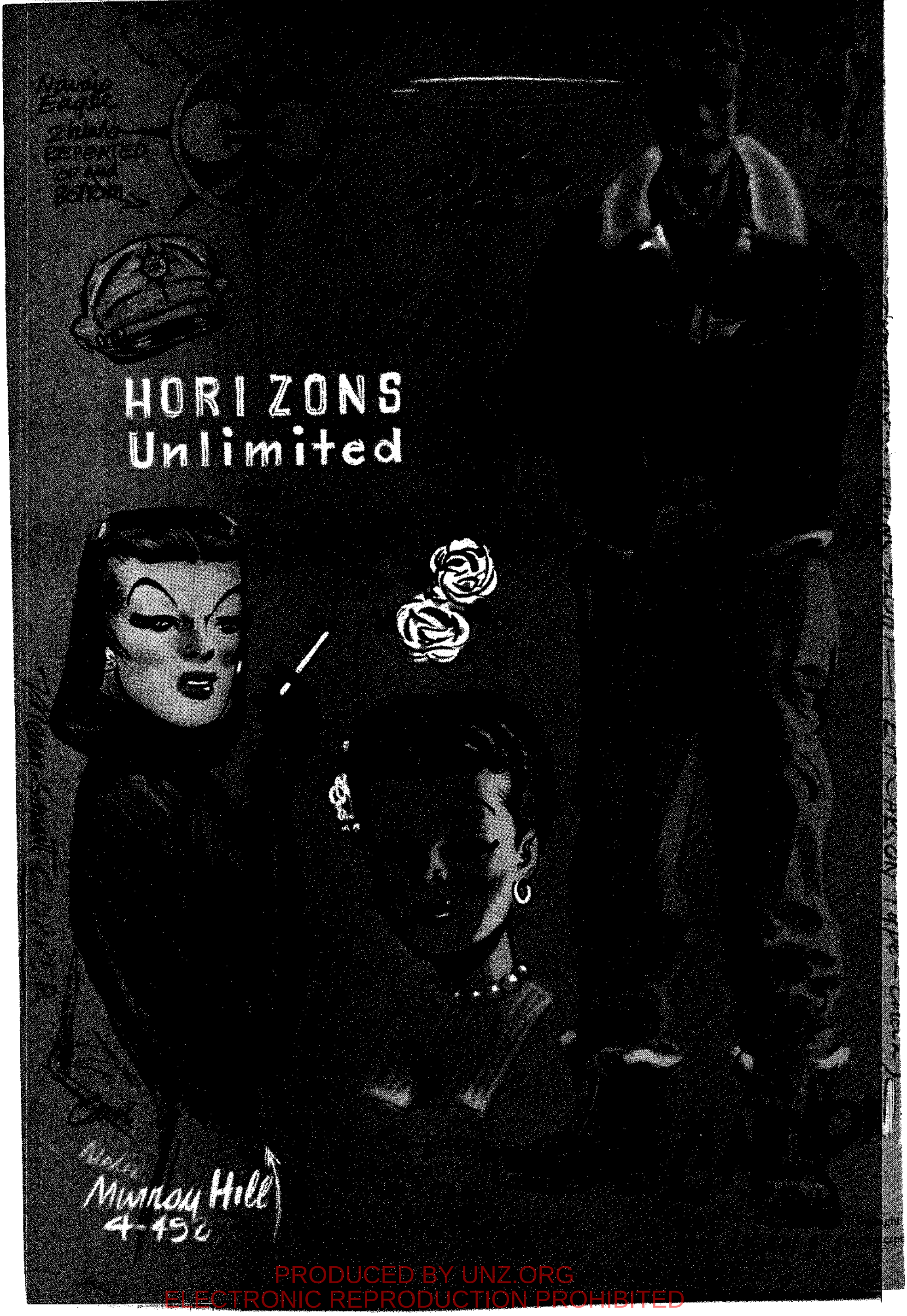
—W. E. GOLDEN



The Old Fire Station

The neighborhood fire station is a storehouse of wonders, not the least of which are the clanging alarm bell and the slick brass pole. But best of all is the fire engine itself, its bright-red splendor matched only by the sparkle in the eyes of the small-fry who gaze at it in silent admiration.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY PAUL WEHR.


HORIZONS
Unlimited
Murray Hill
4-456

Secrets of a Comic-Strip Artist

Milton Caniff, whose adventure stories have thrilled millions, takes you backstage to show how *Steve Canyon* was born

by MILTON CANIFF

THE MOST AVID comic-strip readers know little of the mechanics behind the writer-artist's craft—and there is no reason why they should. In fact, it is better that the illusion be preserved, just as it is in the theater when a curtain is drawn to conceal the shifting of scenery. However, there seems to be a certain amount of normal curiosity regarding these studio routines; and since I like to give the customers a little extra for their money, I am going to reveal some of the steps involved in launching a new comic strip.

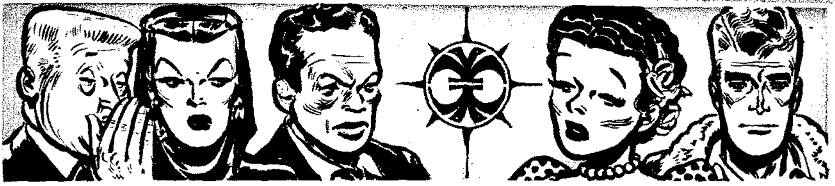
First of all, before a reader of comic strips can be sold on a fictional character, its creator must himself believe in the imaginary hero and the people surrounding him. Otherwise the strip is likely to be pretty dismal. That is why, in giving birth to *Steve Canyon*, I spent a great deal of time on my characters, plot and locale, while allowing plenty of room for future story developments.

Here, painted especially for Coronet, are Steve Canyon, Copper Calhoon and Feeta-Feeta, the principal characters in Milton Caniff's new comic strip. The sketches and the artist's marginal notes indicate the preliminary steps involved in launching a new comic strip.

My first problem, of course, was to find a good title for the strip. This, I felt, should be the name of the leading character—in this case, a man. Women as title characters generally bring the adventure strip to a point where the writer has to pay off by letting the girl marry the guy. A hero can love and leave, but a girl cannot be so casual. And since the story form of comic strip never ends, the artist cannot very well resort to the "happy-ever-after" dodge and call it quits.

For the sweet sake of steady circulation, therefore, I decided on a man for my lead. But not an ordinary man: the carpet slippers and pipe of the stay-at-home are not suited to comic-strip heroes. Let the customers take it easy while the pen-and-ink boy carries them, by magic carpet, away from their troubles for a few minutes each day.

The next step was to select a name for my hero. I thought that if



I plotted his personality and background, the name might suggest itself. The name character was to be an ex-AAF pilot, if only because today's comic-strip hero must be able to pilot a plane just as he must know how to swim and drive a car. It would be silly to have him involved in a chase, for instance, and have the bad guys fly away, leaving him earthbound because he couldn't handle the controls of the aircraft standing conveniently at hand.

But there was more to the picture: the ex-Army lad, as an Air Transport Joe who had hauled VIPs (Very Important Persons) to all parts of the world during the war, would naturally be acquainted with practically every major airport in the world. A guy like that could function in the manner of the old-time plainsmen who guided wagon trains from the Mississippi and Missouri to the Coast.

Those scouts knew the Indians and their lore; they knew where the "friendly" water holes were located, when buffalo could be found for food, where the best trails ran. My boy could be a present-day version of those lean titans of the tumbleweed country—an "Airplanesman" instead of a Plainsman.

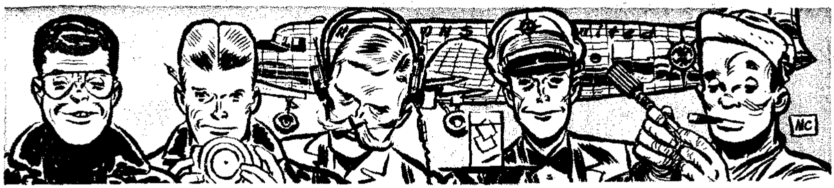
The physical type of tall, flat-bellied, sandy-haired, blue-eyed man I wanted for my hero was in the best tradition of both plainsmen and transport pilots. He would be a composite of pilot types, a Joe who has been there and back, whether you're talking about a fight, a frolic or a fudge party.

So much for the type. But he had to have a distinctive name, one that fitted him and was easy to remember. I wanted one part of his name to be deliberately contrived, yet a word known to every reader. Well, why not *Canyon?* It met the test and had a suggestion of the West. So much for the surname. Now to find a given name that went well with it.

After trying dozens of combinations, I finally hit on *Steve*. It's typically American, virile, and can be mighty impressive when expanded to Stevenson on a document. In combination, *Steve Canyon* was a

---

Upon graduation from Ohio State University, where he dabbled in dramatics and was art editor of the campus magazine, Milton Caniff wavered between art and the stage as a career. Then a newspaper cartoonist told him, "Stick to your ink pots, kid; actors don't eat regularly," and he has been an artist ever since. Best known for his popular *Terry and the Pirates*, Caniff also drew *Male Call*, a special strip for servicemen, during the war. His new comic strip, *Steve Canyon*, was launched in January in some 200 newspapers which bought it sight unseen. In this article, Caniff reveals some of his working secrets to show how a comic strip is born.



Copyright 1947, Field Enterprises, Inc.

registerable trade mark, being a made name. What's more, I checked the New York telephone directory and found no Steve Canyon listed. Even if there should be a real Steve Canyon somewhere, I'm not worried. Law suits stemming from similarity of names in a work of fiction are seldom filed if the character is a handsome hero; the law is called in only when the character is an offensive guy.

Of course, if Canyon was to run an air taxi service he would have to have a base for his operations—a metropolitan city to which he could return between adventures. Such a home office would further serve to shelter Steve Canyon, because he's never home long enough to keep an apartment. Hence the filing cabinet contains bedclothes, so that Steve can sleep on the desk. And because my hero was going to be the kind of guy who would take you anywhere anytime, a natural name for his business enterprise was Horizons Unlimited.

During working hours, the home office of Horizons Unlimited would also contain Steve's secretary, a Samoan-American girl named Feeta-Feeta. I planned her as one of those versatile gals who speak any number of languages, yet may never have been outside the county limits.

Now I was ready to start plotting my story. I planned to keep Feeta-Feeta around a long time as Canyon's girl Friday before giving her some big moments in a later sequence. But I knew that no dish so cute could be around for any length of time without getting in on the gravy.

For my principal feminine character I chose the name Copper Calhoon. Nicknamed for the color of her hair, I made Copper the daughter of a big Stock Exchange operator and gave her the old man's ruthlessness plus some distinctly feminine tricks of her own. Of course Copper would have to be beautiful. For a trade mark I decided to drape her in veils which framed her face, and I gave her that long-legged American figure the boys dreamed about overseas during the war, although she would expose her figure very little.

A girl like Copper is handy in a comic strip because she has money and is likely to pop up anywhere in the world. I first brought her into the story by having her hire Steve to fly a job for her, at the same time financing the purchase of a converted C-54 by Horizons Unlimited in order to put Steve under obligation to her.

Now the actions of comic-strip people are subject to change without notice and, it has been intimated, often without reason. So I usually begin a sequence knowing pretty well how I want it to end. But I have changed plots in mid-story because readers have guessed the payoff and written me about it. What happens to Copper may follow this pattern. She might even turn out to be my eventual heroine instead of a villainness.

For an added starter in the early stages of the story, I gave Copper a secretary and general fixer named Mr. Dayzee. Mr. D. served as the original contact between Steve and Copper, by way of Feeta-Feeta.

Now that I had my four main people selected and appropriately named, I was ready for some of the minor characters. Among them would be Steve's five-man plane crew, fellow stockholders in Horizons Unlimited. Each would have to be enough of a person to hold the center of the stage alone, yet fade away behind the leading actors when the story continuity did not directly concern him.

These, then, are the principal ingredients of Steve Canyon as the daily installments roll out like batter on a hot griddle (with a waffle in color on Sunday). I am sure that by now you see the point in the continued-story strip. It's the simple one of getting you to buy tomorrow's paper. The suspense technique is a mean trick, I'll admit, but it works.

For instance: you are probably wondering what is going to happen next to all the people I have described. Well, you will have to buy your newspaper to get the answer. After all, it's a business with me.

Remember, the paper dolls don't eat, but I do!

* * *

The Test of Tact

ONLY THE THATCH of rumpled hair and two sets of chubby fingers showed above the meat counter to indicate a possible customer to the busy clerks. His turn came and was passed by, but he waited patiently.

Finally, one clerk noticed him and said, "What will you have, son?"

The boy answered gravely, "I'd like some scraps for my dog."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, "and how much? About a dime's worth?"

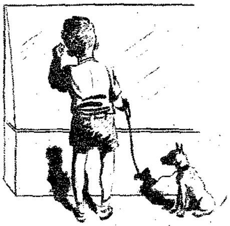
The boy hesitated a moment, then replied, "Yes, that will be fine," but a troubled expression crossed his face. The clerk noticed the frown as he slid the package across the counter to his young customer.

"Have you a big dog or a little dog?" he asked.

"Oh, he's just a tiny dog," the boy replied quickly.

The clerk beamed. "I knew it!" he said. "I always fix a big dime's worth for big dogs, and a little dime's worth for little dogs. This package is a little dime's worth, and only costs you a nickel. Come in again, sir."

And a small boy, his pride saved, paid his money and departed. —C. B. ROGERS



Heroes of the Milk Run

by **Vivian Wilson and Jacqueline Berke**

Danger rides with them as the Lancelots of the dawn brigade make their rounds

THE SUN WAS STILL dozing when Leo Vaut, an Oklahoma milkman, reached the last house on his route. He placed two quarts of milk on the back porch and then straightened up to watch a transport plane take off from a near-by airfield. Suddenly a motor sputtered, the plane's graceful rise became a convulsive downward plunge. It crashed. Tiny teeth of flame nibbled at the wreckage.

The milkman's shocked paralysis was only momentary. With split-second timing he rushed to the burning plane as two of the passengers crawled out. Ignoring danger to himself, he dragged eight others to safety, smothering sparks in their clothing with his bare hands.

Leo Vaut received public honors for the courageous exploit, but his comment was modest: "It's all in a day's work." Yes, it *is* all in a day's work for Vaut and his partners-in-trade. Danger is a steady customer on the daily milk run. Milkmen have captured bandits, delivered babies, stopped runaway horses, saved children from drowning and rescued people from burning houses. All this and milk deliveries too.

Not that the milkman is a professional hero. But while others slumber peacefully he rides the streets, seeing things that necessarily escape his sleeping customers—a house on fire, a holdup in a dark alley, a car overturned in a canal. Challenged to think quickly and act boldly, the milkman comes through.

No one knows this better than the Milk Industry Foundation. In recognition of distinguished feats performed by milkmen in line of duty, this organization sponsors annual "Pasteur Medal Awards" to Lancelots of the milk run. To date, 118 men in the U. S., Canada and England have been decorated by the Foundation. From this ten-year-old honor roll come dramatic stories about the men to whom you nightly scribble a casual order note.

One summer morning in 1941, Cornelius Oker of Los Angeles saved the lives of two children who had dug deep holes in the back yard. With juvenile ingenuity, they had decided to build a tunnel connecting the holes. But as they tried to dig an underground passage, the idea, and the earth above, collapsed.

Milkman Oker picked that crucial moment to collect the family's weekly bill. When he saw what had happened he forgot his original errand. In a race with the suffocating earth, he clawed at the ground with his hands, and lifted two unconscious bodies from the pit. While a neighbor applied artificial respiration to one child, Oker placed his lips on the mouth of the other and for 30 minutes breathed air into the lungs. When it was over the children went to bed. And the milkman went back to work.

In San Francisco, George O'Connor intercepted disaster. As he stepped from his wagon in front of a customer's home he heard the crash of glass. He looked up to see a little girl catapulting through an upstairs window. Dropping his bottles, he sprang forward and caught the child in his arms. The force of her plunge knocked him to the ground but his body cushioned her fall. A tearful but grateful mother told O'Connor that her daughter had been jumping up and down on a daybed when she lost her balance and went through the window.

To Carl Knapp of New Haven, Connecticut, went a trophy for accident prevention. Riding past a public school at recess time, he waved to a crowd of children. The horse bolted, started to run away. Hastily weighing the lives of the youngsters against personal risk, Knapp made his choice—and stayed with the wagon. As it careened downhill he tugged at the reins, feeling the taut leather cut his palms. The wagon toppled over and the milkman was badly injured, but police said his daring averted a catastrophe.

EXTRACURRICULAR EXPLOITS of milkmen rival the deeds of professional fire fighters. Early one morning Max Schecht rang the bell of a New York apartment building on his route. When his superintendent friend did not appear, Schecht peered through a window and saw the man asleep in a chair next to a lighted Christmas tree. Again the milkman rang. This time the superintendent sprang up but his feet tangled in the tree's wires and he was thrown to the floor. As Schecht watched, the tree burst into flames and fell on the now-unconscious figure.

Milkman Schecht hurled himself against the door, splintering the wood. He stumbled into the room, pulled the tree off the victim, then smothered the man's smoldering clothing and stamped out the fire that had already spread to curtains and furniture.

As unofficial guardian of suburban streets, the milkman often tangles with thieves. When three armed men held up a woman and her children on a lonely Boston road, they thought their crime would go unseen and unsolved. But Thomas J. Buckley, Jr., milkman on the route, was an agile witness. Chasing the thieves through back yards and over fences, he retrieved a purse containing $185 in cash.

A Philadelphia milkman, Charles Nelson, saved a night-worker's salary and perhaps her life when he hit an armed thief over the head with a milk bottle. The two men fought it out with fists, the thug on the losing end, until police arrived. Nelson got more than a medal out of this heroic battle. A few weeks later he married the girl he had so gallantly defended.

The roadside auto accident is a familiar spectacle to rural milkmen. While driving at night along a turnpike near Easton, Pennsylvania, John Snyder saw a car ahead skid over an embankment into 10 feet of water. Using the still-burning taillights as a guide, Snyder dived into the water and groped for the car doors. His hand touched a clammy face and he pulled one body from the wreck. Then, mustering all his energy, he repeated the dive three times. But the four passengers he brought up were all dead.

The sight of an open car overturned in a ditch made James Greene of Pontiac, Michigan, stop and hurry to the side of the road. He freed the driver, a boy, from the wreckage, but another boy was pinned beneath, face down in a pool of water. Greene crawled under the car, raised the running board on his shoulders and remained in that position until the boy had inched his way out.

THE MILKMAN WILL make deliveries by motorboat or ice skates; will swim through flood waters with milk cans tied to his back. Even families marooned by spring rains or winter storms can be sure that the milk, like the mail, will get through.

When a Wisconsin snow storm isolated the Children's Convalescent Hospital on the outskirts of Milwaukee, high winds and below-zero temperature were no obstacles to John Darm and Clarence Dibb. They started for the hospital by truck, but two miles away the machine stalled and the milkmen were forced to battle the blizzard on foot. Improvising a sledge from an old sugar barrel, they pushed three eight-gallon milk cans through man-sized drifts to their objective.

Champion of motherhood, the milkman vies with policemen and taxi drivers in obstetrical achievement. Samuel Corrigan saved two lives when he delivered a baby in his milk wagon. On a highway near York, Pennsylvania, he picked up a young woman on her way to the hospital. Corrigan challenged the speed limits that night but he could not match the lightning pace of birth. After the baby was born, he wrapped it in his sweater and tied the mother's clothes tightly about her. A few minutes later he delivered his charges, along with the daily supply of milk, to the hospital.

If life has found an ally in the milkman, then death has found a foe. Roland Peterson outreached its lethal grasp with a dose of psychiatry. When he smelled gas fumes coming from a customer's Chicago apartment, he battered down the door and found a man and his wife lying on the kitchen floor. Applying artificial respiration, the milkman frustrated their attempt at suicide. After the unhappy victims had regained consciousness, the milkman sat down and talked to them, offering some sound advice. Thus he revived their minds and faith as well as their bodies.

Adventure, however, is not the only side line of the milkman's job. The community expects him to double as neighborhood sage, household mechanic or general all-around man. Notes from customer-correspondents appeal for a wide and humorous variety of services.

"Should Mary wear her rubbers to school today?" asked the woman who trusted her milkman more than she did the weather bureau.

"If you see the baker, tell him not to ring. Just leave two loaves of white bread—sliced," wrote a housewife who wanted to sleep late.

"We've gone to the city overnight. Will you look at the children and make sure they're all right?" suggested a carefree young couple.

One New York milkman produced a prize request from his collection of fan mail. Shortly after he had won the Pasteur Silver Medal for rescuing five people from a burning apartment, he found this note tucked in a bottle:

"Dear Milkman: Since you are willing to risk your life for the people down the block, I wonder if you'd do a little favor for me? My car is stalled in front of the house. I've left the key under the mat outside the door. Will you try to start the car? Also, it was steaming last night so would you put some water in the radiator? Thanks."

Grounds for Divorce

Unhappily wed, a Minneapolis woman has sued for divorce. The charge: hubby put fishhooks in his pants pockets each night.

Deaf-mute Kenneth Downing was granted a divorce. The grounds: wife-nagging in the sign language. —*Camp News Service*

In a southern court a man confessed to pickpocketing, then promptly applied for a divorce. He declared that in the wallet stolen from a sailor he found his wife's picture!

In Camden, N. J., a woman was granted a divorce on the grounds that her husband forced her to duck under the dashboard while he drove past a girl friend.

A woman in a Western state is seeking a divorce from her husband because he wears earplugs every time her mother visits them.

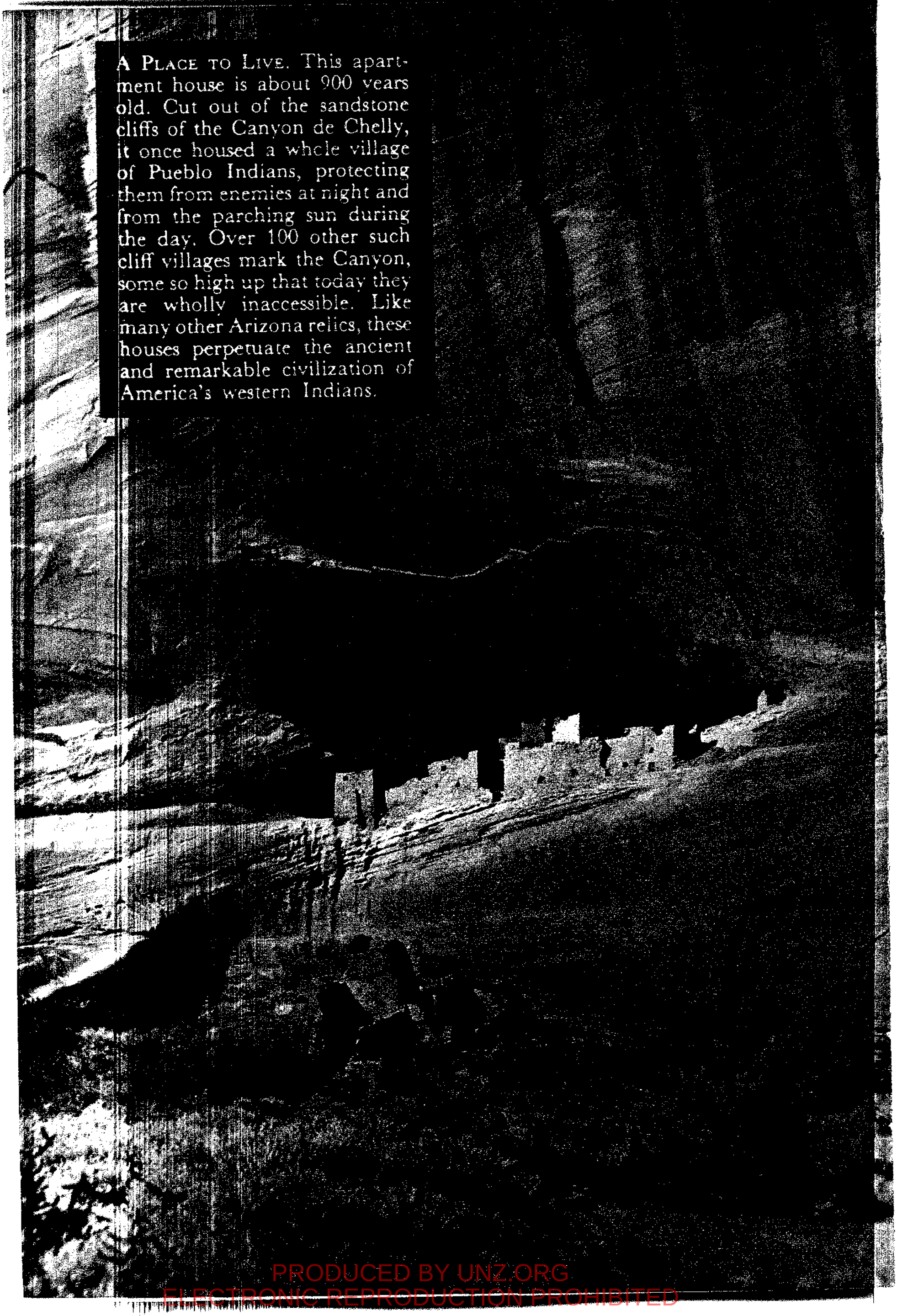
A Los Angeles woman won a divorce when she told of her husband's habit of leaving her at a cheap movie while he went on to a more expensive one.

It wasn't the frequent "other woman" who broke up a marriage in Salem, Massachusetts. A Salem matron, suing for divorce, complained that her spouse "stayed home too much and was too affectionate."

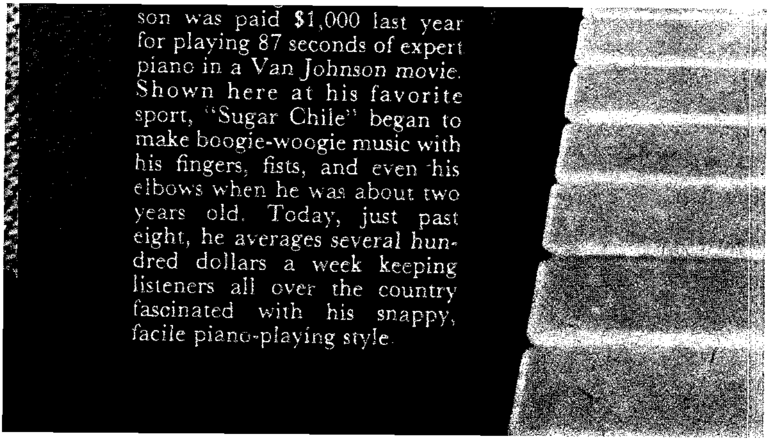
Around the World in Pictures

Presenting Easter Sunday, the circus, and the face of Liberty, among other exciting photographs of the earth and its wonders.

Lady Bullet. Roaring out of a cannon in a blast of smoke, Miss Victoria Zacchini here reaches the climax of one of the circus's most daring and spectacular feats. Flirting with death, she keeps her body rigid, for a relaxed body smashing into the net 200 feet away would almost surely be torn to bits. Firing human beings out of cannons is an act haunted by death and injury, yet performers refuse to give it up, or to reveal the secrets behind its breath-taking and realistic explosions.



A PLACE TO LIVE. This apartment house is about 900 years old. Cut out of the sandstone cliffs of the Canyon de Chelly, it once housed a whole village of Pueblo Indians, protecting them from enemies at night and from the parching sun during the day. Over 100 other such cliff villages mark the Canyon, some so high up that today they are wholly inaccessible. Like many other Arizona relics, these houses perpetuate the ancient and remarkable civilization of America's western Indians.



son was paid $1,000 last year for playing 87 seconds of expert piano in a Van Johnson movie. Shown here at his favorite sport, "Sugar Chile" began to make boogie-woogie music with his fingers, fists, and even his elbows when he was about two years old. Today, just past eight, he averages several hundred dollars a week keeping listeners all over the country fascinated with his snappy, facile piano-playing style.

Prospecting for Black Gold

In the early days of the oil industry, before science had developed the tools to probe Nature's secrets, locating an oil well was often a matter of hunch. Legend has it that one pioneer explorer for liquid gold scaled his hat into the air, then drilled where the hat landed. Such tales are part of the industry's picturesque past, as are the hit-or-miss methods they glorify. Today, science is responsible for almost all oil-well discoveries.

Drilling is preceded by months of painstaking work by geologists, paleontologists and geophysicists. The geologist, however, may be preceded by an aerial photographer whose bird's-eye views give a quick picture of an area that the scientist could not cover in weeks. From the pictures, he can study promising locations for the three elements which indicate the presence of oil: a possible source bed, a reservoir of porous rock, and a structural trap.

The source bed is a rock formation which was once the floor of an ancient sea; its fossil remains are generally considered to be the source of petroleum. The reservoir contains the oil generated in the source bed, and the structural trap is the obstruction in the reservoir against which the oil accumulates.

When the geologist finds all three elements, a geophysicist is called in to measure the earth's gravitational pull. Meantime, from fossil remains a paleontologist determines the age of the strata being studied. Next a seismograph crew may set off a dynamite charge, creating an artificial earthquake whose tremors, recorded at the surface, indicate the depth of underlying strata which may be oil traps.

Once a spot has been selected on the basis of these scientific findings, the operator moves in. Only now is he ready to drill. And no longer, as in the old days, does he crowd his wells close together, defacing the landscape with ugly derricks. Wells are spaced far apart, and when one is completed, the derrick is generally taken down, leaving little more than a pipe and valve sticking from the ground.

With new drilling techniques and finer machinery, today's wells are brought in without spilling a drop of oil. The "gusher" went out years ago. True, it was awe-inspiring to behold, but it wasted the precious black gold so vital to our economy. And the war taught us one unforgettable lesson: the importance of conserving our natural resources for future generations of Americans.

←

Hot Head. Today a picture like this of a new oil well spouting flames 300 feet into the air is rare, for modern methods have practically eliminated well-head fires. But in the old days almost every new well "struck" this way—in a burst of flaming oil.

Here Come the Clowns!

As the nine-year-old boy with broken legs watched the rollicking circus clowns, his face brightened and he forgot his crutches. "I've been waiting all day for this," he whispered. "Gee!"

The youngster was one of New York City's hundreds of handicapped children who couldn't go to the circus. But they didn't miss the big show. The Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey circus had come to them, just as it has each spring for 44 years.

On the grounds of Bellevue Hospital, seats for 3,000 are erected, with standing room for 2,000 more. Other spectators watch the show from the hospital's balconies. There, blanket-wrapped patients in wheelchairs and cots cheer the daredevils on the trapeze, marvel at the feats of performing animals, roar with laughter at the foolish antics of the clowns.

"That's the kind of applause we wait for all through the season," say the circus people. "We who know a thing or two about courage admire the courage of the sick. We salute that courage."

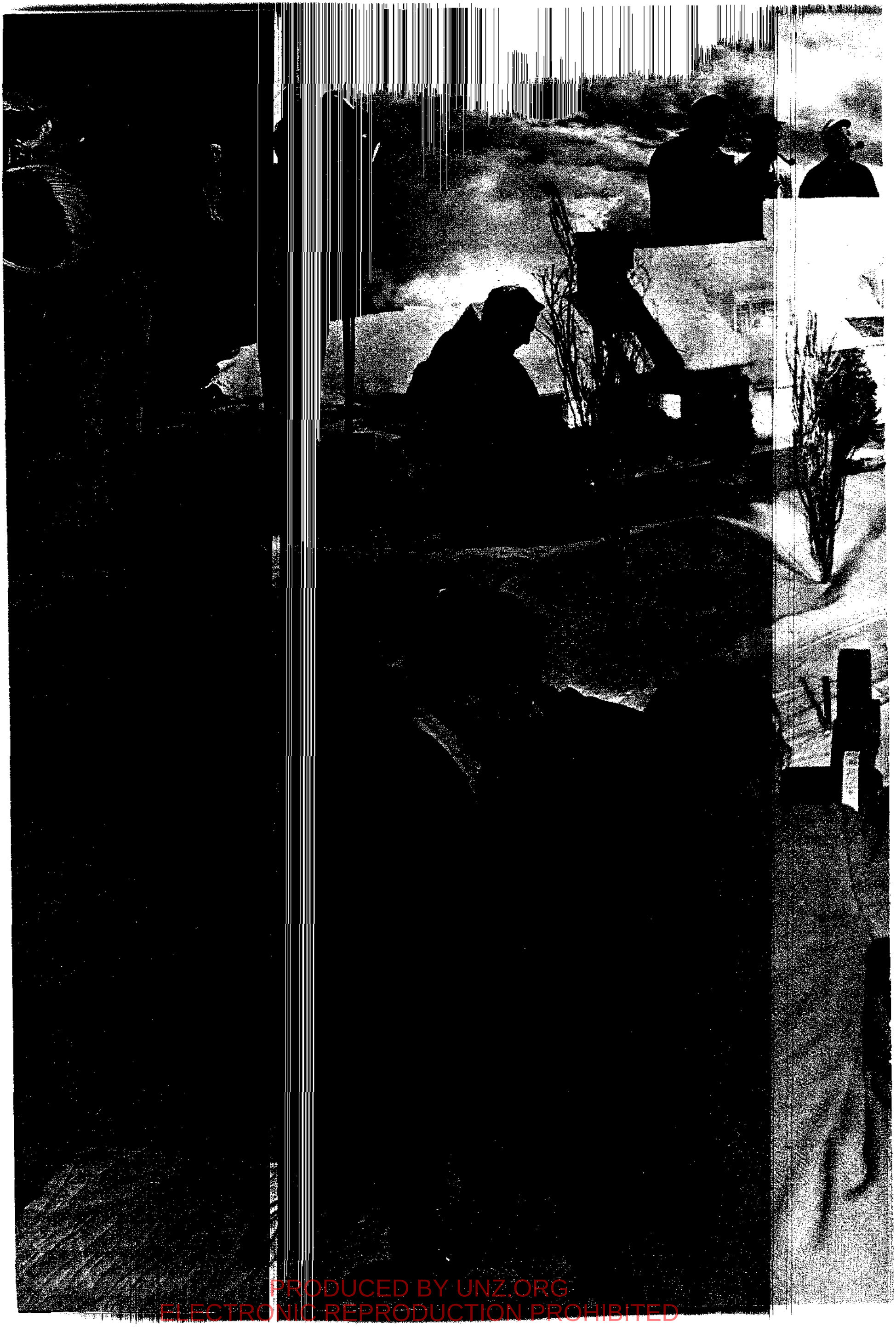
Even patients in quarantine are not forgotten. A special troupe of clowns invades the wards with their own type of therapy—the medicine of laughter.

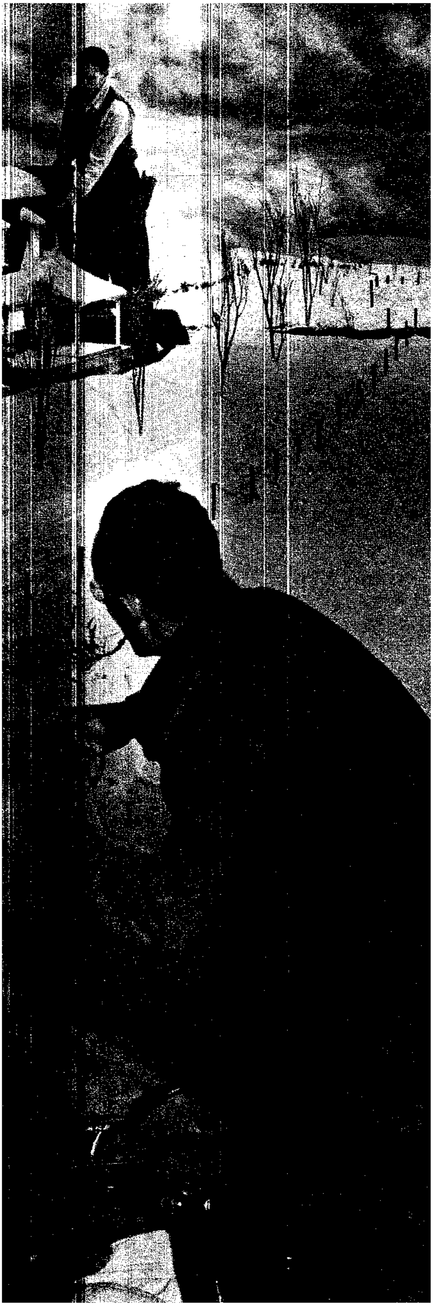
Another Ringling performance is staged each year in Madison Square Garden for inmates of Manhattan's orphanages, hospitals and other institutions. To make the circus complete in every detail, performers and concessionaires generally get up a pool to buy peanuts, paper hats, candy and souvenirs for the excited children.

If you were to ask the boys and girls to pick their favorite act, they would probably settle for the clowns, "Because they're so funny." Among the top performers is Emmett Leo Kelly, one of the most famous in all circus history. Thanks to Kelly and all the other traditionally soft-hearted people of the Big Top, the sick and underprivileged children of a great city are not forgotten when circus-time rolls around. Eagerly they wait to hear the ringmaster's familiar introduction: "Greetings, children! The circus welcomes you and thanks you for coming; this performance gives us more pleasure than any other of the season. Let 'er go!"

And in answer to that cue, the trombones blare, the elephants enter the ring, and a tinsel fairyland becomes reality for hundreds of happy, wide-eyed children.

Her Fingers See. In this picture, which fully expresses the generosity and kindliness of circus people, a little blind girl uses her fingers to get a good "look" at Emmett Kelly, a circus clown famous for his humorous performances as a slow-witted, lovable tramp.





A World in Miniature

When Jerry Beigel awoke one day in a hospital in England, his nerves shattered by the blast of a delayed-action bomb, he had all but lost control of his muscles. Doctors offered little hope of recovery, but they didn't know Jerry. He whispered a request in his nurse's ear, and she thought the boy had gone crazy. To humor him, however, she brought the match sticks and old razor blade he wanted.

Then Jerry set out to prove the doctors wrong. His first efforts were discouraging, but he persisted until, by sheer will power, he had brought his nerves sufficiently under control to produce a tiny carving. Little by little his work—and his nerves—improved; soon his carvings reflected the skill of an expert craftsman. From match sticks—the most fragile wood imaginable—he carved figures of people, animals, and even a church steeple with bell tower, windows, and shingles on the roof.

In Jerry Beigel's case, his miniatures were a form of therapy. Yet hundreds of people have made a fascinating hobby of producing miniatures of every conceivable object: growing gardens, ships in bottles, furnished doll houses, sets of carpenter's tools, jugs, vases, books, jewelry, furniture.

Among the most famous miniatures are the period rooms which Mrs. James Ward Thorne presented to the Art Institute of Chicago after they had been displayed throughout the United States. Furniture, light fixtures, wallpaper, rugs and hangings are tiny but precise reproductions of authentic European and American designs.

Another remarkable collection is that of William B. Meyers of Newark, New Jersey, a silversmith whose hobby is like a busman's holiday—silversmithing in miniature! His masterpieces are so tiny that their fine detail can be seen only through a jeweler's glass. One silver tea service can be held in the palm of the hand yet the covers are hinged and the spouts pour.

Another triumph of miniature is the smallest printed book in the world—*The Rose Garden of Omar Khayyám*—in the Cleveland Public Library's collection. It measures 7 by 5 millimeters and weighs only a grain and a quarter, yet it can be read with a magnifying glass.

And so the work of fashioning tiny reproductions goes on, becoming more exacting all the time. Who knows? Someone may yet surpass the feat of inscribing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin.

Little Beauty. Holding a tiny reproduction of a full-sized antique candlestick before his jeweler's lens, William B. Meyers of Newark, N. J., examines it for flaws. Silversmith Meyers spends his spare time making miniature copies of antique masterpieces.

Easter on Fifth Avenue

THE HAUGHTY, STREAMLINED shops with their imposing plate-glass façades had not yet shouldered the respectable old stone mansions off New York's Fifth Avenue. The skyward climb of a virile young Radio City had not yet dwarfed the fragile loveliness of the twin spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral. But the people of New York, on that Easter Day at the turn of the century, behaved very much as New Yorkers do today.

When services were over and the doors of the churches flung wide, congregations from St. Thomas's and the First Presbyterian, from St. Patrick's and the Marble Collegiate Church, chatting, peering, commenting, formed the procession—Fifth Avenue's traditional Easter Parade.

Shortly after 1 o'clock, the sidewalks on either side of the Avenue were paved with humanity. Photographers snapped men in modish wing collars, close-fitting frock coats, sleek silk hats or derbies, and ladies who carried on their heads great burdens of fruits, flowers and vegetables. A New York reporter, gazing down at the spectacle from atop a Fifth Avenue stage, described the men's and women's hats as "a great army of black beetles bobbing along in two gigantic flower beds."

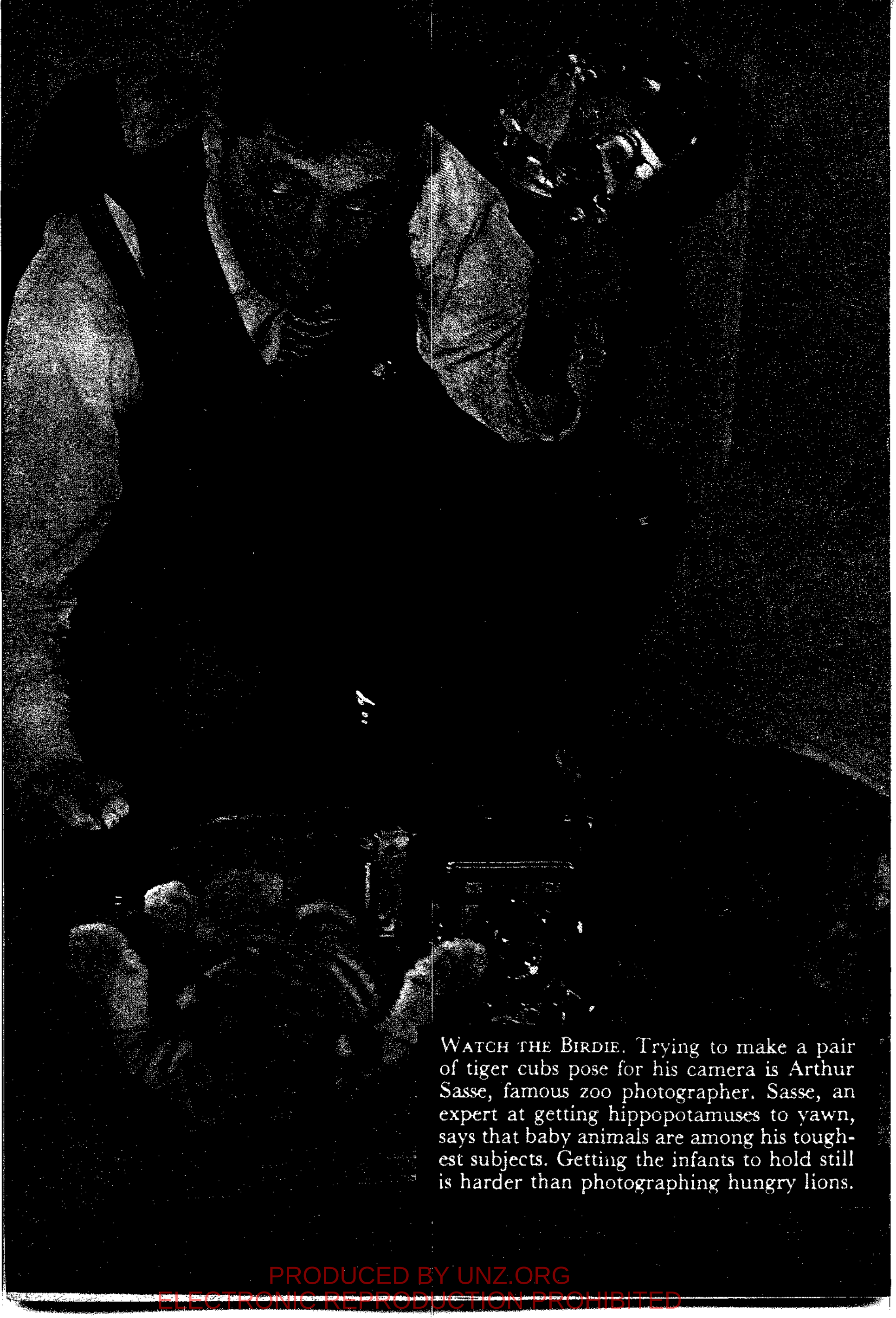
It was a clean, blowy April day—brisk but clear. Gold-headed canes glistened in the Easter sun. The spicy fragrance of Parma violet corsages mingled with the soft freshness of spring and, for a few hours, scented all of Fifth Avenue from 34th Street to the Plaza.

Horse-drawn hansom cabs, carriages, buggies and phaetons carried sight-seers down the Avenue with sedate precision. One cherry-and-canary-colored tallyho attracted considerable attention, for the paraders were as interested in looking as in being looked at.

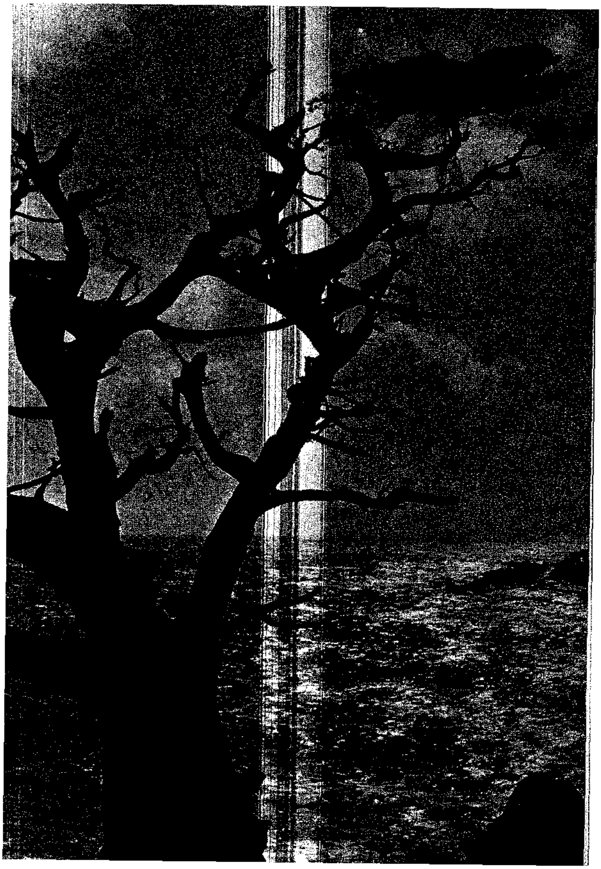
Velveteen, box cloth and serge, in shades of heliotrope, strawberry and tawny plum, were popular among the tastefully attired. And the more daring ladies were actually wearing the new ankle-length "rainy day" skirts in dry weather.

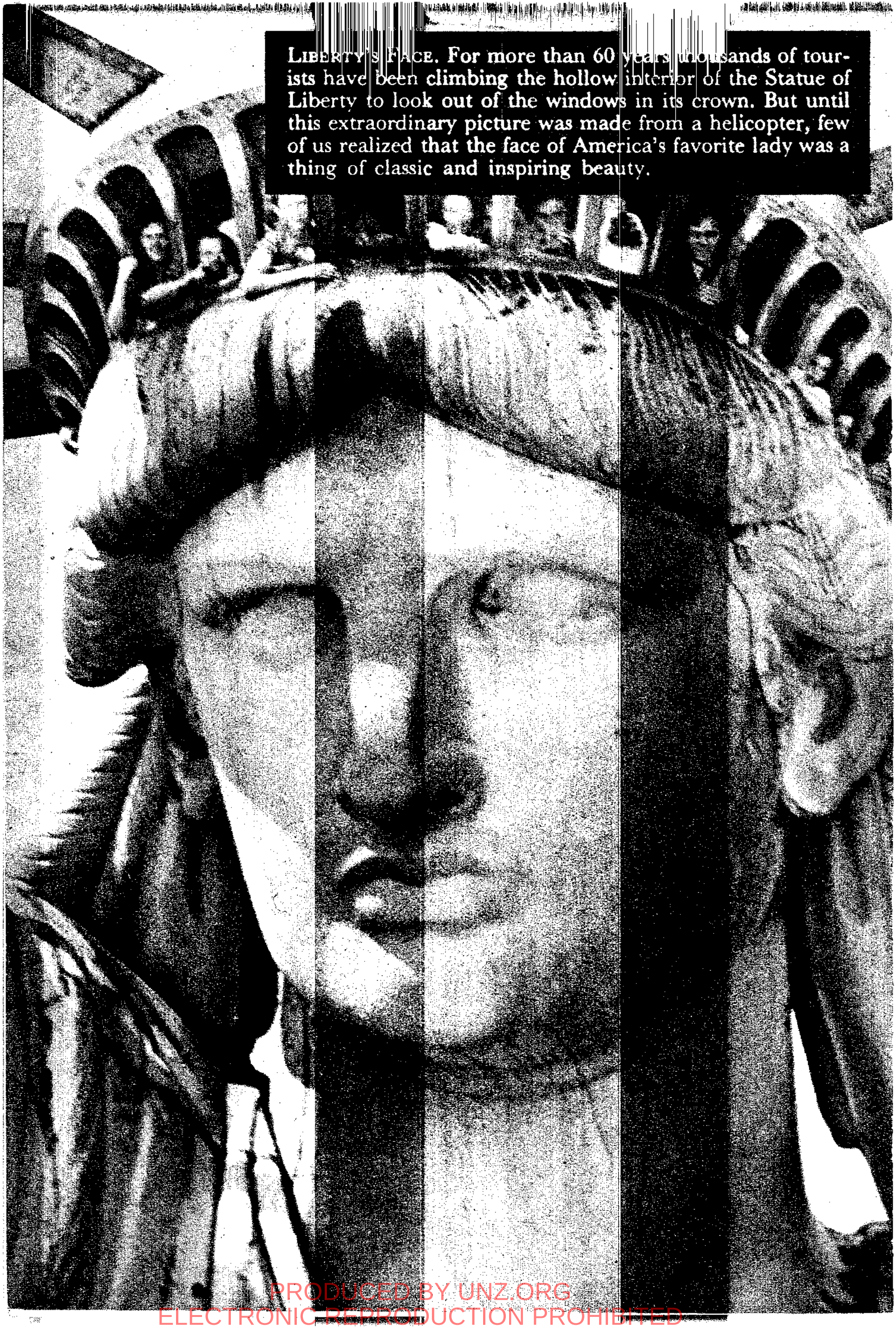
By 2:30, the crowds began to disperse, and by late afternoon Fifth Avenue was its typical, placid Sabbath self. Once again the city had successfully staged its festive promenade—the famous Easter Parade that has been held each year, without rehearsal or formal announcement, without planning or press-agenting, for as long as New Yorkers can recall.

EASTER PARADE. This photograph of Fifth Avenue, New York, was taken on an Easter Sunday almost 50 years ago. Across the street is St. Patrick's Cathedral, and in the foreground New York's elite promenade in their holiday finery, just as they still do today.



WATCH THE BIRDIE. Trying to make a pair of tiger cubs pose for his camera is Arthur Sasse, famous zoo photographer. Sasse, an expert at getting hippopotamuses to yawn, says that baby animals are among his toughest subjects. Getting the infants to hold still is harder than photographing hungry lions.





LIBERTY'S FACE. For more than 60 years thousands of tourists have been climbing the hollow interior of the Statue of Liberty to look out of the windows in its crown. But until this extraordinary picture was made from a helicopter, few of us realized that the face of America's favorite lady was a thing of classic and inspiring beauty.

I Live in a Trailer

by Sylvia Jacobs

You don't have to be a gypsy to take to the open road; a home on wheels can be the key to adventure and wider horizons

MY HOME IS A HOUSE with a thousand addresses. My mail box is in New York, Illinois, Ohio, Oregon, California, and in the cities and towns between. I know the wheat fields of Kansas, the red barns of Indiana, the beaches of Florida, the plains of Texas. For I live in a trailer, and to me it's the only way to live.

Perhaps you have seen us rolling down the highway by day or huddled in a trailer park at night. Have you wondered, at times, what manner of strange people live on wheels? And with your curiosity sharpened by the housing shortage, have you asked: should I buy a trailer? What is it like to live in one?

My answer is this: trailer life is fun, bringing with it adventure, new horizons and a wonderful sense of freedom—if you go about it the right way. Our family has been enjoying trailer life for more years than I can count on one hand, and we wouldn't trade our home on wheels for any stationary home, anywhere.

Yet buying a trailer isn't as simple as walking into a showroom and saying, "I'll take that one." It demands the same care as buying a house. Too many war workers and ex-GIs who bought trailers in a hurry were soon damning them as hell on wheels. But the others—the 750,000 who are reveling in trailer life today—bought wisely and are living well.

There are trade secrets in buying a trailer—trade secrets that, once learned, will save you time, effort and money. Tip number one: visit a trailer showroom. But remember you are not buying. You are merely looking over the field to determine the size and model best suited to your nomadic needs.

Now, what *are* your needs? If you buy a trailer simply for short vacation trips, a small model may be adequate. For consistent traveling, however, you need a streamlined model about seven feet wide and twenty feet long. If you intend to use the trailer as a permanent home, settling down in one place for six months or more, you need a model in which roominess, storage space and sleeping comfort are prime features.

Once you have determined the size, step two is to shop the used-trailer lots and compare prices. Between $3,000 and $4,000 is not too much to pay for a new trailer. Ours is second-hand, neither the smallest nor the largest, and cost $2,000. This price is quite fair for a trailer-furnished home: many young couples pay as much for household furniture alone.

When buying a used trailer, make sure it is weatherproof, for a trailer must stand outside in fair or foul weather. Exteriors are of leatherette, masonite or steel. Leatherette makes an attractive, lightweight trailer, but you must keep it waxed to prevent deterioration. Masonite looks like steel but dents more easily. So a light steel body is best.

Don't worry about scratched paint and worn linoleum. Spray painting costs $75 to $100, new linoleum about $50. Select the best you can afford, for your home on wheels must be able to take terrific wear and tear.

After ten years in newspaper and advertising work, Sylvia Jacobs became a free-lance magazine writer and now contributes regularly to many national publications. In 1944, when her husband became a deep-sea diver, she sold their home near San Francisco and set up housekeeping in a trailer so she could accompany him on his travels. She has lived in a trailer ever since, completely content with her home on wheels.

Yet even after making a choice, don't buy—yet! Step number three is to visit a trailer camp, knock on a door, inquire about trailers. Trailer folk are friendly and only too willing to talk. You will get sound, helpful advice on the good and bad features of various models.

Whatever you do, don't buy a "cheap" trailer. A ramshackle job will only make life miserable, and probably be barred from the better trailer parks. Cramming a family of four into a one-roomer is silly. And for the sake of family safety, be sure your trailer is equipped with electric brakes.

I hope you will find what you want for about $2,000. To this, add $200 for accessories: an awning, a wooden step-platform before the door, a storage box, a fence which you can put inside while traveling. And now, here are some further economic facts.

If possible, pay cash for your trailer. A finance company considers the trailer a vehicle rather than a dwelling, so you can't buy on an FHA loan. Also, some finance companies will not let you take the trailer out of the state while a balance is due.

After buying a trailer, many owners look at their car and wail, "But it will never pull that big house on wheels!" Don't worry, it will. A comparatively light car can convoy a heavy trailer almost anywhere, if first you attach "helper" springs which are available from trailer-part dealers. The roadability of trailers is surprising. Our home on wheels has taken us over the Smoky Mountains and into the great deserts of the West, and we've never been stuck yet.

When you inspect a trailer, note first that there are no stairs to climb—a pleasant feature for older folk. To the left as you enter, hidden behind a sliding panel, is the kitchen, complete with sink, stove and pantry, all in one compact unit. Called the galley by trailerites, this is usually amidships where it receives a minimum of vibration.

In the breakfast nook is a full-length mirror and near-by are three or four big closets. In one corner is a small gasoline stove and a kerosene heater. Along the wall is a sofa, which likely turns into a bed. In some trailers, bedrooms are permanently closed off, a handy feature for day sleepers or a sick child. Screens are at the windows, linoleum on the floor, a refrigerator gleams whitely in the corner.

"Wonderful!" you say. "So little house cleaning to do!"

But take off those rose-colored glasses and look again. Though you have less house to clean, you will have to clean more often, because trailer windows when open are excellent dust-catchers.

WHAT FURNISHINGS WILL you need? Experienced trailerites reduce wardrobe and personal possessions to a minimum. There's no room here for extra hats, party tablecloths, expensive china or any other items seldom used. Forget that Persian rug: you'll find linoleum far more practical. Stock up on children's clothes, underwear, stockings and towels, for washing machines are rare in trailer parks.

Now, then, you have bought your home on wheels and are ready to Get Away From It All. A few last precautions: check your water supply. Many trailers carry a water tank, but don't keep it full as this upsets the weight distribution. For your stove you will need gasoline—*white* gasoline—for any other kind clogs the burners. And for the sake of safety, be sure there are clearance lights on all corners of the trailer and a wide-angle rear-view mirror beside the driving wheel.

Now, you're off, captain of your own road cruiser, rolling down the great free highways of America. Hours and miles later when you drop anchor for a night's lodging, you will meet a new kind of community—the trailer park. Rent for a lot generally ranges from $12 to $15 a month. This price includes water, but electricity, heating and cooking fuels may be extra. Veteran trailerites prefer municipal parks, where they plug into city electricity and connect the faucet hose to city water. Showers are available at all camps, while washing machines may usually be rented for a small fee.

Bow gracefully to trailer customs instead of battling them—they are the product of experience. Unironed sheets will save you trouble when the ironing board is small and working space limited. Get into the habit of marketing daily, instead of buying space-consuming staples in large quantities.

Remember not to get your sink stopped up when your drain is an ordinary garden hose. You will have running cold water, but you'll have to learn to make a teakettle of hot water go a long way, thus saving yourself countless trips to the washroom.

When you buy a trailer, you expect your geographical horizons to be widened. But a by-product of trailer-park life that often comes as a pleasant surprise to former house-dwellers is the extension of human horizons, too.

What kind of people are we? People much like you: businessmen, engineers, photographers, salesmen, writers and a host of others with a background as civilized as your own. We are neither vagabonds nor gypsies; and it is not only the housing shortage that put so many of us on wheels. Time and again I've heard trailerites say: "I wouldn't trade my trailer for any house."

A few trailerites are the shiftless type who have given camps a bad name in some communities. But the majority, you will find, are responsible people in every sense of the word, taking as much pride in keeping their trailers and lots in good condition as any house-owner takes in his dwelling, and often having a comparable sum invested.

Living in a trailer park, you cannot be guilty of the mental and emotional isolationism that dwellers in houses and apartments so often exhibit. You live too closely with your neighbors for that. In fact, when you put your home on wheels, you are likely to trade old and deep-rooted intolerances for an enlightening education in human understanding.

Next Month in Coronet

The May issue of Coronet, brighter and cheerier than ever, will contain dozens of unforgettable stories and pictures. Here are just a few of them:

- **Mother and I:** A nostalgic eight-page Mother's Day feature in rich, full color, painted especially for Coronet by talented Sheilah Beckett.
- **Of Men and Horses:** A delightful 12-page picture story illustrated with some of the handsomest photographs of horses that you've ever seen.
- **Treasures in the Sky:** A four-page picture story which captures the beauty of the heavens, in brilliant color, from dawn to sunset.
- **This Is England:** A charming 20-page photographic tour of the picturesque English countryside.
- **For God and Texas:** A condensation of the exciting new book by Green Peyton.

Look for these and many other memorable features in the May issue of Coronet, on sale at all newsstands April 25.

Hijacking Unlimited

by GEORGE WEINSTEIN

Smoother and smarter than ever before, the gangs preying on America's truckers have put their business on a boom basis

"WHAT A GANG OF workers you've got there! Two hours past quitting time and they're still going like beavers! Must be an extra special job."

"Yeh, the Army wants this stuff in a hurry. Gotta get it reloaded and into New York by morning."

Even the foreman seemed too busy to talk much. The night watchman stood by admiringly. This was the way men used to work when he was in the trucking business . . . Oh, well, he'd better get off the loading platform and continue his rounds. You had to be checking all the time these days.

Yes, you had, he found out next morning. For those beavers turned out to be hijackers. "Casing" the job at this truck terminal, the gang learned that the watchman made his first check on the platform at 2 o'clock—two hours after the night shift went off. They also learned that the large trailer with the Army cargo would arrive too near midnight to be unloaded by the regular crew.

And so the gang appeared on the platform at 12:30 and became the "night shift" working "overtime." They then calmly proceeded to unload the trailer into two trucks they had brought along. When they drove off a few hours later they had a good night's pay for "overtime"—$49,000 worth of scarce woolens.

Hijacking has come a long way since Prohibition, when tommy guns blazed away as rival gangs snatched each other's truckloads of needled beer and bathtub gin. Today's hijackers are smoother and smarter. They brandish a gun occasionally, but try to keep the rough stuff down to a minimum because it is too dangerous.

Careful "casing," or reconnoitering, usually eliminates gunplay. On a regular truck run from Wilmington to New York City, one mob noticed that the driver always stopped for coffee along the road. When the shipment of textiles they were looking for came through, they tailed it until the driver made his stop—this time right in Manhattan. As soon as he stepped into the diner, one of the mob took the wheel of the truck and drove off.

Slick operations like these have put the hijacking business on a boom basis. The take in 1945 was $25,000,000, mostly in scarce merchandise. By the time the stuff reached the consumer, it had probably been pyramided into double that figure. And the take last year was even greater.

During the war, when rubber

and silk supplies from the Orient were cut off, these two commodities became prime targets. When sugar was rationed in 1942, hijackers went after it like flies. A favorite ambush spot was upper New York City, where gangs lay in wait for loads coming down from a refinery in near-by Yonkers. Many loads were hijacked by moonshiners, who use sugar to turn out a potent alcohol known as "sugarhead."

It was the same with coffee. Piers, warehouses and even retail stores were almost blockaded by hijackers waiting to pounce upon trucks bearing the aromatic bean. Finally the FBI took a hand. One gang had a sad experience with a 12-ton load snatched from a chain-store truck and hidden in a garage "drop" until things cooled off. When the neighbors began to sniff suspiciously, the FBI closed in.

As shoes, nylons, woolens, textiles, suits and shirts, meat and butter each in turn became scarce, they moved up as starred items on hijackers' lists. Liquor and cigarettes have always been favorites because of their high value—up to $50,000 a truckload. But fur cargoes, sometimes carrying coats worth $5,000 apiece, are the prize snatch of all.

A shipment valued at $400,000 was recently transported with a virtual regiment of guards as convoy. No one connected with the shipment—owners, truckmen, insurance companies—felt easy until it reached its destination. Furriers now have available a central registration and identification service which they hope will make stolen furs difficult to get rid of. This commercial service, known as Safurage, was established about a year ago by the International Registry, Inc., of Newark, N. J.

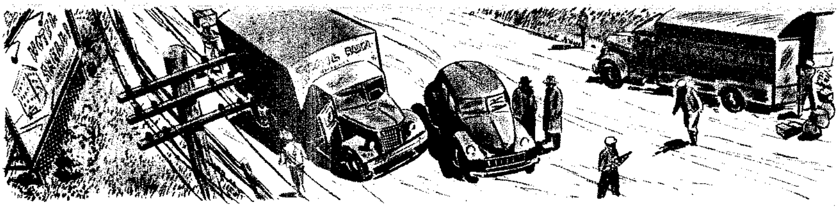
The receiver of stolen goods—the "fence"—is the backbone of the racket. He may be a jobber who accepts orders for any kind of merchandise and then commissions a hijacker to get it for him. Or he may be a crooked businessman or manufacturer who buys direct from the gang.

Last year, a New York pajama manufacturer who worked this way was doing very well—until he got himself tangled up in white thread. A truck containing 500 cones of thread had been stolen on order for him. Police, patroling the neighborhood in which the abandoned truck had been found, ran into a curious game which helped to break the case.

As a squad car moved along a downtown street, officers noticed children pulling white thread through a crack in a garage door and stretching it across the street. The object of the game was to have passing cars break the thread.

After each break-through the children gleefully set the trap again for the next car. By noon the children had had enough, but the police decided to stay on. Soon, two men drove up with a truck, unlocked the garage and loaded the thread. Then they drove off, followed by the squad car. The trail led to a pajama factory, where all hands were nabbed.

A Philadelphia gang, commissioned to get gabardine for a manufacturer of ladies' suits, knew just where to find it. They drove into a parking lot, ignored five large trail-



ers and hooked their own truck onto a smaller vehicle. This was the one they were looking for—a $25,000 load of gabardine. The cloth, bleached and dyed, turned up in New York on some fine ladies' suits, which eventually led to the gang's arrest.

THE "CASING" OF a job follows a regular pattern. A truck, for example, is scheduled to leave Baltimore for New York. The Baltimore agent of the gang learns the starting time and phones it to New York, where the gang can calculate whether the truck will arrive too late to be unloaded that day by company employees. If so, the decks are cleared. The agent tails the truck all the way and notes where it is parked. The gang does the rest.

One morning last fall a truck from Boston pulled into Paterson, New Jersey, at 3:15 A.M. The sleepy driver parked in front of the company office and piled out for some much-needed rest, forgetting to remove the ignition key. When he returned at 7:30, the $75,000 load of textiles was gone.

Because high prices and continuing scarcities make almost any truckload a good haul these days, some small-time hijackers are adopting the simple technique of cruising around in search of easy pickings—any truck parked for the night. As a result strange items have been hijacked lately — vacuum cleaners, eggs, tablecloths, tomatoes, furniture, bedjackets, cherries, house slippers and Sinatra records.

Of course, there are still plenty of strong-arm jobs, but these are usually staged with such precision that gunplay rarely takes place. As a large truck stops for a red light at a busy Jersey City intersection, a car pulls alongside. Three men jump out, point guns at the driver, order him into the car. One of the men then takes the truck and drives off with $40,000 worth of cigarettes. In the car the truck driver is blindfolded, driven around for several hours and then let out, unharmed, at a lonely rural spot. By this time the truck has been unloaded or taken to a "drop."

In addition to "casing" a job, hijackers use insiders such as drivers, shipping clerks and loaders to secure advance information. Sometimes the "finger man" assists in the actual crime.

In the summer of 1945, the owner of a New York pool hall propositioned one of his customers, a driver who hauled valuable cargoes. Why couldn't a load of jewelry and furs be hijacked? The driver agreed and a deal was made.

Next day the driver delivered a $70,000 cargo to the poolhall owner and a few helpers. He was then taken to a near-by tenement and bound hand and foot—but not too tightly. Later in the day he "escaped" and reported to his office with a well-rehearsed story. The FBI checked the story closely and didn't like it. They also checked his record and didn't like that either. After two days' questioning they got the real story.

NINETY-EIGHT PER CENT of all hijackings occur in and around metropolitan areas, where most of the country's truck traffic converges. While every large city has its share, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and Los Angeles are the centers. New York sometimes has two or three a day, while Philadelphia reported 35 in one month. Police there have recognized the work of at least eight separate gangs.

Not long ago the FBI cleaned up the largest, whose 31 members had stolen more than $1,000,000 in a territory extending from Boston to Baltimore to Chicago. This mob maintained a chain of fake companies, garages and business houses as "fronts." The FBI steps in only when interstate shipments or government property are involved. But the G-men are becoming increasingly concerned with the crimes that follow in the wake of hijacking—bootlegging, kidnaping, counterfeiting and murder.

Police, trucking lines and insurance companies are fighting the gangs with streamlined methods. Connecticut State Police recently used a helicopter to track down a hijacker. New York City Police now have special squads patroling terminal areas. In Chicago, American Trucking Association has equipped member trucks with two-way radios. Insurance companies are beginning to insist on burglar alarms for trucks.

The alarm device was invented by a jewelry salesman after two of his cars carrying samples had been hijacked. A siren which can be heard for half a mile goes off if someone tampers with doors, windows, trunk or ignition of the car.

But all these efforts are only a beginning. Growing numbers of hijacking gangs stand ready to pounce upon the unwary, the careless and the stupid among the 2,000,000 truckers who roll over the nation's roads and streets every day. It will take increasing vigilance and resourcefulness to clip the wings of these vultures—and clip them permanently.

Sign Language

THERE IS A BIT of good, sound philosophy in the following sign observed in a Chinese laundry:

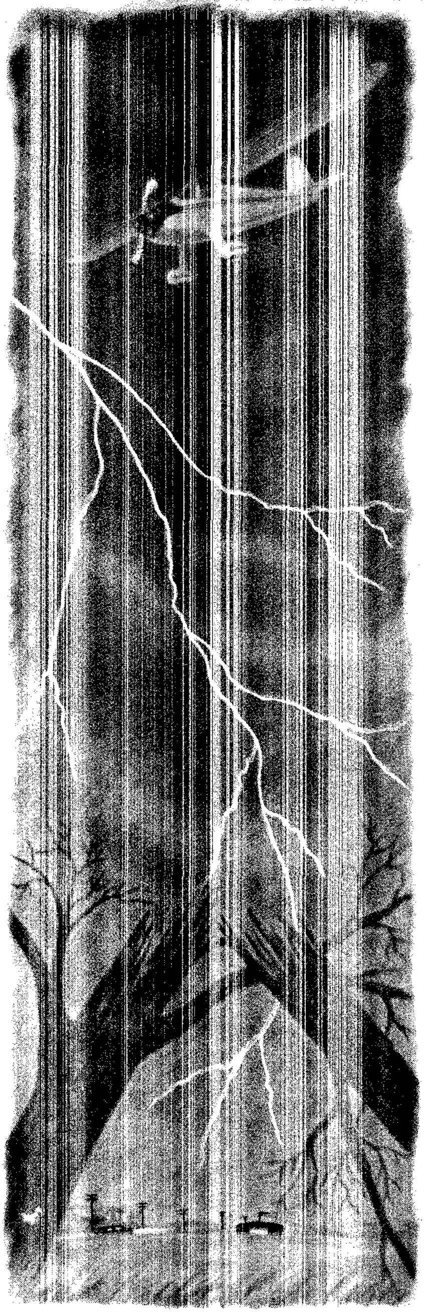
You want credit.
Me no give.
You get sore.

You want credit.
Me give.
You no pay.

Me get sore.
Better you get sore.

Sunshine

THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT
BROWNSVILLE



Death Was His Co-Pilot

As lightning crackled and thunder boomed Maxine Crane peered anxiously into the night sky. Somewhere up there was her husband Bob, bringing a new two-seater plane up from Dallas, Texas, to Des Plaines, Illinois.

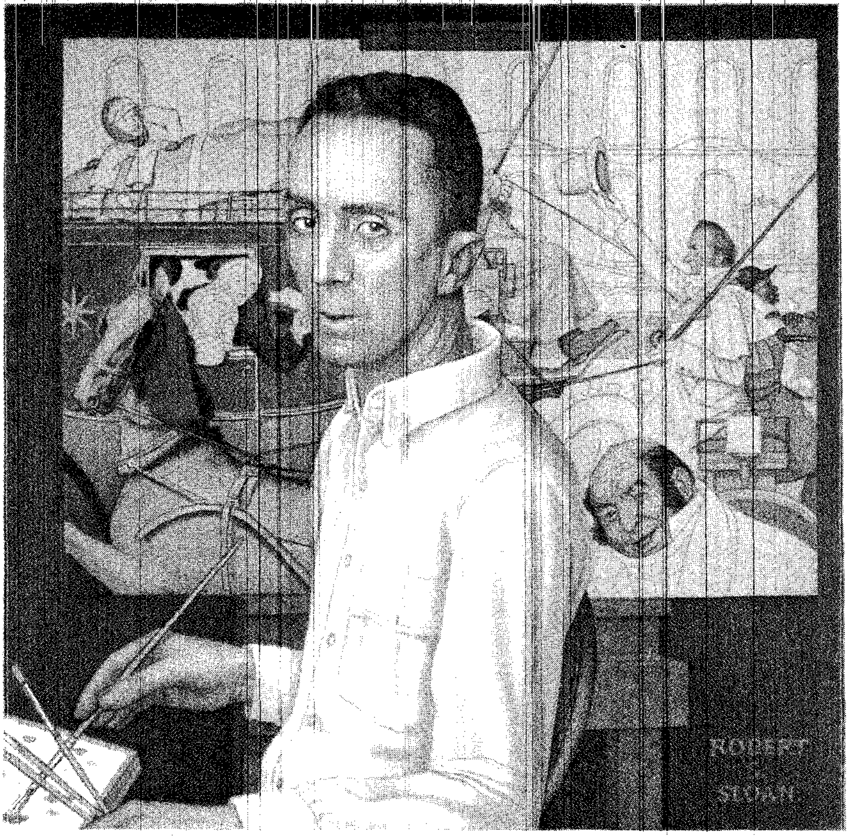
Suddenly Maxine realized that the storm was passing westward, directly into Bob's path. As she ran out onto the lawn, the night was split by the hum of an airplane motor. While she waited in the darkness, the pilot gunned his motor and zoomed, then repeated the signal. This was her husband, and he was in trouble!

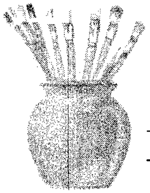
Bob Crane had fought his way through the storm to Elgin airfield. But the field was new and still lacked lights, while the plane had neither landing flares nor radio. Frantically Maxine ran back into the house and phoned the state police, begging them to get to the airfield at once—a life was at stake.

Spurred to action, the police recruited 20 motorists and stationed them at strategic points around the field. Up above, Bob's plane circled while the cars took up position. Four minutes later, the little plane rolled across the field in a perfect landing.

Few of the motorists who participated in that gripping drama of storm-swept skies will ever forget the moment of triumph over disaster. Nor will they forget the ingenious strategy that saved the life of Bob Crane. By stationing 20 cars around the airfield, their headlights *turning night into day*, the state police had guided a doomed pilot to safety!

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FLEMING





Norman Rockwell: *The People's Painter*

by Jack H. Pollack

DEEP IN A FARM-CHECKERED valley in the rolling Vermont hills where Ethan Allen once led his Green Mountain Boys, America's most popular artist sets his easel today. Often called the "American Rembrandt," millions know his work more intimately than that of any old master, for Norman Rockwell, a quiet and unassuming man, has captured the public heart as has no other painter or illustrator in our history.

With magic unforgettableness, his

magazine covers, paintings and book illustrations have chronicled the sunny side of life and brought laughter, joyous tears and a living art gallery to two generations of Americans. In gentle, nostalgic fashion, his sympathetic brush has portrayed the homespun virtues and lesser vices of everyday folk—from barefoot boys to scraggy-bearded old men — in familiar scenes. The secret of Rockwell's success lies in his belief that art, rather than catering to a handful of highbrow critics, should be understood and enjoyed by the people.

Great Living Americans XI

"Norman Rockwell draws us common folk so well because he understands us and is down to earth," a Kansas housewife says. A New York banker confesses: "He makes me relive my carefree boyhood." A New England farmer drawls: "Durn clever feller, he paints us the way we think we *ought* to look!" And to a GI in Germany, Rockwell's pictures are "so full of memories they make me homesick."

Rockwell himself is a shy, friendly man with a boyish manner and large brown eyes which often widen in excitement as he speaks. Despite a ravenous appetite, he weighs a mere 130 pounds, which gives his six-foot frame a lean and hungry look. His Barrymore nose, long neck and firm mouth from which dangles a pipe, make him a superb artist's subject himself. Surprisingly, however, the gnarled and stubby Rockwell hands are those of a laborer.

But the outstanding characteristic of America's No. 1 artist is his natural, unpretentious manner. He is as genuine and unaffected as his "artless" neighbor-models in the placid rural community of Arlington, Vermont, where the chief occupation, next to farming, is posing for Norman Rockwell.

Arlington's postmaster usually poses for Rockwell doctors, judges and fat men. The town's electrician impersonates bearded characters. One Rockwell magazine cover showed two scrub-women in a theater, wistfully reading a discarded program after the performance; actually they were the wives of the town's sheriff and selectman.

"It's more fun posing for him than going to the movies," a woman neighbor says. "Norman keeps you in stitches with his funny stories."

As for Rockwell, he explains: "My best models are right here because they are real people without false fronts. I find most professional models spiritless and stiff-faced. Because I don't draw anybody I don't like, I usually have an enjoyable visit while I'm working."

But sometimes he spots an acceptable model outside of Vermont. During a New York dinner party, a gleam suddenly came into Rockwell's eyes when he saw Howard C. Lewis, a distinguished-looking publisher. "Gosh, if that man only had a larger moustache he'd be a swell model for my old-time fireman," Rockwell mused. Before dinner was over, the flabbergasted model-to-be was hustled to a near-by studio.

"I sat there for several hours," he

recalls, "sweating under klieg lights in a red coat with brass buttons and a helmet two sizes too small. But six months later when I was in the hospital having an operation, the magazine came out and somebody got wind that I was the fireman on the cover. After that, you never saw a patient more fussed over by doctors, nurses and cleaning women!"

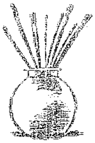
Rockwell has even served as his own model, as witness his magazine cover depicting a ski train. "I'm the unathletic little guy in the fedora hat and Chesterfield coat surrounded by all those robust skiers with red sweaters," Rockwell reveals. "I got the idea on a train ride to Lake Placid."

More often, he uses as models his girlish wife Mary, and his three sons—Jerry, 15, Tommy, 13, and Pete, 10—who look incredibly like something out of Mark Twain, complete to freckles and saucy faces. Although they're dutiful about posing, the boys readily admit that they prefer to spend their time trout fishing or frolicking near the Rockwell home.

This home, which lies across an ancient, covered wooden bridge over the leisurely Batten Kill River in Arlington's outskirts, is a modest Colonial farmhouse whose comfortable interior has appeared in many Rockwell paintings. Along the winding dirt road that leads to the house, aspiring artists make frequent pilgrimages to see the master.

Near-by is a country school and the local Grange meeting house, scene of old-fashioned Saturday night square dances. With young and old turning out for such gala evenings, America's most famous illustrator and his neighbors swing their partners to the tune of *Honolulu Baby*. Grange officer Rockwell admits that he spots some of his best models here, as well as at weekly Grange meetings.

In back of the house—distant enough for Rockwell to work undisturbed—is his spacious new studio, painted red to resemble the surrounding barns. The high-peaked, pine-panelled interior has a bare, uncluttered look, despite a much-used fireplace, globes and ship models. Probably the tidiest art studio in America, Rockwell himself sweeps the floor several times a day. "The older I grow, the more neatening-up I do," he confides.



HAPPIEST WHILE AT work, Rockwell is in his studio by 7 every morning, painting until sundown on a schedule that often includes Sundays and holidays. Clad in corduroy trousers, cotton workshirt and sneakers, Rockwell stands at a huge easel in the center of the room, where true light comes over his shoulder from a huge north window. On dark days he uses a large fluorescent lamp which can be raised and lowered on pulleys.

When I visited Arlington, Rockwell was putting the finishing touches on one of those magazine covers which have been called a "Twentieth-century Currier & Ives record" of American life. He had already spent a month on it, in the successive stages of a small pencil sketch, an actual-size charcoal and a water color, and was now working on the oil. It happened to be an out-of-season picture, too. Since magazines must go to press long before they reach the newsstands, Rockwell often finds himself painting a Christmas cover in sweltering July, and a Fourth of July cover in icy December.

Anxious to achieve a particular effect, he crossed the room to a long table holding reference books and his current work. Checking further, he opened one of the file drawers built into the wall and then climbed the stairway to a balcony storeroom where hundreds of his original paintings are kept. Returning to his easel, he silently added the touch for which he had been searching.

Temporarily satisfied, Rockwell took several minutes to sip a mid-afternoon soft drink and remark with a sigh that editors are demanding enough illustrations to keep him busy for a decade. "Years ago, I used to sit around for days dreaming up ideas," he recalled. "But I won't live long enough to do all the ideas I have now. I paint only my own ideas because I think I do them best. Somehow, I can't seem to handle certain subjects. Whenever I try to paint sexy females, they look like respectable housewives. . . . No, I'm not drawing historical subjects at the moment. Isn't contemporary life exciting enough?"

During the war, when contemporary life was indeed exciting, Rockwell awoke one night, tortured with an idea. Unable to go back to sleep, he rushed to his studio and made some rough charcoal sketches. Two days later he sped to Washington and offered the drawings to Uncle Sam. But official after official turned up bureaucratic noses.

"Now . . . we have a book on calisthenics for Marines that needs illustrating," he was haughtily told.

Dejected, the artist set out for home. Stopping off en route, he decided to show his sketches of the Four Freedoms to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Enthusiastic editors urged him to hurry up and paint them. After publication, 4,000,000 reproductions of the famous paintings were printed and used effectively by a now-grateful Government, in cooperation with the magazine, in selling war bonds.

Soon after Pearl Harbor, Rockwell had his own wartime tragedy. Late one evening, Tommy Rockwell, who had the measles and couldn't sleep, smelled smoke. Roused by his son, the artist rushed out to find the studio in flames. The blaze destroyed irreplaceable paintings, sketches, costumes and reference files. Though brooding about the disaster for several days, Rockwell later drew some satiric sketches of the fire and then drove to the city to purchase new painting materials.

"I was depending too much on my files, anyway, instead of getting a fresh look at things," he shrugs. But the new Rockwell studio is protected by fire extinguishers as well as a sprinkler system, and he never closes shop for the day without a thorough inspection.

STONY, SILENT Vermonters have a reputation for clannishness and doing a tall amount of "letting alone." But nine years ago, when Norman Rockwell, weary of New York cocktail parties and other urban distractions, set up shop in this slice of scenic New England, townspeople took him to their hearts. Instead of a temperamental long-hair, they found the newcomer an amazingly considerate man with a genuine concern for other folks' troubles.

"He helped us out when the kids were sick last winter," a neighbor recalls. Another confides: "Norman worries as much about the rust on my potatoes as about getting his pictures to the magazine on time."

Still another neighbor, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, the noted writer, adds: "The townspeople love Norman because they trust him and know he is not vain. Norman has one of the greatest gifts a human being can have—the ability to be himself at all times."

Norman's boyhood was spent on Manhattan's crowded upper West Side, for the foremost chronicler of small-town America was born 53 years ago in New York City. The older of two boys, Norman became a choir boy at St. John's Cathedral, and at the age of six began drawing scenes of Admiral Dewey's victory at Manila. A few years later his father, an amateur artist, and his mother, daughter of an English landscape painter, arranged for him to take art lessons twice a week along with his regular schooling.

Quitting high school at 16 to enter the Art Students' League, he captured two scholarships while studying under famed George Bridgman and Thomas Fogarty, and bolstered his income by illustrating children's and camping books. Later, when he was named art editor of *Boy's Life* at $50 a month, he drew most of the magazine's covers and illustrations, meanwhile continuing to contribute to other youth publications.

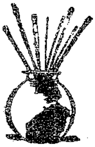
When World War I broke out, Norman enlisted in the Navy, but instead of seeing the action he yearned for, he was stationed at Charleston Navy Yard and told to sketch visiting admirals. Then, in the early '20s, he drew advertisements for lucrative fees. This was an era in which any artist who earned a living from art was accused of selling out to the fleshpots. Sensitive to this, young Rockwell went to Paris to study.

"But I was restless abroad and couldn't work half as well there as at home among ordinary, familiar things," he recalls. "So I came back and took up illustrating again."

In 1930, Rockwell went to California on a vacation. There he met attractive 21-year-old Mary Rhodes Barstow, who had recently graduated from Stanford. Engaged in ten days, they were married in a month. Today, like the wives of most famous men, charming and energetic Mary Rockwell has arranged family life for the convenience of her husband's work. Early in their marriage, despite her role as mother, she decided that if Norman was to give his best efforts to painting, she would have to assume countless chores such as secretary, business agent and general buffer to the public.

Enormously proud of her capable handling of these tasks, Rockwell always discusses his work with her. When time permits, Mary, who is on the town's library board, reads to him while he paints and in this way they have enjoyed many best-sellers and classics.

Never bored or blasé, Rockwell invariably considers his best picture the one he is now doing and his worst the painting he has just finished. Working intensely on his magazine covers—which he usually finishes at the eleventh hour because of a passion for perfection—Rockwell prefers to deliver them himself rather than risk loss or delay in transit. Thus he has become a familiar figure on city-bound trains, carrying his precious, carefully wrapped cargo.



LIKE COUNTLESS OTHER artists since the camera's advent, Rockwell occasionally uses photographs of models and backgrounds to achieve added detail without sacrificing any "living" quality.

"With photographs you can change tone or color," he says. "I sometimes use 75 for a single picture. I may use a head out of one, a hand out of another. Whenever I use a living model I'm usually a nervous wreck at the end of the day from having yelled for eight hours: 'Smile, now!' 'Raise the left arm!' 'Hold the right eyebrow!' But it's better not to use photographs until you've proved your ability to get along without them."

Though Rockwell finds animals more stubborn models than humans, he rarely works from pictures of them. Before they will pose, cats sometimes are given a pinch of ether to make them drowsy, while dogs require patting on the back. Helpful farmers have even taught him how to shake chickens from side to side to keep them quiet for five minutes at a stretch.

On one occasion, Norman enlisted a cooperative butcher to tack the insensitive parts of a duck's web feet to the studio floor. Another time he chased a more unruly model — a small donkey — down Manhattan's busy Eighth Avenue. On still another occasion, while painting a Thanksgiving cover, his turkey refused to strut and leaped instead from a window. Rockwell and a youthful model clad in Puritan costume pursued it down the street. At an intersection a speeding car killed the turkey. Saddened, Rockwell and the model ate the remains.

For 27 years, ever since he was art editor of *Boy's Life*, Rockwell has painted the annual Boy Scout calendars. Always, Rockwell has loved and understood boys. Before his own sons were born he hired youngsters to pose, but instead of paying them at the end of the session he secured $5 worth of pennies. At the end of each hour he put aside 50 cents in coin, knowing that the average boy would not want to run off and play until he had earned most of the pile.

When young artists come to Arlington seeking advice, Rockwell always gives it sincerely: "The only way to learn is by drawing from a model six days a week, eight hours a day. Colleges rarely turn out good painters or illustrators, because they fool around teaching art-appreciation for people to gab about at afternoon teas."

Patronizing critics have scoffed at character-defining Norman Rockwell, contending that art should not tell a story but merely convey an emotional effect through light and shade, form and substance. Still, many titans in art, including Rembrandt, Breughel, Daumier, Degas and Millet, were story-tellers. On canvas as well as vocally, Rockwell tells—and loves—a good story. "I'm a story-teller, and though it may not be the highest form of art, it's what I like to do," he says.

Some argue that Rockwell is incapable of painting a really evil person and that his paintings are as "sweet" as Vermont maple syrup. But Raphael and Botticelli put sweetness into the commonplace, too. What's more, Rockwell's work hangs on the wall of many a finicky, sophisticated artist who admires his superb craftsmanship.

"Norman has been tops for years because his work has universal appeal," concedes one. "I wish I could get as much into a picture as he can."

Unperturbed by squabbles over "true art," Rockwell continues to paint people as he wants—unconcerned with forms, trends or abstractions. "Norman doesn't care what critics think of him," says a close friend. But he *does* care what the average person thinks, and that is why Norman Rockwell is such an American institution. When he has finished a painting he invariably asks the opinion of whoever is near-by—postman, farmer, milkman, grocery boy, stationmaster.

"If they don't understand what I'm trying to say," he declares, "a lot of other people won't either."

Should they find something wrong, Rockwell will patiently listen, gratefully accept the criticism, then admit: "Gosh, what a chump I am!" Years ago he painted a farmer gazing at a thermometer registering 20 below zero with snowflakes falling all around. "Everybody but I knew that snowflakes don't fall at such low temperatures," he recalls. "I got plenty of criticism, and it was deserved."

Modest Norman Rockwell never wants to stop painting, and the future output of his Vermont studio holds even greater promise. Now at the peak of his extraordinary career, America's most beloved artist, ever alert to the tastes of the common people, will continue to chronicle the contemporary scene as long as he can hold brush in hand.

In his changing yet changeless technique, he will never cease to stir longings and remembrances in millions of American hearts. And in doing so, he will enrich and add zest to the lives of all Americans.

Ostentation with a Capital "Oh!"

Hollywood, back in the days of plenty, had great fun with its custom-built automobiles. In 1923, for instance, Tom Mix ordered battleship-armor fenders for his car. And President J. R. Frueler of the Mutual Film Corporation, back in 1916, had all of the company's cars re-tired with a special non-skid affair which wrote the name, "Charlie Chaplin," in the dirt of the road three times for each revolution. That was about the time that Theda Bara's flashy new job had stirrups and seats for two turbaned Moorish boys—her footmen! —*Tales of Hoffman*

Condensed Book

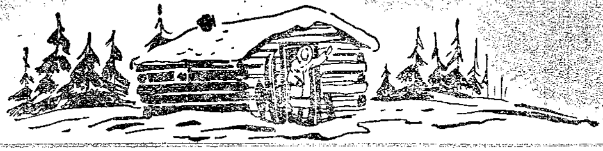
Mink, Mary and Me

by CHICK FERGUSON

Here is a book as fresh and invigorating as the windswept country it describes, an unforgettable story of two who dared the dangers of the frozen North—and won!

Mink, Mary and Me

by **Chick Ferguson**



Foreword: **Chick Ferguson had tried everything from the prize ring to photography, until finally he decided to swap his cameras for steel traps and head for the Far North. From his book—a true record of daring and sportsmanship, in marriage and in living—have been excerpted passages which typify the rugged adventure of life in a challenging wilderness.**

AS A KID, LIVING ON Dakota farms, I had earned many a dollar trapping muskrats, mink and weasel. And in 1920 I had ventured 300 miles north of Edmonton, Alberta, to trap in the famed Athabaska country. Though the winter was no financial success, I found the wilderness region cruel and fascinating and friendly.

So at the age of 30, after trying my hand at various trades, I suppose it was inevitable that my thoughts should turn to the Canadian Far North and its furry riches. But you just don't up and say to the girl you married less than a year ago: "Mary, this photo studio I bought when we got married is a white elephant. So how about my dashing up north a couple of thousand miles to trap furs and make a few grand for a fresh start?"

Of course I knew it would never be possible for me really to go . . . Mary was not yet 21; leaving her alone for a whole year was unthinkable. And certainly she couldn't go with me—not 1,000 miles north of Edmonton into that gigantic sub-Arctic wilderness in which there are no railroads or highways or even pack trails; where one can travel hundreds of miles without even seeing another human being.

But Mary took me by surprise. We talked it over, of course, before I made up my mind. And when finally I did—"All right," said Mary. "Let's go!"

"Gosh," I spluttered. "I didn't mean you. I couldn't take you up there! Much too tough for a girl . . . Besides, I'll have to build cabins first—get things ready before I start trapping."

"Well, then, you go ahead," Mary replied calmly. "I can come up there later. But mind, it's not to be for more than a year! Then

Condensed from the book *Mink, Mary and Me*, published at $3.50 by M. S. Mill Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.; copyright by C. J. Ferguson.

I'm coming north to join you."

I don't like thinking about that first year now. Practically everything went wrong. But my letters to her were completely frank; I made no effort to soft-pedal the discomforts and hardships she would meet if she joined me.

Yet when finally she stepped off the paddle-wheel steamer at Fort Providence, tears of happiness in her eyes, my feelings were chaotic. It was too good to be true—I must be dreaming!

"Things are going to be tough," I told her after the first greetings were over. "I haven't got things fixed up as I wanted."

"It doesn't matter," said Mary, beaming. "I'll make out all right, and we'll lick this big tough North Country of yours."

Her words were brave and I knew she meant them. If she had courage enough to make the long trip up here alone, I told myself, she'll have what it takes to overcome hardships. But deep down I wasn't so sure.

A girl has to have a lot of courage to step from a modern city apartment, surrounded by friends and relatives, to a one-room log cabin with an earth floor, in a wilderness 800 miles beyond the railroad and 60 miles from the nearest settlement. And add to this that for months she would see no one but me, that there would be mails only once or twice during the nine months we'd be out on the trapline each year, and that the nearest doctor was 200 miles away! . . .

That night Mary got her first taste of sleeping on hard ground in a tent and eating campfire food. "Why, this is fun!" she laughed. And next morning, when we went to the Hudson's Bay store to buy our wilderness outfit, to Mary the place was a miniature wonderland.

Her roving eyes took in the case filled with colored beads and cheap jewelry for the Indians; the shelves heaped with cans, groceries, soaps, tobaccos; the floor with cases of hardtack, oranges, lard, butter, canned milk. The center wall was a riot of fringed shawls, bright-colored yarns and sweaters, brilliant dress materials from calico to satin; of canvas, mosquito net, duffel cloth, Hudson's Bay blankets, tents, moccasins, gloves; of coarse shirts, and red-and-black "fine-cloth" at a dollar an inch.

But when Mary asked prices, she almost fainted. She stood open-mouthed while the trader jotted down $16 for a sack of flour; 50 cents a pound for sugar; $1.50 a pound for butter; $2 for a three-pound tin of lard; $8 for five pounds of dehydrated potatoes.

"This," Mary declared grimly, "is plain robbery!"

We spent more than $400, and had surprisingly little to show for it. Certainly it didn't look like enough to last two people for nine long months. Yet it would have to do, for we did not want to shoulder a staggering debt at the trader's.

We gathered our gear and supplies, carried them to the riverfront, loaded our canoe and pushed off. At last we were on our own, and I was glad of it. I was glad to be piloting Mary toward a new world, tough and uncompromising though it might prove to be.

Late that afternoon, as we nosed up Horn River, a quiet sunset beauty settled on the mirror-like water, reflecting the willow-fringed banks. Ahead of us, feeding ducks quacked contentedly; a snowshoe rabbit gazed inquisitively from the bushes at water's edge. There was something both soothing and satisfying in the fresh stillness.

"Happy?" I asked. Mary turned to face me from the bow. "Intensely," she said. "This is wonderful!"

And who could marvel? After all, she was not just going out to a new home. She wasn't even just going to see some wilderness country she had never seen before. No—she was a pioneer. From here on, every paddle stroke, the rounding of each bend, would bring into view country that was not only new to her eyes but had never before been seen by a white woman! . . .

PREPARING SUPPER was far from a ceremony. I built no trick gadgets, just suspended a kettle over the fire by hooking its handle to a green pole whose other end was wedged into the ground. But I did have one surprise.

"I'm going to bake bannock," I said.

"But how?" asked Mary. "We haven't got one of those cute reflector ovens."

Here was my chance to show off! "Watch me," I said grandly. While the fire flared I mixed enough biscuit dough to fill two well-greased frying pans. When the fire had burned down to a steady heat I stood the pans before it, with a twig stuck through each handle to hold them at the proper slant. As one side of the bannocks browned I flipped them over like flapjacks.

"M—m-m-m, good!" said Mary as she sampled them.

When the fire died down we crawled into our blankets, Mary as tired from paddling, walking over rocks and slapping mosquitoes as I was from portaging and lugging through rapids. For a few minutes we were conscious of mice rustling in the grass, a squirrel digging at the root of a spruce, the muffled roar of the rapids next ahead. Then the sounds dulled, and faded completely as sleep claimed us.

After several days of rough traveling, we paddled up narrow Birch River, winding through a spruce canyon. It was 7 o'clock when the canoe eased around a bend and I said: "Well, Mary, take a look. There is your new home."

She looked. All she could see were spruces towering protectively above the earth-covered roof of a squat log cabin almost smothered in fireweed. I'll never know exactly what her thoughts were; perhaps it's just as well. What she said was: "Gee, but I'm glad we're here!"

I hated to go in. It wouldn't be nice watching bitter disappointment wash the happiness from her face. Rifle in hand, I peered in the doorway; sometimes a bear moves into a vacant cabin and proves a nasty customer. But I saw no sign of an unwelcome visitor, and a moment later Mary was inside too.

I watched anxiously while her eyes invoiced everything within the low 10-by-12 walls of unpeeled logs. The packed-earth floor, the crude bunks, the packing cases serving for cupboards, the bench-like table of hewn boards, the roof of split poles, the rusty stove and drum oven, the nails for hanging clothes, the spruce blocks serving for stools and a wash bench.

"It's not what you expected?" I ventured.

"Silly!" she said, smiling. "You didn't think I expected a steam-heated mansion?" She laid her cheek against mine. "This will be swell. Our being together makes this funny little cabin a palace. . . ."

Next day we got down to hard work, for in less than four weeks the trapping season would officially open. We not only had to fix this Mink Lake cabin for comfortable living, but two other cabins, out on the trapline to the north, had to be readied. There were trails to cut and scents to prepare, firewood to cut and roofs to patch.

But don't get any ideas about Mary's feminine touch converting our little Mink Lake cabin into a cozy domicile. Not the most painstaking effort will get anywhere in making unpeeled logs look beautiful, nor is there much you can do with an earth floor.

Up to now, Mary was making out fine. She had learned about canoes, and knew which end of an ax to pick up. She was shooting straight with our little .22 rifle, and could build a campfire or set up a tent. Every day there was something new to rouse her interest.

But, I reminded myself, she has so far experienced only pleasant fall weather. How will it be when the trapping season opens and deep snows and bitter cold clamp down? She had never in her life spent a night alone—and Indians were encamped only three miles away. She didn't yet know what it was like to melt snow for water or to use a gasoline tin for a wash tub. Or to live in a one-room cabin cluttered with animal skins drying on stretchers, each giving off its own distinctive smell. I crossed my fingers . . .

We awoke one morning to find winter upon us. The wind howled through the spruces. In the openings, hard-driven snow blanketed the frozen ground. Next day the thermometer registered six below, with half a foot of snow. I filled my pack sack with traps, donned snowshoes and started for Laferte Creek. I would be gone two nights.

My reluctance at leaving Mary was overridden only by the necessity of getting traps set. Furs to pay debts and buy supplies could not be caught by sticking around home. Mary smilingly assured me she would be all right; but when I returned the third day, her coming down to the lake's edge to meet me told a wordless story of how lonely she had been.

That winter, Mary made blunders just as any greenhorn would. Like the cold morning she decided to go with me on an inspection of traps up Birch River. The snow was deep, with the hard-packed snowshoe trail riding high. Of course we were single-filing it, with me in the lead. Suddenly I felt a softness underfoot. I called the warning to Mary: "Overflow!"

Now Mary had heard about the dangers of getting into overflow, and her reaction was as prompt as it was thoughtless. Without hesitation she whirled to go back—and stepped off the hard-bottomed trail. In the soft snow her snowshoe sank deep—and was at once gripped by slushy overflow like sticky molasses.

Panicky, she tried to lift her foot too fast. The drag threw her off balance—and the other snowshoe was in the slush. The second snowshoe got on top of the first and wouldn't get off. A startled "Oo-oo-oo!" brought me around just in time to see Mary go sprawling full length into the water-saturated snow.

Her feet were wet, her mittens were filled with slush. The intense cold instantly sheathed her wet parka and windbreaker slacks with ice. Fortunately we were near the cabin, and made it home in quick time. Later she saw the funny side of the whole thing. But she has not since forgotten the lesson it taught her: look before you leap—into overflow! . . .

When Christmas came, it was warm—14 above zero—and a day as beautiful as it was short. Save for an abundance of moose meat, we had been rationing ourselves to make certain of not running out of store food before spring. But this was Christmas and we would naturally celebrate.

We had roast duck and a partridge with dressing and cranberry sauce. There were bread and cinnamon rolls and dehydrated potatoes; butter and jam and our only jar of pickles; mincemeat pie and chocolate cake. We even whipped up some ice cream. The mince pie was made from moose meat, of course, and the cake and ice cream contained no eggs.

As we ate this fancy repast we couldn't help wondering about the folks at home—sometimes aloud. It was then that a nostalgic note crept into Mary's voice. Yet I think that Christmas was a success just the same, and we were both very happy.

The weather now grew consistently severe, heavy snows alternating with temperatures 30 to 50 below. Frozen spruces cracked explosively. From the lake came the rumble of artillery as heavy ice split. Frost crept through the door to place white crowns on nail heads, to sculpture beautiful designs on our lone window-pane, dimming the weak winter light and raising havoc with our limited supply of candles.

Outside, our fingers lost their sense of feeling and took on a strange unwillingness to bend readily; an odd numbness spread to wrists and forearms. If we hurried too much, the sucked-in air seared throat and lungs. A comparatively minor mishap far from the cabin could mean real tragedy.

Even inside the cabin the intense cold pressed heavily, challenging us to shove enough wood into the stove to keep the room warm. And when the last evening fire burned low—we never kept the fire going at night—Jack Frost went to work. By morning the water pail was heavy with ice, and getting up was a race to light candles and build a fire before goose pimples became too large.

Washing clothes constituted a major offensive against trying conditions. Because of the harshness of Birch River water, snow had to be melted. We even used snow water for drinking and cooking. Since we had no tub or washboard, we had to rub each piece of laundry by hand in a dishpan. I washed the flannel shirts and woolen underwear, which were heavier than anything Mary had ever seen before.

These garments, of course, had to be dried in the cabin for softness, because freezing woolens leaves them stiff. But at the expense of numbed fingers, the rest of the clothes were hung outside for partial drying, where they got hard as boards before the clothespins were even in place.

IT WAS 50 BELOW, the morning the Indian squaw came to our cabin, winded from running the three miles from their camp. She seemed much excited—even frightened—but she spoke no English and we couldn't understand her sign language. We were mystified: something was up, but we had no idea what it was.

After a while I went to visit some near-by traps. I returned to find Mary worried. "The instant you left," she said, "the old girl cried and moaned. Now she has me frightened too."

I decided that if the squaw's fright increased at my absence, it must mean she was in deadly fear of some person she thought would follow her, and felt safer with a man around for protection. With this much to go on, her sign language began to make some sense.

"Baptiste," she said, and bumped her head against the wall. Then she took a knife from the table and went through the motions of stabbing herself—"Baptiste" once more.

"We've been dumb," I told Mary. "She's telling us plain as day that Baptiste has gone crazy and is threatening to kill her. Guess I'll stick close to home."

Four days dragged by while the old squaw divided her time between eating, moaning, and teaching Mary how to make moccasins and mittens from moosehide. With each day the tension mounted ominously. The knowledge that a crazy, murder-minded Indian was not only at large but would show up at our cabin was definitely disquieting. Soon our nerves grew as taut and jumpy as the squaw's.

It was before daylight when I heard him coming across the portage, whooping, singing and yelling like a devil from hell. And he was swinging an ax against frozen trees with frenzied abandon, the ringing sound carrying sharp and clear on the wintry air.

Mary sat bolt upright in bed. I knew she was frightened; but hastily she began climbing into clothes. "Better wake the squaw," she said.

I shook the Indian's shoulder. "Baptiste is coming!" I warned. She almost jumped out of her hide.

Right there we saw how stark fear can turn a human being into a nerveless, frightened, unthinking animal. Like a hawk-pursued rabbit the woman made a wild dive to get under our bed. Unfortunately, the space was crammed with boxes. She was crying piteously when we helped her regain her feet.

The fearful racket of Baptiste's approach was growing louder. I picked up my .45 Colt and started to the door. The squaw jerked me aside. "No! No! No!" Then she placed trembling hands over her lips, telling me to stay inside and keep quiet.

I did not like the idea. Yet perhaps the old girl knew best how to deal with her own people. It was too dark to tell whether he had a gun, and that thin door would stop no bullets. But I motioned Mary out of line and stepped aside to give myself the doubtful protection of the wall.

The savage, a big, powerful guy, could speak a little English. He stopped yelling and called "Hello!" It sounded like a command. When no one answered he yanked at the door, but it held. Then ax or rifle butt hammered heavily. At last he gave up and stood talking, sometimes in English, sometimes in Slave dialect. He wanted the squaw to come out. Nobody in our cabin made a sound.

Then he tried coaxing instead. He swung his pack sack around and took out treasures to tempt his intended victim outside: part of a broken mink trap, a wisp of rabbit fur, the red wrapper from a stick of chewing gum, pieces of broken lamp chimney, a scrap of moosehide. He talked seductively about the furs, moosehides, needles, beads and silk he had for her. But the object of his honeyed coaxing was not listening; she was cowering in a corner of the cabin with a blanket over her head.

At last he gave up and, cursing, turned to my heavy ax sticking in a stump. He hewed a fancy pattern in cutting down a spruce. Suddenly he swung around, all alert attention. Then there was a knock on our door.

We hadn't heard anyone approach; Baptiste's chopping and chatter had drowned moccasined feet on the snow. I opened the door and four Indians came in. They had missed Baptiste, who had eluded their careless guard, and tracked him here. For a minute the air was filled with fast-flung words in Slave as they talked to the squaw. Then, abruptly, a terrific jerk loosened the door and big burly Baptiste, laughing wildly, was inside the cabin, too.

The instant the door gave the old squaw let out a terrified scream, flung herself on our bed, and pulled the blankets over her. I watched Baptiste closely, but he made no hostile move. Just sat down and, still laughing loudly, told the other Indians a lot of things we couldn't understand.

Presently the squaw crawled from under the blankets and rushed out the door, headed toward home. Two of the Indians followed, to provide a protective rear guard. A third beckoned me outside, to tell me that the Mounted Police had been sent for and should be here today.

"But aren't you going to take Baptiste with you now?" I asked.

He shrugged. If Baptiste didn't want to come willingly, he could just stay. Their superstitious fear of the insane forbade them to touch the guy. So off they went through the snow.

I looked at Mary. Here we had a crazy Indian on our hands, a big lug with ax and knife.

"What'll we do now?" she asked, her cheeks pale.

"Don't know," I admitted. "Guess we had better humor him until the Mountie arrives. But if he gets tough . . ."

Our unwanted guest began stirring the instant the last Indian's footsteps squeaked away. He didn't exactly get tough, just cockily obnoxious. He plucked disdainfully at my patched pants, comparing them with the greasy blue serge suit he wore.

"No fur?" he demanded. I shook my head. "No money?" I had no money. "No debt?" (Debt meant credit at the trader's.) For the third time I shook my head.

As though this were too much, he whirled to glare savagely at Mary. He'd show *her*. "Bring drink water," he demanded roughly.

When she complied his glare became even more ugly. I was lying on the bunk, assuming unconcern, but my fingers were touching the pistol butt. Then Baptiste lifted his knife and stepped toward Mary.

I was no longer on the bunk, no longer smilingly unconcerned. But neither was the .45 in my hand. My fist landed—flush on his mouth. In half a hundred ring battles I had never leveled an opponent with more force. He started sagging, the unpeeled logs gripping at his back.

"Grab a lynx snare and tie his wrists," I told Mary.

A minute later we had the big fellow tied hand and foot. He was gargling bloody froth, and I rolled him over so he wouldn't strangle on his own blood. Glassy-eyed, he didn't know what it was all about.

Mary breathed a deep sigh. "What a relief!" she said. "Honest, I was never so scared in my life. I only hope that Mountie hurries!"

I glanced at my right hand. A knuckle had caved under the punch, and there were two deep cuts from the jagged edges of broken teeth. I still carry the scars.

The Mountie, however, did not arrive in a hurry. Our crazy Indian let out wild yells one moment and sang hymns the next. When told to shut up, he slid from bench to floor and lay prone, moaning and pretending he couldn't get up.

By this time I was fed up with the guy. Grabbing him by shirt and pants, I lifted him shoulder-high and slammed him down on the pole bench; lifted, and slammed again. Hard! It was the only language he understood. Brute force. From then on he obeyed even Mary's commands to stop cursing. But we didn't get much sleep that night.

It was late the next day when we finally heard sleigh bells. What welcome music! A minute later Corporal Parker and his half-breed interpreter swung their dog teams off the river and into the yard. When they left a little later, Baptiste was a docile prisoner, neatly tied and trussed.

ALMOST BEFORE WE realized it, spring had come and passed, and June was upon us. It was time to take our furs to Fort Providence in the big canoe. For Mary, the pressing weight of winter could be thrown off; the hardships and loneliness and dangers forgotten. She could breathe deeply of clean fresh air warmed by the sun, could watch the miracle of Nature gloriously emerging from hibernation.

As we set out in the canoe, Mink Lake was calm and beautiful; we lazed at our paddles, jealous lest we miss some changing phase of the rising sun's omni-colored glory. All too soon the current's tug caught our canoe and led us at ever-increasing speed into Horn River with its roaring, tumbling rapids. The big canoe bounced and pitched on white-plumed waves; lifted, swerved, plunged.

Mary was frightened: I could tell by the whiteness of her knuckles gripping the gunwales. Yet the rapids were not really too wicked—nothing like what they sometimes were. For Mary's sake I was particularly glad we did not have to run the Island Rapids this year. By next year she would be more used to white water. Or would she be running rapids with me next year? I was none too sure. She had complained of a nagging pain in her right side . . . .

At Providence, one of Canada's pioneer "bush" pilots, "Punch" Dickens, flew up some much-appreciated mail in his Fokker plane. He did not yet have the mail contract but was making flights under an agreement permitting him to sell 10-cent *seals* to be placed on envelopes in addition to regular stamps. Of course we were more than willing to pay the extra dime for getting mail more quickly than could be done by boat or dog team; it was the beginning of the opening of the North to swiftly changing conditions.

A lesser, but immediate, effect of those first plane trips was noticed in the howling habits of the dogs. An undisciplined Northern dog will howl any time the mood hits him—not on regular schedule but at any hour of day or night. And when one starts it, every other undisciplined mutt at the Fort joins in. One by one they pick up the refrain until they achieve a spine-tingling harmony that disturbs everybody's sleep. With the advent of plane service, however, the natives noticed that the Fort dogs invariably went into their act about 30 minutes before the arrival of a plane. When a native nodded and said: "Dogs say plane coming," you usually saw a black speck in the sky a half-hour later.

THAT WINTER WAS my first year of running a 100-mile trapline. I couldn't tell how long I'd be away from home, but I knew that Mary was less worried this year over staying alone. She had acquired a new attitude that prevented her from dwelling on what might happen to her while I was away. Without this attitude no one can stand the North's solitude and silence. I have seen men crack under the strain. But Mary wouldn't crack; she was now too determined to be helpful.

The first trip out on the trapline proved a very hard one. My new dogs did not prove to be the best in the world, and I had to help them by pushing the toboggan. There was overflow on rivers, and several bad storms piled in snow. But on the eleventh day I reached home, with seven ermine and a red fox to show for the trip.

Mary, who had been running over the spur lines close to home and keeping traps in order, had had better luck. She proudly displayed five ermine, two fine mink, and one red fox—all skinned, fleshed and stretched. Yes, Mary was learning.

The bad weather on that first trip was no false alarm. A blizzard blew up and continued for two days. We decided to utilize the time in developing films and printing pictures. Our outfit was crude. We hung blankets over the window and door to darken the room, and developed the films by hand in small trays, by the uncertain red light of a candle lantern that had a way of going out at inopportune times.

When the weather broke, I started muskrat trapping. Having underestimated the appetite of our dogs, we had not put up enough fish. Now we were out of fish and needed muskrat carcasses for feed. It was a cold job; I had to put my bare hands into ice water every time I visited a trap.

By this time the last moose meat had been used and for several weeks we were without meat. Then one day there came the long-listened-for honking of geese on the lake. We hurried down and bagged one. This is the right of any person living in the far-back spaces where wild game must be depended upon for a living; but it is a privilege we have not abused, having never in any year killed more than 16 geese.

Here let me interpolate some conclusions I have come to since my early years in the North Woods. Often I have listened while tourists, who had been in the North *once*, explained that the Indian never kills unneeded game, never depletes any district of fur-bearers. These well-meaning men *may* know *some* such Indians living somewhere. But not in the North! The Indian is a wanton slaughterer.

On my first trip north, men from Chippewyan told how Indians of that picturesque fur post went eastward to hunt Barren Land caribou —and returned with dog trains of caribou tongues, having left the carcasses to rot. At Fort Providence, a half-breed bragged that he and a companion had killed 40 moose in four weeks.

By contrast, Mary and I have killed 19 moose since 1927, and no deer or caribou at all. Yet the Indians, and certain whites with bread to butter, wail that the white trappers are responsible for the dwindling game and fur supply. It is *not* the white trappers! It is the Indian who boasts of wiping out a brood of young ducks with one shotgun blast. It is he who shoots whatever animal or bird crosses his path. I have seen him do it . . .

OUR THIRD WINTER in the North, Mary was quite excited about having her own dogs. One of them, Walker, was an old animal I had used the winter before while the other was new. I rigged up a light toboggan for Walker to pull, and with this outfit Mary had a lot of fun on the traplines near home.

Her greatest thrill came from finding a splendid silver fox caught in a trap on West Lake. She could hardly bring herself to kill the beautiful animal; but neither could she afford to throw away $150 by turning it loose. And when she got it home, she was momentarily stumped.

She had skinned mink, fox, lynx —but never an animal as valuable as this one. What if she didn't do the job just right? On the other hand, I wouldn't return home for several days, and meantime something might damage the lovely pelt. So in the end Mary did the job herself, and did it beautifully—a feat of no mean proportions!

My three dogs were wonders on the trapline. Big, leggy and powerful, they could get through snow and lug heavy loads. But I had my troubles with them. These Northern sleigh dogs are not parlor pooches. They are often stubborn, and sometimes dangerously vicious. Nor does it make any difference how well you treat them. In a pinch, nine in every ten may let you down.

I have owned half a dozen good lead dogs, but none of them could I trust implicitly. In storm, fog or danger I always had to keep my eyes peeled and my senses alert, experience having taught me the wisdom of doing so. And during the work season, my dogs are kept securely tied.

ONE APRIL EVENING an Indian came to our cabin—Johnny Canadien — with word that his head chief needed help. Old Menoza had waded all day through slushy snow in pursuit of moose, and the exposure had laid him low. He was now so lame in legs and back that he couldn't stand up, and he wanted medicine: some to "eat" and some to "put on." In those days our first-aid supply was far from adequate—nothing like what we've kept on hand during recent years. But we had to make a show of doing something, for the Indian has great faith in the potency of the white man's medicine.

Solemnly I talked it over with Mary. We dug up a couple of small bottles. Into one I poured camphorated oil, and explained to Johnny how the chief's legs and back should be massaged. The second I filled with olive oil, of which the chief should take one teaspoonful night and morning. (Of course, he would follow the native custom and drink it all at once, but it wouldn't hurt him.) Johnny departed, all smiles.

Some days later, Menoza's wife appeared. Beaming happily, she presented Mary with a fancy sewing bag made of moosehide, and reported that our medicine had proven "very strong": the chief was well again. But now one of her girls was sick, and they wanted some "strong" medicine for her, too—not the kind to "put on" but the kind to "eat." And that finished the last of our supply of olive oil.

Before the end of April, Mary and I could have stood a little medical attention ourselves. We both came down with bronchitis, the first time either of us had really been sick in the bush. But by this time Mary had lost her fear of being ill so far from medical aid, and when we buckled down to taking common-sense care of ourselves, we recovered in two weeks.

In connection with health, many

people find it hard to reconcile hunger with their ideas of the Far North. They envisage the land as a generous hostess, surrounded by a paradise of wild life to be had for the asking. And so she is—at times. But she is fickle: lavish today, cruelly denying tomorrow. Moose and caribou cannot always be found in a given district, and the supply of game birds depends on many contingencies.

Most Northerners check conditions in advance as accurately as possible and lay plans accordingly. With some, however, continuous association with wilderness hazards breeds carelessness—and the penalty is death, swift and violent, or starvation, slow and fiendishly cruel. Of the many tragic deaths among whites occurring during our stay, a large number could be traced to carelessness. As one old-timer said: "You can't get tough or careless with the Far North and get away with it!"

THE WINTER OF 1932 marked my entry into the charmed circle of 100-pelt trappers. To many, 100 pelts may not sound like much fur to catch in a winter. But in the North, where we get the really high-quality money furs, 100 pelts—not counting small stuff like ermine and muskrat—is a goal that many a good trapper never achieves.

My catch—mostly fox, mink and lynx—topped the mark by a good margin. And as it was the only 100-pelt catch of the Providence district, I had the comforting feeling of at last getting somewhere in the art of toe-pinching. It had been a hard grind, learning many more things than I'd ever dreamed a professional trapper had to know. But I had already taken the hardest hurdles.

And of course, as I had learned, so had Mary. She had discovered that bread, doughnuts, pies or cakes could be baked in quantity and placed in a cache to freeze; that when thawed they were as nice as though freshly made. Loaves of bread were sliced and frozen for me to carry on long trips, as were moose steaks and pies.

Another problem Mary solved was how to keep fresh meat as the weather warmed during spring. The meat was simply placed in large cans having press-top lids, which were then buried in a snowbank. For later in the season, Nature furnished us with still another refrigerating plant.

The idea was born one August day when we found the ground still frozen under thick moss. I like my drinking water cold, and that is the first use to which we put our discovery. A hole was chopped deep enough to accommodate a can, which was then covered with moss. Soon the water was so cold that we tried keeping fresh fish and meat the same way. The results were all we could have hoped for.

We also discovered, as time passed, a basic fact about living far from civilization. Inability to stand the North's solitude and silence casts no reflection on anybody's courage or intelligence. A psychiatrist might explain the problem in words. I can't. All I know is that I've met several normal and intelligent men who just can't take it.

My own nervousness has a special character. I have lost a lot of sleep worrying about what might happen to Mary—and, of late years, to our young son Bill—during the 10 to 18 days of a trapline trip. Nor does it help much to recall Mary's capabilities and resourcefulness. I know too much about the many accidents that might prove fatal in the North.

A glancing ax, a broken leg, an airhole hidden by snow, sudden illness—they are all there in my imagination, magnified and harassing. Fear often makes me put in ungodly hours covering two days of trail in a single day so as to get home sooner.

If, as often happens, the day is dark and stormy, with no tracks visible, the agony of uncertainty is prolonged. But at last the darkness is pierced by a candle glowing dimly through a frosted window. No other light was ever half so beautiful, and my heart is suddenly buoyant with happy thankfulness.

Then there are times when arriving home brings another kind of reaction. I remember one day when we were returning from a long trip up North Creek. The smell of rain was in the air, so we quickened our paddle strokes in the hope of reaching Mink Lake cabin before the storm.

We rounded the last bend, Mary's canoe in the lead. Our eyes sought the grub and dog-feed caches—and suddenly we felt very sick. Both platforms stood empty against the skyline. Mary tied her canoe and raced up the bank. I was in no such hurry. I knew bears—and the sight that would meet us.

The food cache was nearest, the boxes torn to splinters by strong teeth. We passed these, knowing that every ounce was destroyed. The fur cache was our main concern. When we reached it, Mary gave a hurt cry, while I vociferously damned all bears as having hearts as black as their coats.

One of the scoundrels had managed to wrench loose a platform pole, creating an opening through which to squeeze his way to the top. The platform and a 30-foot circle of ground beneath were carpeted with muskrat fur—the remains of more than 200 pelts maliciously torn to shreds. Bags and bales of fine furs were scattered about, and rain was beginning to splatter them.

We hurried to collect the bags and bales and get them safely under a tarpaulin. Fortunately, all the fine furs were in waterproof wrappings and had not suffered from contact with the wet ground. Perhaps the smell of the waterproofing had not been to the bear's liking, or perhaps our approach had frightened him before he had time to complete his job of destruction.

As it was, the damage ran to $150, to say nothing of leaving us almost without grub and dog feed more than 60 miles from Providence.

THE FOLLOWING WINTER we raised our sights high, aiming at a 300-pelt catch. If the dream came true, I could plan on taking Mary back to a more or less comfortable place in the outside world. As each day passed, our enthusiasm and excitement grew. With Mary doing practically all the work on the spur lines near home, besides stretching most of the fur, I was able to make two complete trips over the main lines before Christmas.

Jim Bennett, a trapper friend who worked to the north of us, came down to spend Christmas, and naturally we compared activities. When Jim mentioned having but 43 pelts, we were disappointed for him. This made our own catch of 242 pelts sound big indeed. That dream of the outside world began to grow in scope and promise.

After Christmas, the weather became unusually bitter, and blizzards and cold made life almost unlivable. But at the end of the season, a final check showed that we had far exceeded the 300-pelt goal! Our stretchers had accommodated 166 fox, 161 mink, 115 lynx, 4 beaver and 2 otter—448 pelts in all, a record catch that we never again equaled. We could now do more than dream of the outside world.

And about time, too. All winter I had suffered from stomach trouble. Mary's old pain in her side had again become troublesome. Moreover, I was beginning to feel the effects of those long hard days on a frigid trail. Something of my youth and stamina had been left along these sub-Arctic traplines.

On the profits of our record catch, we went back to the States. There we regained our health, there Bill was born, there we stayed until he was two years old. Then we decided that the surface brightness and glitter of life in the States was not for us, and in June of 1939 we were again on the train, bound for Edmonton.

But once back in our wilderness home, things were not the same. Soon the war came, bringing swift and vast changes. After Pearl Harbor, rumors began to circulate. Big things were afoot!

Providence was to have an airport. The Grimshaw road was coming through. The Alaska Highway was to be built, the Norman oil wells developed and a pipeline laid to Whitehorse. American soldiers were coming. Thousands of tons of freight would be moving down the Mackenzie River. An atmosphere of tense expectancy, suppressed excitement, filled the North!

Yes, things were changed. Trappers, now dependent upon planes to carry them to distant traplines, suddenly found it impossible to charter a craft, although the sky was full of planes, many of them U. S. Army planes. And for the first time in the history of the Far North, dog drivers found it necessary to pull their teams aside while trucks and tractor-trains passed.

As I write this, the Americans have gone, and the $139,000,000 Canol Project is a burst bubble. But brief though their stay was, the Americans left their mark upon the North. The airports and radio stations are still here, but under Canadian control. More natives speak English, and some have learned a little about civilized ways. They have seen movies, have ridden in jeeps and planes. The younger women have taken to wearing modern clothes, and they try for the latest in hair-dos.

Yes, the North has changed. But

the natives are hardly better off. Whatever else they learned, they did not learn to save; whatever they got, they squandered foolishly. The women who were too greedy for American dollars to do work for resident whites are now begging for work and going hungry.

When we finally decided to leave the North, once and for all, our eagerness to get away vied with our regret at leaving. It was hard to realize that we had set our last trap, that we would never again see the homely old log cabin that had sheltered us through so many long winters. In the decision of leave-taking, our killing days of trail-breaking, the bitter cold, the hardships, privations and dangers—all were pleasantly dimmed behind a veil of glamour.

Elbows and shoulders and knees that had learned to ache painfully at 40 degrees below zero were forgotten, as were rheumatism-stiffened fingers, and the look of age that had been indelibly painted on our faces by the passing years. Instead, we remembered only that we were leaving a wonderful land of wilderness and freedom and generosity—and that we hated to go.

In recent days, we have been doing little but listen to everybody telling us how crazy we are to exchange our life of Northern freedom for the regimentation and planned economy of the outside world. Our friends remind us that the things we've worked and saved for—a new automobile, an electric refrigerator, a washing machine, a good bed with innerspring mattress—will not be ours when we get back to the States. They tell us that we shall have less to eat and fewer comforts and less freedom than we've had up here.

Listening, we find ourselves assailed by grave doubts. Perhaps we *are* making a mistake. Certainly we shall dream often of the wonderful years we have lived in this wilderness land. But always we tell ourselves that the cloud of our doubts must have a silver lining. And we remember that Bill must have his chance for schooling and association with other white children.

Right now, we're waiting for a Hudson's Bay boat that had been frozen in at Aklavik, to start up the Mackenzie for Great Slave Lake. We find ourselves wishing that lazy old paddle-wheeler would hurry up and get us started on that long trip to the south and the new life that we must shape for ourselves in the outside world.

Almighty Saviour, who at mid-day didst call Thy servant St. Paul to be an apostle to the Gentiles; we beseech Thee to illumine the world with the radiance of Thy glory, that all nations may come and worship Thee, who art with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Photos: Page
63, A. Steiner
69, Arnold V.
125, 158, Inte
123 (top), Pre
Features from
146, Ralph A
Contest; 148,
Photo, Repub

European;
ab Gyula;
on), 124,
In; 121,
, By-Line
dern Art;
le Photo
Penguin
159, Jack

Benton from Frederic Lewis; 160, Albert Polinske, International News Photos.
Illustrators: Page 109, James Chapin, Courtesy of Ciba Products, Inc., Summit, New Jersey; 110, Grant Wood, from the Collection of King Vidor.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and must be accompanied by postage or provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event that they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

New Cheer for the Helpless

by GEORGE BUGBEE

Executive Director, American Hospital Association

HAVE you ever spent days, weeks, even months in a hospital bed, while time drags drearily by and loneliness seems to be your only companion? Do you know what it means to stare at a cold white ceiling hours on end, until boredom itself becomes a sickroom affliction?

You may be one of those lucky people to whom good health is a God-given gift, yet thousands of others lie helpless in bed—bereft in heart and spirit.

Our hospitals have more than 1,000,000 patients, many of them long-term cases. To all these people, Projected Reading offers entertainment, education and new morale. With the help of a new kind of projector which flashes microfilmed reading matter on the ceiling, many an immobilized patient who lacks the strength even to *hold* a book has something to fill his endless hours.

At the flick of an electric switch, those blank ceilings are suddenly transformed into areas where the mind can draw new strength from the power of words.

The trustees of Projected Books, Inc., and the editors of Coronet Magazine deserve the wholehearted support of every one of us who wants to bring real cheer and joy into the lives of thousands of patients.

The Coronet Fund for Projected Reading is used only to purchase projectors and microfilmed books. Coronet's contribution is a free microfilm of the complete contents of the magazine each month to every hospital that has a projector.

Please make contributions payable to the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading and mail them to Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Coronet

VOL. 21, No. 6; WHOLE No. 126

Publisher:
DAVID A. SMART

Editor-in-Chief:
OSCAR DYSTEL

Executive Editor:
GORDON CARROLL

Managing Editor:
HARRIS SHEVELSON

Associate Editors:
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
CHANDLER BROSSARD
SEY CHASSLER
CAROL HEGGEN
CAROL HUGHES
ISABELLA JONES
BEN KARTMAN

Art Editor:
TONY PALAZZO

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Research Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

European Editor:
ARNOLD GINGRICH
Le Paquis, St. Saphorin, Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Alfred Smart, Sec-Treas.; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. & Cir. Dir.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions $3.00 per year in advance; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U. S. A. Semiannual index available on request.

Note of Caution: Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright 1947, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered United States Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited.

Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Contents for April, 1947

Articles:

Diet and Die . . . . CARLTON FREDERICKS 3
The Case of the Stolen Masterpiece . . . DEAN JENNINGS 9
Big-Money Contests Are Back . . . . LARRY D'ALOISE 14
Something New in Movie Theaters . . . MORT WEISINGER 18
You Can't Beat the Tax-Collector! . . . . PAUL D. GREEN 21
Life Begins at 75 . . . . IRWIN ROSS 35
The War Widow: America's Forgotten Woman
HENRY LEE 38
Proverbs Are Where You Find Them . . . ROGER YOUNG 44
Street of Memories . . . . ISABEL WILEY GREAR 47
Rise and Decline of an Empire Builder . . ERNEST POOLE 48
Want a Home? Then Build It of Earth . . HARTLEY HOWE 53
Platinum: Monarch of Metals . . . . . . C. LESTER WALKER 70
Meet America's Drummer Man
ELEANOR STEINERT & DOUGLAS BLAUFARB 85
King of the Dog Shows . . . . HANNIBAL COONS 88
Heaven Is Their Hobby . . . . ROBERT FROMAN 92
Solving Industry's Medical Mysteries . . . J. D. RATCLIFF 102
Trees for Tomorrow's Children . . . CAROL LYNN GILMER 110
God Passed This Way . . . . WILLA BLAKE 112
Perry, Georgia, Leads the Way . . . . CAROL HUGHES 130
Secrets of a Comic-Strip Artist . . . . MILTON CANIFF 137
Heroes of the Milk Run
VIVIAN WILSON & JACQUELINE BERKE 141
I Live in a Trailer . . . . SYLVIA JACOBS 161
Hijacking Unlimited . . . . GEORGE WEINSTEIN 165
Norman Rockwell: The People's Painter . . J. H. POLLACK 170

Pictorial Features:

The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere 27
The 23rd Psalm 59
Gallery of Photographs 73
Heroes of Medicine 109
Drama in the Courtroom 115
The Old Fire Station 135
Around the World in Pictures 145
Death Was His Co-Pilot 169

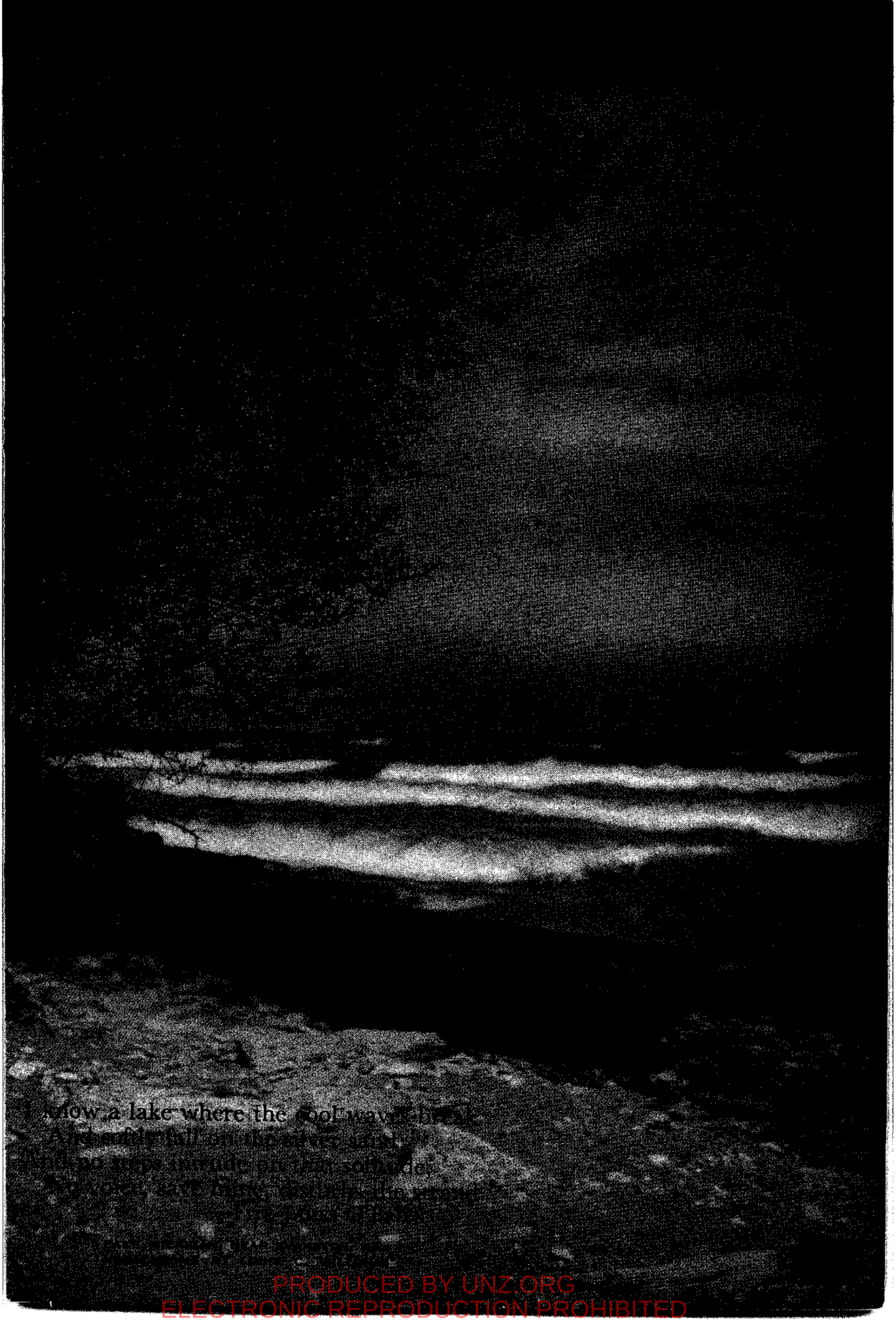
Departments:

Our Human Comedy 25
Game Book 97
There's Money in It 107

Condensed Book:

Mink, Mary and Me . . . . CHICK FERGUSON 177

This Month's Cover: Aside from his family and his art, baseball is Stanley Ekman's chief interest, so he particularly enjoyed painting Coronet's April cover. As a youngster he helped clean up Cubs Park in Chicago to get a ticket to the next day's game, and when he wasn't cheering for the Cubs he was playing with a sandlot team—the North Park Indians. "If it rained," he recalls, "we were sunk—actually and mentally." The North Park Indians are no more, but the artist and his boyhood teammates get together once a month to talk over old times. Ekman, who was born and received his art training in Chicago, has two studios—one in the city, the other in his suburban home in Glenview, Illinois.



I know a lake where the cool waves break
And softly fall on the silver sand,
And no steps intrude on that solitude,
And no voice, save mine, disturbs the strand.

[illegible]
[illegible]